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John Howard.

A MEMOIR.

BY HEPWORTH DIXON.

A NEW EDITION.

London:

JACKSON AND WALFORD,

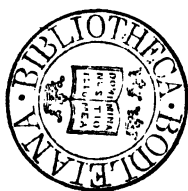
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MONUMENT IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

JOHN HOWARD:

A Memoir.

BY HEPWORTH DIXON.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
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TO

DOUGLAS JERROLD

This Work

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

HEPWORTH DIXON.

PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION.

I WROTE this book when I was very young. For a long time after it was written it lay on my hands. Unknown to Letters, as all young authors must be at first, no publisher would venture to produce my volume. It went the round of the trade and did not find a patron. One said the subject was too new—another said it was too old. In one place I was informed that the public have not yet learned to care about social reformers—in a second, that they are tired of social reformers. A publisher, generally thought able and acute, objected to the book as being too much about prisons. Worn out with deferred hope I offered to give it away,—and could not.

I say all this for the encouragement of young authors. Chance threw me in the way of gentlemen who read the MS. for themselves, liked it, and proposed such terms as I was willing to accept. The appearance of a third edition within a year, proved that if they had made a mistake, the reading public had shared it with them.

The book having thus taken its place, and my publishers being anxious to print an edition at a lower price, adapted for a still wider circulation, I have felt the need of recasting and rewriting the work, so as to make it less unworthy of public favour. Time—reading—observation—have each brought some fruits to the author since it was written; something has been also gained in knowledge of Howard's life; and the literary art of twenty was not found satisfactory at thirty-three. The whole has therefore undergone revision—it is hoped the reader will think improvement.

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JOHN HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

THE name of Howard is a great name. When the preacher wishes to freight a precept, or the writer to round a phrase, no name occurs more readily to the mind. Howard stands for benevolence. With the religious public his name is a shining light; it is dear to the patriot, it is sacred to the philanthropist. Yet the man himself is little more than a myth. Except among a certain class of earnest enthusiasts, his form and figure, his presence in the world, and his influence on the age in which he lived, are well nigh forgotten.

The cause of this is not far to seek. Howard does not belong to literature; his work lay apart. He did not talk with Johnson, or dine with Fox. Reynolds never painted his portrait, and he passed through life unnoticed by Gibbon. He built the first model cottages; he began the system of village schools; he exposed the vices of our gaols; he reformed our hospitals, lazarettos, and workhouses; he introduced some elements of gentleness and policy into our treatment of prisoners of war, and he travelled into every part of Europe to collect information, to heal the sick, to feed the hungry, and to free the captive. He appeared before parliaments; he confronted kings and emperors; he enlightened all Europe. He did this at his own cost—his own risk. Nevertheless

literature is all but silent as to his character, and history has not condescended to take account of his labours.

Howard's early years are very obscure. It is not ascertained when he was born or where; and of his mother little is known, except a name. The tablet in St. Paul's asserts that he was born in the month of September 1726. But the assertion is not sustained by any show of proof. No register has been found. Those who ought to have known the facts are not agreed; they differ as to years. One says, he was born in 1724; another, 1725; others, again, 1727. Equal doubts exist as to the place. St. Paul's says Hackney; Dr. Aikin, one of his earliest friends, says Enfield; Dr. Palmer, one of his latest friends, says Clapton; probability suggests his father's house in Smithfield; and a good tradition points to Cardington. Sentiment favours Cardington; for there he was certainly nursed and grew into a boy, there his son was born, there his house was built, there his favourite wife died, and there he wished to be buried.

John Howard, his father, was a tradesman. He lived in Smithfield, where he kept his shop, and had a little country box at Enfield, whither he retreated occasionally from city dust and noises, to enjoy fresh air and catch a glimpse of nature. Simple in his habits, and thrifty in his business, he made a fortune and retired. About this time his son was born; whether at the Smithfield shop, the Enfield cottage, the Cardington farm, or the house at Hackney, all of which were his property, if not his occasional residences, is not shown. His mother's name was Cholmley. She died while he was still an infant; and to his latest hour he never ceased to lament that loss. At her death he was placed out to nurse with the wife of a Cardington farmer.

He was a sickly child. No one fancied he could live; but the country air, the simple diet, and the constant exercise which he found on the farm brought him through. Little is remembered of his early days. No one read the signs of genius in his sickly face, no one dreamt of the great career already opening for the man; but everybody loved him. His modesty, his gentle manners, his thought for others, his for-

getfulness of self, endeared him to high and low. Quick and clever people thought him dull; perhaps he was dull. He came into notice and drew attention to himself only when some childish sacrifice had to be made, some childish duty to be done.

His first master was the Rev. John Worsley. At what age he commenced his education under this worthy man is not known; but there is no concealing the fact, that he made little progress in his studies for a very long time. Whether this arose from dulness in the pupil, or want of skill in the master, has been much disputed. "I left that school," Howard himself remarked to Dr. Aikin, many years afterwards, when speaking of his early life, "not fully taught in any one thing." Seven years were passed by him under the direction of Worsley—and the boy departed from beneath his roof almost as great a dunce as the child had come. But justice should be done. This poor schoolmaster is now remembered only for his misfortune. Because Howard proved a dull boy, it is inferred that his master must have been a fool. Two facts refute that inference. Mr. Worsley may have been a bad teacher, but seeing that he translated the New Testament from Greek into English, and wrote a Latin Grammar which had a reputation in its day, it is too much to assert that he was without classical knowledge; yet this is precisely the branch of education in which his pupil was always most deficient. Let us blame no man lightly. The time has surely come when the admirers of Howard can afford to be just.

From the school of this gentleman, Howard was removed to an academy in London, then under the management of Mr. John Eames, a Fellow of the Royal Society, a friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and a man of large attainments. This individual, now little known, was one of the notable men of his day. Originally intended for the ministry, he went through a course of theological reading, and in pursuance of his plan he even preached a sermon; but his modesty and bashfulness so overpowered him on the occasion of this public effort, that he despaired of success as a preacher, notwithstanding his con-

sciousness of great abilities,—and he resolved to abandon that career. Losing no time in regret over the failure of his plans, he set himself to the work of tuition, and his connexions among the Protestant Dissenters of London procured for him the appointment of Professor of Divinity to their seminary. In the lore of this subject he was well versed; while his acquirements in languages, mathematics, classics, natural theology, and moral philosophy, were also great. With physical science he was intimately acquainted; it was his vast and accurate scientific knowledge which procured for him the notice and friendship of Sir Isaac Newton, by whose influence he became a Member of the Royal Society, and to whom he had the happiness to render important service. Several celebrated men were educated at the seminary under his care, and were formed by him for the stations which they afterwards occupied with dignity to themselves and usefulness to their fellows. Among these, the names Howard and Price, Furneaux and Savage are still remembered.

Here then was a teacher whose competency cannot be denied. The author of the Latin Grammar may be accused and abused, but not the friend of Newton and the master of Price. Some other explanation—if the fact, that Howard was a dunce, be accepted—must be sought for than the incapacity of his instructors. But the fact itself is not clear. Dr. Aikin says of his friend,—“Of the classic writers of Greece and Italy his knowledge was next to nothing; of languages, ancient or modern, excepting, perhaps, French,—ditto; in the literature of his own country he was very imperfectly versed; and to his dying hour he was never able to write his native tongue with either elegance of diction or grammatical correctness.” This is one side of the picture. Dr. Stennet, a man who knew him quite as well as Dr. Aikin, and who was quite as good, if not a better, judge of his attainments, says,—“He was a man of great learning, deeply read in polite literature, and conversant with most of the modern languages.” Both these doctors knew him well, and in his manhood. Each professed to speak from personal knowledge. Stennet writes warmly, as a friend, Aikin coldly, as a critic. The remarks

which accompany the description given by Aikin are scarcely worthy of a man of sense and culture, which he was, as well as one of a family of literary celebrities. Aikin seems to despise Howard for his knowledge of "common affairs," and to triumph over his friend's ignorance of Greek. The scholar has a right, perhaps, to his vain-glories. Howard could not write Latin orations and English verses—it does not follow that he was quite a dunce.

The truth lies between the doctors. Howard had little learning; like a certain heroine in poetry, he probably knew little more of Greek than the letters, or of Latin than the Lord's Prayer. On the other hand, for a mere country gentleman, he had no slight acquaintance with English literature, and he knew something of nearly all the languages of Europe. French, indeed, he spoke like a native, so as to be able to pass for a Frenchman when it suited his purpose. With science he had a pretty general acquaintance, particularly with meteorology and medicine; and his knowledge of policy, of geography, of history, and of the condition, social and commercial, of foreign countries was extensive and exact. There is reason to believe that, although not a scholar Howard was a well-informed man for his generation. That he had a meagre knowledge of poetry and criticism, as compared against Dr. Aikin's attainments in these departments of useful knowledge, may be allowed without detracting from the merits which are more especially his own.

Two circumstances are to be considered in explanation of his inattention to classical studies. In the first place, he felt no vocation to them. The current of his thoughts set in another and a more practical direction. This is the personal circumstance. In the second place, he was intended from his birth for a career, the beginning of which is the desk and end of which is the exchange. His father had been a merchant, and he had resolved in his own mind that his son should adopt the same profession. This is the worldly circumstance. Do not these circumstances explain, in some degree at least, that want of Greek which so puzzles Dr. Aikin? Intended by his father for a life of trade, endowed by nature for a mission,

of mercy, what had this son of a retired tradesman in Smithfield to do with dead languages or living critics ?

At the school so well conducted by Mr. Eames, Howard first met with Price. The boys were very much unlike, in personal appearance as well as in character. Howard was sickly, Price robust. Howard was rich, Price poor. Howard was slow in his lessons, sober in his style, unobtrusive in his manner ; Price was quick, facile, brilliant, in rapidity of apprehension and in keenness of insight far above all rivals. Howard was a silent, diffident, unnoticed boy ; Price was the loud, self-sufficing, domineering king of the school. Yet these two youths, so widely separated in other things, were drawn together by the common bond of strong character : they became intimate, they became friends ; and through all the storm and trial of a long public life, they maintained for each other the old affection of their school-boy days.

The story of his young friend was deeply interesting. The only son of a second marriage, Price had been trained by his father in the sternest tenets of Calvinism. His father, a minister in that sect, was one of those men in whom the religious sentiment has the hardness and the force of logic. Starting from certain principles, and reasoning with the relentless rigour of a mathematician, he had arrived at conclusions which he held at every price. The intolerance of his creed was only equalled by the intolerance of the spirit in which he enforced it. At first the boy accepted this intellectual bondage ; as he advanced in years and knowledge, the future disputant began to think for himself. The minister deemed his son's independence of thought nothing short of rebellion against parental authority ; and when he made his will, he cut the nonconformer off without a shilling. Nor was this all : in one way or other, it appears that every member of the family, save one, had given offence to the stern parent ; the consequence was, that the whole of the family property was bequeathed to that *one*—the widow and six other children being left to starve. This proceeding of the husband and father led to disastrous results. The widow and the eldest son survived only a few months. Broken-hearted in their

home, they went down to the grave, the victims of a narrow and most unchristian bigotry. After his father's death, Richard was made to feel that the hearth on which he had been reared was a home for him no longer,—that he would be considered in the light of an intruder there; and as soon as his mother—whom he had loved with the devotion of a strong heart—was laid in her grave, he prepared to quit it; determined to find his way to London. He was just eighteen. His brother, only too glad to see him go, in the joy of his heart, actually sent a horse and servant to carry him to Cardiff, where he gave orders that he should be turned loose like a young colt. The adventurer was not daunted. Eighteen is happily unconscious of the obstacles which rise up in the path of an unaided man on the threshold of the world. Moreover, the sturdy polemic and politician was not made of yielding stuff. He carried a stout heart in his young breast, and a spirit that defied and won its nourishment from peril. Now trudging the road on foot, now availing himself of the help of a wagon, he found his way to town, where he was introduced, by a maternal uncle, into the Protestant Dissenters' Academy.

The elder Howard, though he had now retired from business many years, retained his old love and his old tastes; and it was his settled purpose that his son should follow in the path which he himself had trod to fortune. Following this intention up, the boy was taken from his studies under Mr. Eames, and bound as an apprentice to Messrs. Newnham and Shipley, wholesale grocers, in Watling-street. That this was not a sudden whim of the old merchant's is proved by the fact that he paid down with him seven hundred pounds as premium.

Instead, then, of following Howard, like any other boy, from school to college, we must go with him from school to city. It was in the warehouse in Watling-street that his education was carried on and completed; and, under all the circumstances of the case, remembering what the boy was, and what the man was to become, the selection was by no means so unfortunate as may be hastily imagined. The counting-house and the exchange have valuable lessons even for the gen-

tleman and the scholar; while for such a career as that of the philanthropist they are inestimable.

While weighing this choice of a profession, it must be recollected, that the elder Howard possessed none of that mental flexibility which allows ordinary men to assume with readiness the opinions of their time—he could not therefore be expected to take a common-place view of his duty. He had been a merchant, and he entertained a merchant's ideas of the honour and importance of his calling. He was imperious and patriarchal in his way too—a firm stickler for unconditional obedience—governed his family with paternal severity, and was altogether remarkable for the lofty way in which he kept his household in order. *He* also was a character. Not a little of the eccentricity of thought, the directness of purpose, the devotion to a sense of duty, which his son exhibited in the course of his career, were exhibited by the old merchant on that narrower stage on which he played his part. Stern, methodical, industrious, conscious of the value of a full and absorbing occupation as an antidote to the rash impulses of youthful passion, as well as of the knowledge and experience which actual dealing with men can alone bestow,—there is little to cause surprise in the decision of such a man to bind a young fellow of easy fortune as an apprentice to a city grocer. Nor did the young man himself offer any objection to the path marked out for him by his father, though there is abundant proof that it ill assorted with his views.

The scheme may have had a yet profounder meaning. Of all men, the Puritan was the least disposed to trust to fortune. To hope for the best and be prepared for the worst, is every wise man's maxim. The circle to which the Howards belonged, was peculiarly alive to its importance. Troublous times were not far out of memory; men then living could remember sad and bitter days; nor were such days unlikely to return, times in which property had been insecure, in which many of those born to affluence and nursed in luxury had been thrown upon their personal resources for the means of life. Such a change is always possible. In more modern

days we have witnessed many such changes: we have seen the feudal aristocracy of Europe, French, Polish, German, Magyar, Italian, Spanish, eating the bitter bread of exile: and we are better able to judge of the forethought and wisdom of a custom which obtains in many patrician families in Germany—in that of the Imperial House of Austria, for example—of having all the sons instructed in some trade or handicraft, so that, should everything else fail, the common labour market of the world may still be open to them. No man can foresee, even for an hour, the turns of fortune. It is the part of the wise to be prepared for whatever may befall. A profession is no burden. A gentleman is not the less a gentleman because he is acquainted with law, with trade, with medicine; nay, he is then more of a gentleman than he otherwise could be, for he is more completely independent of the world. He alone is perfect master of his actions who has the personal means of living—some art or craft, knowledge or skill, of which change cannot rob him. Wanting this, his present interests or his fears for the future must often mould his hopes and betray his conscience.

If there be a lesson more distinctly taught by the book of history than any other, it is, that entire dependence on property is more demoralizing than entire dependence on labour. Property is only master of the past. Skill is master of the future. A man without the power of producing the value of what he consumes, must often find himself a slave to his fears. In times of danger and difficulty—in the throes of a revolution—how few there are who dare to be true to themselves—who dare to follow out their own ideas—who dare to think of conscience, not of consequence! And why? Because their property is all that they possess. Because they are bound in parchment fetters. Because they cannot separate the future from the past. As education in this country is now conducted, the virtues which arise from a confidence in powers of self-sustainment have no room for growth. All are taught to rely on something alien—on property. How many find it only a broken reed! How much of the suffering of exiles in this and other countries in modern times, springs

from their inability to do anything, except brood over their wrongs, bewail their misfortunes, and wait for the hand of charity to help them !

The memorials of Howard's life in the shop are not ample. He appears to have entered on this service as a duty. From first to last, his heart was not in his work ; and it is evident that he failed to contract any of those sordid habits which are commonly attributed to trade and traders. He certainly never learned to love money ; nor—on the mere score of its possession—to respect those who possessed it. On the contrary, in the Watling-street warehouse, he obtained a large stock of general information—learned to like work for its own sake—and contracted that habit of devotion to the matter in hand, which, directed into a new path, and exercised under more genial circumstances, afterwards enabled him to perform such prodigies of labour.

Before the period of his apprenticeship had run out, that is, on the 9th of September, 1742, his father died. The property which he left behind was considerable, and the division of it was thus made :—to his son, he bequeathed seven thousand pounds in money ; the whole of his landed property ; his plate, furniture, pictures, and a moiety of his library : to his daughter—the only other child—on coming to age, he left eight thousand pounds as her portion of the personal estate ; the other moiety of his library ; almost all the family jewels, and the female wardrobe. He testified the high confidence which he felt in his son's discretion and knowledge of the administration and management of property, by naming him sole residuary legatee—as soon as he should attain his majority. The executors of the will were, Lawrence Channing, the husband of the testator's sister—Ive Whitbread, of Cardington, a relation of deceased—and Lewin Cholmley, one of his intimate friends and a distant connexion of his first wife, the mother of the joint inheritors. These gentlemen, moreover, displayed the same confidence in Howard that his father had done,—for they did not scruple to allow him, even at his comparatively early age,—he was not yet more than seventeen,—a very considerable power over the management of his property.

The condition of the family house at Clapton was one of the foremost objects which engaged the young man's attention after his father's death. Through the negligence and parsimony of his parent, this house had been suffered to fall into ruin. He had not lived in it; and had spared himself the expense of keeping it in repair. Howard undertook to superintend its restoration; and in order to expedite the work, he went over to Clapton daily, to give directions and forward the repairs by his presence and counsels. This house was always a favourite with the philanthropist, for though he did not, and could not live in it himself, he refused to let it on lease or in any other way to allow it to pass from under his control. Sixty years ago—Howard's name had then become a household word—a venerable man, of ninety summers, who had been gardener to the elder Howard for many years, and who occupied that post at the period of this restoration, used to delight in recalling for the edification of visitors from far and near, anecdotes and reminiscences of his young master. The favourite story of the old man, told how, during this restoration of the house, Howard would arrive every morning, never missing a single day, under the buttress of the garden wall, just as the bread cart was passing at its punctual hour; when he would purchase a loaf, throw it into the garden, and then entering at the gate, would cry out laughingly—"Harry! see if there is not something for you there among the cabbages."

As he had entered into business rather to please his father than because he liked it, Howard no sooner found himself his own master, than he sought to terminate his apprenticeship. This was not difficult. A contract was made out for the purchase by himself of his remaining period of service, and a sum of money having changed hands, the affair was settled, and he was a free man. This step secured, he next determined to inform his mind and restore his health—which had never been good, and had recently, from close confinement and laborious occupation, entirely given way—by foreign travel. The interest of the ready money which had come into his hands was found to be sufficient for his proposed

journey, without drawing on the trustees; and, having made a few necessary arrangements, he set out. France and Italy were the countries which he first visited. The influence of change of scenery, of atmosphere, and of employment, were soon visible in a renovated frame. Debility, almost amounting to physical prostration, had weighed him to the edge of the grave. Mind and body benefited alike by the step which he had now taken. Under a warmer sun, in a brighter climate, among the vine-gardens of the south, his health was gradually restored; and at the same time his intellect was occupied, enlightened, and enlarged. The young traveller was a connoisseur—loving art, and all that pertained to it fervently. His ignorance of Greek, and his connexion with trade, had not prevented him from acquiring some knowledge and taste in things of highest human interest:—and in the old cities of republican Italy he had now the opportunity of enlarging and gratifying his love and taste to the full. He did not fail to use his advantages as became a lover and a student. He visited all the galleries of note which lay in his line of travel. Nor did mere love for the marvels of skill and beauty with which that gifted land abounded satisfy him; he became a purchaser. In this and other of his early journeys on the continent of Europe, he made a collection of paintings, which in after years adorned his favourite house at Cardington.

On his return to England, after an absence of a year or more so spent, it does not appear that his health, though improved, was re-established,—as we find him immediately afterwards compelled to leave London for a more open place.

He went to live at Stoke Newington, in Church-street,—quietly,—as an invalid. Neither the state of his constitution, the bent of his character, nor the inspirations of his passions, allowed him to begin that fascinating round of pleasures and vices, into which the young and wealthy, who are suddenly let loose, so commonly plunge. Howard was too much master of himself, even at this early age, to fall into the customary errors of youth. His pursuits and his pleasures had already the gravity of manhood. Surrounded by his books—attending to his religious exercises—engaged with the studies most

congenial to his tastes—at peace with himself, and with all mankind—he seems to have passed at least a portion of the time which he remained at Stoke Newington, in a manner delightful to remember. Among the subjects of study which at this time engrossed his attention, some of the less abstruse branches of natural philosophy, and the theory of medicine, were prominent. In these departments of science he made a not inconsiderable progress: of medicine, especially, he acquired much knowledge. His mode of life was simple. He indulged in no personal luxuries, unless keeping a horse for exercise—being an invalid—can be esteemed a luxury. Owing, in the first instance, to a constitutional tendency to consumption, his diet had been regulated on a perfectly ascetic scale, and this he ever afterwards maintained in all its rigour. The particular malady from which he suffered while at Stoke Newington was nervous fever,—attended by threats of a break-up of the whole physical system. At this epoch of his life, his restoration to sound health was very doubtful; he was not merely in a state of temporary debility—his constitution appeared to be unsound. Thanks, however, to his abstemiousness, and to the primitive simplicity of the little food which he allowed himself to take, his constitution at length rallied. He appears to have starved out his malady. He subdued his physical frame by the power of his will. In after years, whenever he was very ill, he would start on a journey and travel it off. He walked much, rode much, and eat little. This was his secret.

In the early days of his sojourn at Stoke Newington, he appears to have been dissatisfied with his landlady. Not thinking that he received the care and attention at her hands which his sickly condition made necessary to his comfort, he removed his lodgings, going to reside at the house of a Mrs. Sarah Loidore (or Lardeau), from whom he hoped to receive better treatment. He was then five-and-twenty; Mrs. Loidore was a plain woman of fifty-two,—the widow of a man who had been clerk in a neighbouring white-lead manufactory. She had no money to tempt, no beauty to attract admirers; and she was so confirmed an invalid, that for more than twenty

years she had never known the blessing of a single day's good health. She appears, however, notwithstanding her many sufferings, to have been a very kind, attentive, and cheerful woman; a good housekeeper, and an admirable nurse. She was possessed of a small property, the savings of her deceased husband, upon which, together with the profits arising from letting out her apartments to lodgers, she contrived, by much care and prudence, to live in humble respectability.

While residing in this good lady's apartments, Howard experienced a very severe attack of illness. For various short periods before this attack came on, he had rambled into different parts of the kingdom in search of health,—but without success; still, however, keeping his home quarters at Stoke Newington, to which he finally returned as he went out—weak, low spirited, restless. For several weeks he was there confined to his bed, in the most critical condition, his life being despaired of daily; in the end, he again rallied. He starved himself back to life. During this trying period of sickness, the invalid received from his kind and gentle nurse every care and attention which a woman's heart could imagine and an invalid's hands afford. Her constant and considerate devotion to him,—a stranger in her house,—contrasting as it did so strongly with the treatment he had experienced from others on whom he had equal or better claims, under similar circumstances, made a deep impression on his mind; and his ingenuity was not a little taxed to devise by what means he could express his gratitude for services to which he in a great measure attributed his recovery. He lay in bed and thought of it. When he rose from his bed the subject still occupied his mind. He took no counsel in the matter except from his conscience—it was not his custom. But he came to a resolution—and such a resolution! She had nursed him like a mother, and the only fitting return he could think of was to make her his wife. Of course the lady was astonished at the unusual shape of her patient's gratitude. She started objections, being older and having more worldly prudence than her suitor. It is even said that she seriously refused her consent to the match, urging the various arguments which

might fairly be alleged against it,—the inequality in their years, the difference of their fortune, social position, and so forth:—but to no purpose. Howard's mind was made up. During his slow recovery he had weighed the matter carefully—had come to the conclusion that it was his duty to marry her, and no argument could now change his determination. It is said, by a cotemporary, that he gave her four-and-twenty hours for consideration—threatening, in the event of her refusal, to go abroad. The struggle between the two must have been curious:—the sense of duty on both sides, founded on honest convictions no doubt,—the mutual respect, without the consuming fire,—the weighing of this reason for, and that reason against, instead of the rapid pleadings and quick successes of triumphant passion; the young man, without the ordinary impulses of youth, on the one hand; the widow, past her prime, yet simple, undesigning, unambitious, earnestly struggling to put aside youth—wealth—protection—honour—social rank—the things for which so many women are taught to dress, to pose, to intrigue, on the other,—form together a picture which has its romantic interest, in spite of its homeliness.

They were married. And, contrary to the general experience of such alliances, neither party to the contract had occasion to regret it. As at the commencement, so throughout—it is impossible to believe there was much love between the woman of fifty-two and the man of twenty-five. Howard was not demonstrative; and his wife was at that calm period of life when the blood is cool and waits upon the judgment. The depths of tenderness which existed in his soul were not now stirred as they were to be hereafter stirred: still there is reason to believe that, in a quiet way, he was attached to his grave and suffering wife. Once his conscience had dictated a course of conduct as a duty, he was not the man to shrink from any consequence which might follow in its train: and so long as she remained to bless his hearth, or test the constancy of his heart, he never wavered in his affection and respect. But the time was short. Never thoroughly well, her marriage for a time exercised a genial influence over her health, but the

improvement was not lasting. Her old debility returned after a few months with greater force than before, and through manifold sufferings, which her husband did his utmost to soothe, she gradually wore away, and died, on the tenth of November, 1755, in the third year of their marriage.

Her remains were deposited in a vault in the churchyard of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, where a nearly obliterated tombstone still points out the spot where her tired spirit sleeps the long sleep. She was a person of exemplary character, gentle, and affectionate in her disposition; of good though not great natural endowments; sincere and humble in her religious sentiments; patient and pure in her thoughts and actions;—in a word, a woman not unworthy of the love of the great and good man with whose fate she had become for a short season so intimately connected.

The week of her death may be taken as a turning point in Howard's life. From private he was called away to public griefs. Within a few hours the companion of his home was snatched from his side, and a cry from beyond the waters came to him, and to all like him, for help, such as the world has rarely heard. While his wife lay dead in his house, the news arrived in England, that the capital of Portugal had been suddenly destroyed by fire and earthquake. The sea had risen—the houses fallen one upon another, and over them towers and churches; part of the royal palace had been swallowed by the waters; and everywhere amidst the ruins, burst out tongues of flame, and devoured all that the shaking of the earth had spared. "Sixty thousand of the poor inhabitants," says Göthe, who has vividly described the stunning effect of the intelligence as it spread from town to town, "had perished." "So complicated an event," he writes, "arrested the attention of the world; and as additional and more detailed accounts of the explosion came to hand from every quarter, the minds already aroused by the misfortunes of strangers, began to be more and more anxious about themselves. The demon of terror had never so speedily and powerfully stirred the earth."

Awful as the news was everywhere, it was terribly so in

England. A great number of our merchants had their pleasant houses in the city; and it was not doubted that our share in the calamity would be next. It was not so in fact, for the day on which the earthquake happened was also the day of the Lisbon *auto-da-fé*, and the English residents had retired to their country houses, to escape the insults of an excited mob. And thus they were saved. Not the less, however, did the heart of England warm towards the sufferers. Private persons sent their aid in various ways, and Parliament, to its honour, though in the midst of a great war, and in a time of scarcity at home, granted a relief of a hundred thousand pounds.

This bitter cry for help found Howard sitting by the corpse of his dead wife. He heard it, and he sprang to his feet. What he could do—young, alone, and inexperienced—how he would do the thing that must be done, was far from clear. No plan occurred to him—he was not quick at forming plans; but he felt that in the midst of so much misery, in the open fields where the poor were dying in their tents from hunger, cold, and sickness, strong hands and willing minds would find their duty. The great point was to go—to be on the spot—to see the work for himself.

His preparations were soon made. When he married his late wife he had settled the whole of her little property on her sister; and a similar act of generosity marked the breaking up of his house at Stoke Newington. Such portions of his furniture—in fact, the great bulk of it—as he had no need for in the temporary lodging which he took in St. Paul's Churchyard, he distributed amongst the poor inhabitants of the village: to one family he gave a bed, to another a set of crockery, a table to a third, chairs again to others, and so forth. Not many years ago, some of the children of those who received these relics of his Newington housekeeping from the hands of Howard were still alive, and many of the things were preserved with veneration in the village.

He was now ready for his journey. Attended by a single servant, he went down and took his berth in the Lisbon packet, the *Hunover*, a name that was just then an omen. All

Europe was entering on war. France and Austria, laying aside a rivalry of nearly three centuries, had joined arms to humiliate England. Sweden, Saxony, and Russia, entered this alliance. Spain, Portugal, and Holland stood aloof. England and Prussia had to combat all the powers. France was threatening Hanover, Austria burning to regain Silesia. England and France were fighting in India and in America, and on the high seas in every part of the world. Letters of marque and reprisal had been plentifully issued on both sides, as was usual in times of war; and the narrow seas were swept by innumerable privateers. Thus a thousand images of storm, wreck, piracy, rose up to scare the minds of those less resolute than himself. But above the roar of cannon and the howlings of the storm, his fancy caught the cries of the sick, hungry, and desolate thousands who had lost their all in the great catastrophe of nature. And so he went on board.

Man proposes, God disposes. The scenes on which he had set his heart were not to be reached. His hand was to find other work than that which it was making for itself. The *Hanover* was captured by a French privateer. The crew and passengers being all secured, they were carried into the port of Brest: and there, according to the usages of war at that period, they were treated with the utmost barbarity. Howard refers to this incident in one of his publications. Before the captured vessel was carried into harbour, he relates that he was kept almost without food, and entirely without water, for forty hours—to most men an intolerable punishment; but his abstemious habits had well prepared him to bear such trials—the commencement of a long series—without serious detriment to his health. When the prisoners were at length landed, he was confined, with many others, in the castle of the town, in a dungeon, dark, damp, and filthy beyond description, where they were kept for several additional hours without food or drink! At last a leg of mutton was brought and thrown into the cell—as flesh is thrown into the dens of wild beasts—for the starving captives to scramble for, tear with their teeth, and devour. In this horrible dungeon, thus fed, the prisoners were detained for a whole week. Six nights

were they compelled to sleep—if sleep were possible—on the cold floor, with a handful of straw to protect them from the noxious damps of their crowded room. At the end of a week they were removed and separated. Howard was taken in the first instance further inland to Morlaix, where his servant was taken from him and sent to Dinan. After a short rest he was again removed inland to Carhaix, a small town on the river Aon; here he resided for two months on parole. At both places he had opportunities of witnessing the treatment which prisoners of war received at the hands of their enemies,—such as soon made him sensible that his own case, hard as it was, had been one of comparative leniency. Whilst living at Carhaix, he tells us in a few terrible lines, that he had corresponded with the various English captives at Brest, Morlaix, and Dinan, and had thereby gained “ample evidence of their being treated with such barbarity that many hundreds had perished, and that thirty-six were buried in a hole in Dinan in one day.” This was only at a single point of that extensive coast, stretching for hundreds of miles, from the Netherlands to the Pyrennees; and it unhappily cannot be denied that the same barbarities were also being perpetrated on the English coasts towards the enemy. Here, then, was a duty not less pressing than that so much more dramatically presented on the banks of the Tagus. There, distress had to be relieved; here a principle had to be established.

It has been preferred as a charge against Howard, that he was very haughty towards his captors; and this, though not stated on the best authority, is not unlikely in itself. Howard had a high sense and sentiment of honour. He would tolerate nothing that was not morally right. It is more than probable that he would consider a privateer as nothing more than a ruffian. But once on shore, and placed in legal custody, he seems to have inspired every one who came into contact with him with confidence in his uprightness. More than one occasion saw this exhibited in a remarkable manner. While at Carhaix, although not an officer in the service of his sovereign, and therefore not entitled to claim indulgence by the

law of nations and the usages of war, he was permitted by his gaoler to reside in the town, on his word being given that he would not escape. Equal confidence was exhibited by the person at whose house he lodged. Though without money—for what he had on his person had been taken by his captors—and a perfect stranger, this man took him into his house on the strength of his unsupported representations—housed, fed, and clothed him, supplied him with money, and finally saw him depart for England with no other guarantee for repayment than a promise. Even official persons were not impervious to the charm of his character—for, after some little negotiation, he was permitted to return to England, in order that he might with greater chances of success endeavour to induce our Government to make a suitable exchange for him—on simply pledging his honour that if unsuccessful in the attempt to get an exchange he would instantly return to his captivity.

When he arrived in London, the friends who had heard of his adventure poured in their congratulations upon the recovery of his freedom; but he at once desired that all such expressions might be reserved until the conditions on which he had accepted his liberty were complied with—an event at least uncertain; for, being only a private individual, without the means of interesting persons in authority in his case, it was no improbable supposition that Government might find itself too much engrossed by graver cares to spare time to listen to his application, or too deeply concerned for those persons—servants of its own—for whose safety it was more directly responsible, to think about the freedom of a civilian, who had fallen into trouble through some absurd desire to go and do battle with an earthquake. Happily, however, after much trouble and some very painful delays, the point was gained—the necessary exchange was effected—and all his obligations being honourably discharged, he had no need for the present to return to France.

Assured of his liberty, did his thoughts wander back to Lisbon? Perhaps so; but a nearer work had fallen into his hands. The passengers of the *Hanover* were still detained in

France. Some were at Dinan, some at Morlaix. As soon therefore as his parole was discharged, he set about him to relieve the more pressing wants of the other captives, while at the same time he used every means in his power to procure their release. His attention was naturally enough addressed in the first instance to the inmates of the prisons in which he had himself been confined, and respecting the condition of which he could report from personal knowledge. In an application made to the Commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen, he portrayed, in striking terms, the miseries and privations to which the gallant but unfortunate men were exposed. He made a pathetic appeal on their behalf, and prayed that their case might be examined and their wrongs redressed. This measure had an instant effect. The Commissioners made an appeal to the Court of France. The Friend of the Captive, as he was already called, had the satisfaction of receiving their thanks for his timely information, and such definitive proceedings were adopted by the two powers, that he soon afterwards had the pleasure of knowing that his efforts had caused the restoration of his fellow-prisoners of Dinan, Brest, and Morlaix, to their liberty and country, as well as mitigated the miseries of many others, who were still detained in France.

CHAPTER II

HOME LIFE.

WHEN success had crowned these maiden efforts in the cause of human suffering, Howard turned his face again towards Lisbon. The old cries were still ringing in his ears; but friends again came round him, and urged the risk, the madness of the attempt to get to Portugal. The powers were now at open war. The French had taken Minorca; success waited on their arms in America and India; they were even threatening a descent on England. Under these circumstances it was represented to him that the attempt to reach Lisbon was like flying in the face of Providence. His own good sense allowed the force of these representations; and for a time at least he resolved to seek for other work. With this view he retired to Cardington. Here he had been nursed—perhaps born; and the locality was endeared to him by all the associations with which a thoughtful childhood never fails to fill the scenes of its earliest joys and griefs. Cardington is the one locality closely connected with the name of Howard. To him it had the interest of a birthplace. He remembered no other. When first awaking to the world around, his eyes had opened on its sylvan scenes. In the neighbouring meadows he had gathered his first flowers; in the green lanes thereabout he had chased his first butterflies; in the little church of the village he had first listened to the hymn of praise. This fact—and the sad circumstances of his domestic history, caused him to cling with fond and lasting affection to the spot: henceforth it was his resting-place—the centre of his most solemn, tender, and mournful memories. In after years, though other worlds of action had opened up to him, drawing him for long and frequent intervals from its much-prized

quiet—though his feelings and his heart in time grew larger and more catholic in their choice—though scenes of suffering and of horror, whether they had been sought for in Stockholm or in Cadiz, or in St. Petersburg, became the objects of his labours and his thoughts—his heart never ceased to turn in fond remembrance to that rustic village : in a word, in whatever part of Europe the philanthropist found himself, Cardington was henceforth his HOME.

At Cardington he settled. The property which his father had owned and bequeathed to him in the neighbourhood, consisted of a single farm of no very large dimensions. To make the farm a fitting residence, and to obtain that personal influence in the place which he considered necessary for carrying out a plan which he had already formed in behalf of the surrounding peasants, he found it necessary to purchase an additional property. The superintendence of various alterations and improvements in his own property and in the village, employed his time. Never was he for a moment idle. The spirit of order, the attention to details in the management of his property, the systematic regularity in his way of life, which he had learned in his father's house; and the habit of patient industry which he had contracted in Watling-street, were now taught by example to his tenants. While Howard was engaged in these simple and honourable occupations, the war, of which no man could pretend to see the end, was raging with various fortunes. Hanover was lost and regained; Bohemia was occupied and evacuated; Spain, Portugal, and the neutral powers were drawn into the great war; and the hope of visiting Lisbon faded off more and more. The story of Howard's life during these years affords little that is exciting. The simple annals of his village labour have no connexion with great and stirring events; they are not charged with more than the ordinary passion of human life; there are no plots and counter-plots to detail, no deep intrigues to excite curiosity; nothing in fact of the melodrama of private history. Yet it is the progress and history of a true, earnest life, which they relate. There is the due amount of wooing, wedding, love, and misery. Death, too, has his share in the little

drama; and when this grim spectre rises on the scene, it acquires a solemn, almost a tragic interest.

When Howard settled down at Cardington, it may be surmised that his mind had regained something of its old composure. The incidents which had frustrated his visit to Lisbon, and the active exertion to which they had unexpectedly given rise, distracted his thoughts from the recent cause of grief, and gradually restored him to his habitual equanimity of mind. Labour never dies of grief.

In a subdued and reconciled disposition of mind, he seems to have gone down to Cardington; and after some months there spent in study, and in carrying out his plans of practical benevolence, the thought of again marrying appears to have come upon him with the soft and insidious witchery of a virgin passion—and such undoubtedly it was. The object on whom his affections were now really placed was in every way worthy. She was about his own age, and of his own social rank. Although her features were not cast in the mould of Grecian beauty, she was fair, had large impressive eyes, an ample brow, a mouth exquisitely shaped, a soft and gentle countenance—and overspreading all, there was the blended light of sentiment and culture which never fails to inspire even an ordinary face, so as to cover it with a glow of shining loveliness. Her portrait stands before the writer of these words. There is about it a look of home; its lines and sentiments suggest domestic love and peace. In a ball-room, at the opera, a face so pure and maiden-like would not arrest the gaze; but no thoughtful and discriminating man could dwell upon it, even for a moment, without emotion.

Henrietta Leeds was the eldest daughter of Edward Leeds, of Croxton, in Cambridgeshire, Sergeant at Law. The marriage was solemnized on the 25th of April, 1758. We must not omit an incident that occurred before the ceremony. Observing that many little quarrels and heart-burnings arise in families, from circumstances of no moment in themselves, in consequence of each individual wishing to have his own way, he determined to avoid all these sources of domestic discord, by establishing his own paramount authority in the

first instance. He stipulated with Henrietta, that in every case in which there should be a difference of opinion between them, *his* voice should rule. This was not very gallant, but it is said to have been found useful in practice.

A few days after their marriage, the sedate and happy lovers went down to Cardington, and immediately set about building, planting, altering, and improving their dwelling and neighbourhood. Their minds were nicely fitted to each other; they worked together harmoniously, and had they not been mortal, their union would have been perfectly happy. Henceforth, indeed, their lives were not two, but one.

Howard is now married to a woman whom he loves—settled in a home of his own choosing—and arrived at the age of thirty; his character for good and ill is formed; perhaps it may be interesting to look a little more closely at the process of its formation.

The intellectual education of Howard had not been of the best or most liberal kind. With the classic writers of antiquity—even at second-hand—his acquaintance was imperfect; and we fail to trace in his life and conversation the powerful and peculiar influences which flow from an early love of Hellenic and Italian history and poetry. Howard's mind was formed on another model. At the time, and in the particular sphere in which he was brought up, the study of ancient literature was not received as necessary to the training of good and useful citizens. His father and his connexions were stern religionists; of that famous puritan school, which, in the previous century—by its thorough earnestness, and the genius of its leaders making up for want of numbers—had been able to wrench the government of the country from more feeble hands—and from the centre of their religious revolution to shake the despotic thrones and despotic creeds of Europe to their foundations. The father of the elder Howard might have seen some of these glorious events: he might have stood in presence of the power of Cromwell, the genius of Milton, the virtue of Marvel—or, at least, he might have remembered and conversed with men who had. Great traditions of the days when puritan ideas had been

in the political ascendant were religiously kept alive in such families; as they still are in many households—their most valued heirlooms; and the sterner of the proscribed opinions were clung to all the more fervently in private for the fact of their being politically overthrown. With the exception of a few brilliant and extraordinary men—men who would have made themselves exceptions to the rule of any age or country—the Protestant dissenters of England had never, up to that time, been cordial in their love of letters:—they were too rigid, scriptural, ascetic, to devote themselves to studies which were deemed of a profane or merely ornamental nature; and hence they had been quizzed and caricatured in plays and poems, laughed at on the stage, abused in the closet, and scorned in society. The old war of the primitive fathers against the seductions of pagan literature had again arisen; but this struggle of a too rigid Christianity against the intellectual means of a loose and in some respects impure polytheism—honestly meant as it was—proved not a little loss to the champions of true religion; for it implied a voluntary surrender of some of the finest weapons with which the great battle of truth against error must be fought. As a body, the living representatives of the ascetic heroes of the seventeenth century have put themselves into a better attitude of defence. A wider intellectual experience has shown them, that that wondrous Greek and Roman lore—though it was inspired by gods whom the Christian does not know, and enshrines ideas which the present age cannot own—forms the repository of eloquence, philosophy, and logic,—the armoury whence Truth's best weapons must be drawn. But this conviction—as a rule—is but of recent growth: a hundred years ago, the puritans refused the aid of learning, and derided its graces. Howard himself, was in this respect, as in many others, far above the prejudices of his sect. As he came to years of maturity, he became conscious of his own deficiencies;—and he not only determined to pursue a different plan with *his* son, but seriously set about to repair the losses of his old neglect. At his leisure, while at Stoke Newington, and now again at Cardington, he made incessant efforts to

recover ground—devoting himself to the study of natural philosophy, and particularly to such departments of science as require but little preparation, or such as have a near relation to natural theology. The religious element was that always uppermost in his mind. In every pursuit in which he was engaged, he sought for fresh proofs of the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty. Religion was, in fact, his vital principle. The image of a guiding and controlling Providence—a Spirit bounteous in its mercies, but exacting in proportion to its bounty—was never absent from his mind.

In the course of Howard's frequent visits to the metropolis from Stoke Newington, he had become acquainted with several persons eminent in the learned world, whose society naturally strengthened his love of science, and on the eve of his departure for Portugal he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, his election taking place on the 20th of May, 1756. This honourable distinction was not sought for by Howard from any vainglorious motive, but from a real love of scientific pursuits, and a laudable desire to associate with men of learning. On the other hand, the fact of his election into such a body, is in itself no proof of his scientific proficiency:—as, until very lately, it had been the policy of the Royal Society to choose its members from among men of property and worldly station, as well as from among men of science. Yet Howard was not an idle associate; at least he took an intelligent interest in the transactions of the Society; and if his personal contributions to science were of no great value, the fault did not arise from apathy, or from any disinclination to learned labours. At intervals, he sent into the Society three short papers, which were communicated to the members at their regular period of meeting, and were deemed of sufficient interest to be printed in the yearly Transactions. The first of these contributions may be inserted as a specimen of his style:—

“An account of the degree of cold observed in Bedfordshire by John Howard, Esq. F.R.S., in a letter to John Canton, M.A. F.R.S. Read April 12th, 1764.—Sir, I would beg leave to acquaint you of a degree of cold that I observed at

Cardington, in Bedfordshire, the 22d of November last, just before sunrise, Fahrenheit's scale, by one of Bird's thermometers, being so low as ten and a half. If it will throw any light upon the locality of cold, or think it worth the Society's observation, would leave to your better judgment, and remain with great esteem, Sir, your obedient servant, John Howard."

During the whole of his stay at Cardington, astronomy engaged a share of his attention; but his favourite science was medicine, and the next to that was meteorology. All his communications to the Royal Society have reference to this latter subject. The second was on the heat of the springs at Bath—which he often visited for purposes of health. The third contained some observations on the heat of the crater of Vesuvius. There can be no doubt but that Howard was a curious if not a careful observer of nature; and although his direct additions to physical science were not of much value, it must be owned that he set a laudable example of diligence in prosecuting his studies. An instance of his devotion to the business in hand, whatsoever that might be—the quality which, more than any other, was the source of his reputation—is related in connexion with these meteorological observations. At the bottom of his garden at Cardington, he had placed a thermometer; and as soon as the frosty weather had set in, he used to leave his warm bed at two o'clock every morning, walk in the bitter morning air to his thermometer, examine it by his lamp, and write down its register,—which done to his satisfaction, he would coolly betake himself again to bed. Tradition sayeth not how far Henrietta approved of this devotion to the Lady Knowledge; but had she found herself unable to oppose the existing treaties, she had only the privilege of affecting ignorance of the facts.

These learned pursuits, however, did not and could not make Howard a man of letters. His intellectual life, though adorned by these studies, was not built upon them. Science is not a thing on which, or out of which, character can be formed. Life must be modelled on life—not on inductions; on creative thoughts and heroic acts—not on physical or even on philosophical principles. Science, of itself, can do little to

make men, and for Howard it did nothing. Neither in the science of England, nor in the literature of Greece and Rome, did he find those solid materials on which character can be raised; nor does it appear that he proposed to himself, as models, any of the heroes or sages which the classic lands produced. His antitypes lay in another country—in a different history; and with all their splendid virtues and antique ideas—he formed himself upon them. These were, the apostles, prophets, and patriarchs of old. There was one literature—and only one—with which he was thoroughly acquainted,—that of the Holy Scriptures. There was but one system of life developed in the history of the past, which commended itself completely and unreservedly to his conscience and his heart—that of the early Hebrew times. This was the source of his weakness as of his strength. He almost rejected modern life and the morals of a civilization which is at once more advanced and more corrupt. In this we trace the influence of puritan ideas. Constitutionally pious, education and personal inspiration had both directed Howard to study the Book of Life. In its pages, he found the principle of all science—the foundation of all wisdom. He had conned it early and late; had taken it to his soul, until it became to him a Living Law. To its righteous spirit he sought to assimilate all his being. To him, the Word of God was in the place of all other literature and lore. On its doctrines, its moralities, its social sentiments, his life was built up on system. More completely, perhaps, than any other individual in modern times, by dint of incessant contemplation of this history, had Howard recreated and realized the ideal of a devout and dignified Hebrew patriarch. This fact is the key to his whole character:—whatever was special, unmodern, in the life and conversation of the philanthropist, was the result of meditation on the writings of the prophets and apostles; and whatever estimate may be formed of the character which he has left behind him in the world, it is certain that it received its distinctive sign and impress from this admiration of the ancient kings and heroes of Israel.

It is of great importance to mark this fact—for on it turns

his entire history; and only through it can that history be intelligibly studied. The consequences of this intellectual and moral building up show themselves in his important equally as in his most trifling acts. Everything which Howard did meant something—involved or expressed a principle. No man ever lived who was less a creature of impulse. He had no sentiment, scarcely any ideality. He was simple and grand, like an iron column or a rock of granite. His genius was the genius of strong sense. He could do no showy tricks; he could make no flashy speeches; but calm, watchful, self-possessed, when he moved it was always with effect. His decision was great, because he was convinced in what he did. When he entered the path of duty—of action—the road lay mapped out broadly, unmistakeably before him. To the comprehending mind there was no mystery in his motives, no misapprehension about his position; hence his footsteps never needed to be retraced, nor his work to be undone. Having deliberately fashioned his character on the patriarchal, on what he believed to be the highest model of a selected race, every incident of his life was tested by the accepted standard. He kept himself struggling up to the height of his great argument. Once convinced that the scriptural ideal which he had learned to venerate was the noblest that man can propose to himself for imitation, he adopted without hesitation—because without fear and without haste—its austere and lofty forms of thought—the striking mixture of affection and authority in its modes of domestic life. All Howard's social and family arrangements reveal the presence of Hebrew ideas—his assumption of supreme government in his household, not less distinctly than the large though paternal power which he claimed to exercise over his tannery—a claim to which all his benevolence failed, thoroughly to reconcile his Saxon neighbours, who could not be induced to like despotism, even though it were both paternal and enlightened.

As has been said before, Howard and his wife retired from the great world to their quiet home at Cardington within a few days of the celebration of their nuptials. Many altera-

tions were necessary in order to make their abode commodious and agreeable, both house and grounds being small and inconvenient. Harriet—so he loved to call his wife—suggested the improvements which she deemed desirable, and her husband superintended their execution. The house was partly rebuilt and enlarged; the gardens and grounds were laid out afresh, and on a more extended scale. Nor was their attention confined to the comfort of their own establishment. Before his marriage, Howard had devoted a considerable portion both of his leisure and his fortune to a plan for improving the dwellings of the poor on his estate,—initiating an idea which has now grown into a national movement,—and that, not from a feeling of personal pride and generosity, but from a sense of duty. He entertained what were then thought very strange notions about property— notions which would find little favour with some of the state philosophers of these days—and, which is more to the point, he acted on them. He did not believe that the wealth which he inherited from his parent was altogether his own, or that it could be entirely made use of as his personal caprice might suggest. He looked upon it as a deposit which God had given into his hands for the common benefit of mankind. He no more believed that he was at liberty to waste it on his individual gratifications, than a banker in whose hands it might have been placed would have been. It must be allowed that these were odd heresies for a man to broach who had received his commercial training in Watling-street. They arose from studying the Bible instead of the Wealth of Nations; and they may be classed with the other results of an imperfect education. However ridiculous these notions may be deemed, they were held by the philanthropist. Instances, not a few, are still on record which illustrate this ignorance; nay, it even seems that he was able to indoctrinate his wife with his views on this subject—perhaps a yet greater marvel than that he should have surrendered himself up to them. One example may be related. In the middle of the eighteenth century—as the fair reader will not fail to be aware—it was costume to wear jewels; and, of course, no lady in fashionable

life and courtly style was considered dressed without a goodly display of brilliants upon her person. Now the rank and social position of Henrietta Leeds required her to deck out her beauties as women of her class were wont to do; but somehow Henrietta Howard learned to disregard such ornaments, and within a short period after her marriage she is reported to have sold the greater part of her jewels, and to have applied the money to the formation of a fund for the purpose of relieving the sick and destitute of the village.

Howard and his wife had not been settled long at Cardington before the rather delicate state of Harriet's health induced them to try a change of air. Watcombe, near Lymington, in the New Forest, Hampshire, was recommended for this purpose; and a suitable residence having been found, they removed to that locality. Howard bought the house and a small estate for seven thousand pounds, purposing a settled residence, if the change proved beneficial to his wife's health. But the course of existence never will run smooth. The habitation thus coming into their possession happened to be in bad odour at the time with the folks of the neighbourhood. Its former proprietor, a gentleman of the name of Blake, supposed to be of the family of the proud old Admiral, had been a captain in the service of the East India Company; and his military education had given him a certain dogmatic and domineering habit, which by no means rendered him popular in the village. He was disposed, moreover, to carry matters with a very high hand. He had been accustomed to make short work with the ryots of the east, and was disposed to carry the same tactics into operation in England; so entrenching himself behind a variety of offensive and defensive weapons, he invited and defied hostilities, as became a landlord and a soldier. Between the gallant captain on the one side, and the discontented Watcombers on the other, a sort of rural war was perpetually raging, and a good deal of ill-blood was made, if but little was actually shed. The atmosphere was still warm with the effects of this feud, when the newcomers arrived. The mansion still lay under the ban of the village, and its occupant was watched with suspicion and dis-

trust; but the state of siege and suspicion did not last long under the new system. In a short time Howard's kindness and urbanity overcame the general feeling of hostility against his house, and even gained him, from contrast, a good deal of popularity. As Dr. Aikin observes, Howard had none of those propensities which so frequently embroil country gentlemen with their neighbours, great and small. He was no lover of sport, and no encroacher upon the rights and privileges of others. Above all—and this trait of character will probably sink him in the opinion of some high spirits—he was no executor of the Game Laws. For the three or four years that he resided at Watcombe, he got on remarkably well; and when he finally quitted the locality to return to Cardington, he left an impression of his goodness behind him, and a regret at his removal, which survived even his life.

The principal cause of this return to old scenes, was a conviction that, on the whole, the air of Hampshire was not so favourable to Harriet's health as that of Bedfordshire. Henceforth they determined to make Cardington their home. The various improvements which had been projected—if not actually commenced—during their previous residence there, were now carried into effect. The house had formerly been a farm; it was, however, pleasantly situate, and had the advantage—to the Howards, and to minds like theirs, no slight one—of overlooking the rustic churchyard of the village. The improvements were tastefully adapted to the nature of the site. The back part of the house was taken down and rebuilt on an enlarged and more picturesque plan. A new set of rooms were made to abut on the pleasure grounds, and into these an elegant entrance was formed. The old-fashioned casements were taken from the front, and replaced by a series of chaste and simple cottage windows; while the walls were covered with a light lattice-work, about which were trailed and twined the most fragrant garden plants and flowers. The pleasure grounds were formed out of a field of about three acres extent, formerly attached to the farm; it is said they were laid out in the best taste, and had a kitchen garden in the centre, so completely shut in with shrubs and

flowers, that a stranger might have strolled about for hours without being made aware of its existence—unless he had chanced to come upon a slight and narrow opening, over-arched with the interlacing branches of trees, through which it might be entered—no gate or artificial barrier stopping the way. Between the shrubbery and the cottage there was a beautiful lawn, surrounded by a broad gravel walk, which, being thickly bordered by evergreens and fine well-grown trees, was sheltered from the heat of the summer sun, and afforded a delightful promenade. In one part of the grounds this path was skirted by a row of magnificent firs, which are said to have been brought by the philanthropist from the continent in one of his early rambles, and planted there with his own hands. This shady walk was his favourite resort when the society of his friends, or his own brooding thoughts, suggested a pleasant saunter in the open air;—his more studious hours being spent in a rustic building—half summer-house, half library—at the bottom of the garden. This oratory was chastely and simply fitted up with statues, books—including most of the great puritan authors—and a few philosophical instruments.

Such, in a few words, was the charming home which the Howards made for themselves at Cardington. In connexion with the idea of such a home, think of the illustrious and gentle individuals who occupied it—their interlacing love and perfect correspondence of sentiment and thought—and the reader of taste and poetic imagination will be able to realize one of those breathing pictures of rural and pastoral life which it nerves the mind and educates the heart to contemplate.

But not for himself alone did Howard devise, and alter, and amend. Others had claims on him, the validity of which he could not and would not contest. More than once we have hinted that his benevolence—founded on a sacred sense of duty and responsibility—extended to all who came within the sphere of his influence. His assistance was always available to those in pain or want. His heart, too, was as open as his hand; his sympathy was as warm as his munificence was

wide ; but improvement, not charity, was in every case his object. His scheme aimed at effecting permanent results ; consequently his work began at the foundation. When he first went to reside at Cardington, he found it one of the most miserable villages which could have been pointed out on the map of England. Its peasant inhabitants were wretchedly poor, ignorant, vicious, turbulent, dirty ; its gentry were idle and frivolous. The county possessed no manufactures to draw off the surplus population. The lace trade of Bedford afforded to a few persons an uncertain pittance, but offered no resource to the masses of the unemployed.

With characteristic energy and earnestness, Howard set himself—within the sphere of his own competence and influence—to improve the state of the poor people, both in a worldly and in a spiritual sense. Beginning with his own estate, he saw that the huts in which his tenantry, like all others of their class, were huddled together, were dirty, ill built, ill drained, imperfectly lighted and watered, and altogether so badly conditioned and unhealthy as to be totally unfit for the residence of human beings. With the true instinct of a reformer, he perceived that while the people were thus miserably cabined—compelled to be uncleanly on their domestic hearths—uncomfortable in their homes—any attempt to improve their minds, to induce them to become more sober, industrious, home-loving, must be only so much effort thrown away ; and he resolved to begin his work at the true starting-point, by first aiming to improve their physical condition—to supply them with the means of comfort, thus attaching them to their fire-sides, the centres of all pure feeling and sound morals—to foster and develop in them a relish for simple domestic enjoyments—and thus open for them a way to the attainment of such moderate intellectual and social pleasures as their lot in life did not forbid. But, more than all, it was his desire to establish in their minds the foundation of moral and religious convictions.

The first step which he took in furtherance of these objects was obviously a wise one—that of rendering the *homes* of the poor fit for self-respecting men to live in. This must, indeed,

be the starting-point of every true social and industrial reformation. In carrying his plan into effect, Howard does not seem to have troubled himself much about that paramount question—the per centage. Though an arithmetician and a man of business, as he considered that his wealth was held in trust for the benefit of mankind, he had no hesitation in investing part of it with a view to returns rather in the shape of order, virtue, intelligence and happiness, than in that of money.

Having decided that the mud huts in which he found his cottagers living when he returned to Cardington should be taken down, he carefully selected some good and convenient plots of ground, on which he caused a number of very superior cottages to be built; and as soon as these were ready, he transferred into them such persons as he most approved for tenants. As he had many applications for the hire of his new homesteads,—which, it may at once be stated, he let out on the same terms as the hovels which they were built to supersede—he was usually able to make a judicious choice; his absolute requirements being, industry, temperance, and a decent observation of the Sabbath. With the doctrinal opinions of his tenants he did not interfere. Himself a firm and consistent disciple of Anglican dissent—the sacramental idea of which is the right of individual conscience—he could not do otherwise than tolerate where he could not convince; in this respect, as in so many others, setting an example which might be profitably followed by parties within the pale of almost every communion of the Christian church. In his wise and noble scheme of private duty, Howard was fully seconded and supported by his wife. Long after her demise, and when her memory had become to the patriarchal old man almost a part of his religion, he told his friend Dr. Aikin a simple anecdote, which, places her virtues in the most amiable light. It must be noted that one of her husband's strange ideas with regard to property, was—that he had no right to hoard it up. His belief was, that the bounties of Providence should be annually distributed—that the hungry should be fed, the naked clothed, the houseless sheltered—

without the owner taking care for the morrow:—hence, when his accounts were made up at the end of each year, if there appeared to be a balance of income over expenditure—instead of heaping up riches, he deemed it to be his duty either to lay the surplus out in some useful work, or else to carry it in a lump to the charitable fund founded on the proceeds of Harriet's sale of ornaments. He looked upon that superfluity—like the gleanings of the cornfield, which his Bible told him belonged of right to the poor—as a sacred portion, over which he had no control beyond the power to determine upon the way in which it should be laid out. This too was an ancient Hebrew idea. A short time after their marriage, on striking the balances at Christmas, they found a small surplus; and as they had been toiling and building for a considerable time, Howard, to indulge his wife, proposed that this money should be spent in a trip to London. The dear Harriet, relinquishing her own pleasures, suggested that the money would just be enough to build a delightful cottage for some poor and deserving family. Her desire, of course, decided the question—the homestead was erected. Despite the letter of their domestic compact, it is easy to see how such a woman would govern the affections and the will even of a Howard.

When he had thus with a wise aim and forethought, laid—as far as his time and means would permit—the foundations of a permanent improvement in the condition and circumstances of his tenants, he proceeded to the next stage of his plan—the cultivation of their minds and morals. To accomplish these most desirable objects, he established a number of schools in the vicinity—not only for the children of his own cottagers, but for all who chose to avail themselves of the advantage. Unfortunately, it was one of the maxims of that age, that adults could not be taught—that persons who had grown up without learning to read or write could never afterwards acquire either of these useful arts. Bowing to this mistake, Howard devoted the whole of his educational energies to the young, leaving their parents to such instruction as could be conveyed to them from the pulpit, and to the oral advice given by the ministers of religion on their

visits. He considered that with the rising generation the process of schooling was a far more safe and certain work, and to this object he was warmly and entirely devoted. The discipline adopted in his schools is described as of a very superior order: competent and skilful persons being engaged and paid by Howard to conduct them. As in the case of his cottiers, he retained a sort of patriarchal authority over the scholars, and imposed strict conditions upon them as to diligence, cleanliness and order; in addition, it was also indispensable that they should attend Divine service twice every Sunday, either at church or chapel. This parental control—in Howard's case always exercised for good—he considered as a part of the system of duties and responsibilities which the possession of property had devolved upon him. The exercise of this power does not appear to have gratified his ambition or flattered his sense of self-importance; he regarded power as a trial rather than as a privilege. Convinced that social influence had been given to him for grave and solemn ends, he wielded it with fear and trembling.

In the exercise of this high discretion, it will not be expected that Howard should always have come up to the mark of more modern and advanced ideas. He was only human, and liable to error. He belonged to his age too, now a century past in years, and five centuries past in thought. In a few nooks and corners of England, remnants of old opinions on the philosophy of education may still be found; but on the great theatre of life—in the open face of day—learning has ceased to be a thing proscribed, or banned the workshop and the cottage as a revolutionary guest. Howard, however, was a man of the eighteenth century, and he suffered the notions of that epoch in some sort to mould his programme of education. The girls in his school were taught reading and plain sewing, nothing more. What could more strongly mark the difference between society in 1750 and 1850 than the fact, that reading and sewing was thought enough of education for women to acquire, and that even a Howard could be haunted by the fear of giving them—daughters of the soil, and inheritors of a laborious life—the dangerous desire to elevate

themselves in the world! The boys were treated in the same spirit: they were all taught to read; but an acquaintance with the subversive arts of writing and accounting was bestowed only upon a carefully selected few. Still, while regretting the shortcomings of the time, it would be very unwise to ignore the vast importance of the movement which was then commenced. The teaching given, though limited, was useful: it was not adapted to develop the latent genius of any gloriously endowed Cardington Milton or Cromwell, but it was nevertheless well calculated to foster habits of order and regularity in the poor; and it may be added here, that the village of Cardington is still distinguished for the presence of these very qualities. Howard's schools, and others of the same character, have been the pioneers of national education. They paved the way for the advance of larger truths in social politics. They proved that the peasant might be entrusted with knowledge without danger to the institutions of the country. By scattering some of the elements of popular education, they have made national instruction possible; and if they have not done all the good which might have been effected by the machinery employed had it been more wisely and liberally directed, it should still be remembered, that their experience has finally abrogated that dread of an educated labouring class which was once universal in this country.

In all Howard's relations with his domestics and tenants, we see the very form and pressure of ancient, oriental manners. His habits recall a thousand exquisite pictures of primitive life. Boaz going forth among the reapers where he first encountered Ruth—Miltiades sitting at the portico of his dwelling, calling to the strangers from the Chersonese, as they were passing by tired and soiled by travel, and offering them the hospitalities of his house—and other charming images rise up to memory as fitting counterparts to the frequent glimpses which we get of the patriarch of Cardington. Howard visited all the cottagers on his estate—entered their habitations in the most familiar manner—conversed with them about their humble affairs—listened to their tales of

woe or gladness, and administered to their wants. To put his tenants quite at their ease, when he entered their homesteads he threw aside all the formal stiffness of English manners; and taking an apple and a knife out of his pocket, would proceed to peel and eat while he talked or listened. A good deal of kindness may be shown in such trifles.

Nor were the Howards long alone in their work of improvement. The example produced its effect upon their neighbours; one of whom, Mr. Samuel Whitbread, father of the distinguished politician of that name, and himself Member for Bedford during several years, was a distant relative of the reformer. This Mr. Whitbread was the principal of the well-known brewery firm, whose Entire is still a favourite beverage with the denizens of Cognac. He was immensely wealthy; his vast possessions introduced him into high society, and enabled him to make an aristocratic marriage. He married Mary, third daughter of the first Earl of Cornwallis, and in 1768, his son Samuel, afterwards celebrated in political circles, was born. Young Whitbread was born to the inheritance of the brewery. A clause in his father's will compelled him to retain in his own hands a majority of the shares; but he did not find that his connexion with trade was any bar to his success in society, for he afterwards married the Lady Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Earl Grey, and in this way the family of Howard became distantly connected with that of Grey, upon one member of which—the present Mr. C. Whitbread, of Cardington, second son of Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Whitbread—his property has subsequently devolved.

The efforts of two such men as Howard and the elder Whitbread, wisely contrived and unceasingly directed, could not fail to be productive. In a very few years, from being one of the worst, Cardington became one of the most orderly and prosperous hamlets in the kingdom; the outtages of the poor were rendered neat, clean, and comfortable; the poor themselves, honest, sober, industrious, well-informed and religious. And all this was the work of one benevolent man—earnestly impressed with a true sense of his duty to his fellows—and the gentle lady whose high privilege it was to

second, his humane endeavours, as well as to discharge in person all those offices which, in the ministry of charity and love, can only be safely confided to a woman's more delicate tact and taste.

And here, in this little Eden of his own creation,—in the society of his darling wife, and a selected circle of attached and faithful friends,—surrounded by a prosperous and contented tenantry, looking up to him as to a father and protector,—happy in himself, and given up to his contracted duties,—apart from the great world, and beyond the reach of its seductive snares,—anxious only to consecrate his talents to the good of mankind, and to render himself less unworthy of the crown of everlasting life: in this sweet retreat, the life of this excellent man might have passed noiselessly away, unknown to the world, leaving no trace behind it in the past, to incite the great and to direct the good, had it not pleased heaven, in its inscrutable wisdom, again to wound him in his tenderest affections, and thus send him forth once more with a torn and bleeding heart, in quest of peace, into that great arena wherein humanity is doomed for evermore to struggle and aspire.

On Sunday, the 31st of March, 1765, Harriet Howard suddenly and unexpectedly died. On the foregoing Wednesday, she had been delivered of her first and only child—a son. For several years they had been childless:—how fervently they had prayed for such a blessing as had now come to them, was not unknown to some of their more intimate friends. At length heaven had heard their supplication, and a boy was born. The circumstances attending Harriet's delivery were not suggestive of more than ordinary danger. On the Sunday morning she was thought beyond all risk. Howard went to church as usual. Soon after his return, however, she was seized with a sudden illness; and in a very short time she expired in his arms. No tongue can tell, no pen describe the misery of the bereaved husband. The unforeseen blow struck out at one fell swoop his bright, illusive future. His affections thus rudely cut away, never grew again. He had loved as men love only once. Henceforth his sunniest side of life

was blank and dark. All his religion—and to Howard religion was everything that pride, fortitude, philosophy, are to other men—was needed to support this dispensation; but he bowed his head to the rod with the meekness of a Christian and the resignation of a patriarch.

His wife's remains were interred, quietly and without pomp, in the churchyard of Cardington, where a tablet still bears the following inscription to her memory:

IN HOPE OF A RESURRECTION TO ETERNAL LIFE,
THROUGH THE MERCY OF GOD BY JESUS CHRIST,
RESTS THE MORTAL PART OF
HENRIETTA HOWARD,
DAUGHTER OF EDWARD LEEDS, ESQ.
OF CROXTON, IN CAMBRIDGESHIRE,
WHO DIED THE 31ST OF MARCH, 1765, AGED 39.
"SHE OPENED HER MOUTH WITH
WISDOM;
AND IN HER TONGUE WAS THE LAW OF KINDNESS."
PROV. XXXI. 26.

By temperament, Howard was calm and undemonstrative; but there were depths in his nature not easily fathomed. His love for his wife had been a passion. The day of her death was held sacred in his calendar,—kept for evermore as a day of fasting and meditation. Everything connected with her memory, how distantly soever, was hallowed in his mind by the association. Many years after her death, on the eve of his departure on one of his long and perilous journeys across the continent of Europe, he was walking in the gardens with his son whose birth had cost him this precious life, examining some plantations which they had recently been making, and arranging a plan for future improvements. On coming to the planted walk, he stood still; there was a pause in the conversation; the old man's thoughts were busy with the past; at length he broke silence:—"Jack," said he, in a tender and solemn tone, "in case I should not come back, you will pursue this work, or not, as you may think proper; but remember, this walk was planted by your mother; and, if you ever touch a twig of it, may my blessing never rest upon you!"

CHAPTER III.

A WOUNDED SPIRIT.

HOWARD'S domestic arrangements were not broken up at once. For a time, he strove to find, in the care of his infant son—all that now remained to him of his buried love—in his devotions, in the management of his estate, in attending to his schools, and in the general welfare of his people, antidotes and soothers of his affliction ;—and that he succeeded, to some extent at least, in this design, may be inferred from the calmness and regularity of his outward life. The struggle within, against the sense of heart-loneliness, vacuity and desolation—the contrast between the dreary silence which now reigned in the deserted chambers of his soul, and their recent state, when the full swell of an affluent love filled them with music, joyousness, and life, none can ever know, can even conceive, unless he be himself called upon to pass the dark and trying ordeal. That he should love the child so dearly purchased, with even more than a father's fondness, every reader of sensibility must feel from the inspirations of our common nature. Yet this fact has been denied. The only blot which envy and ill-nature have ever attempted to fix on the character of Howard, is a denial of his natural affection for his only child !

The youthful irregularities and misfortunes of that son in after life, lent a certain air of possibility to this charge. Unhappily he became insane. That he became so from perfectly natural causes, there is now no manner of doubt. Baldwin Brown has been at pains to collect together every fact and circumstance connected with this story; and after an impartial survey of the case, every man capable of weighing evidence must admit that the philanthropist is com-

pletely vindicated from the charge. That he entertained a very exalted notion of the paternal office, the portion of his history already before the reader will have shown; but in all his relations with others, he was as gentle as he was firm, as calm and mild as he was convinced and resolute. That he held a peculiar theory with respect to the best way of training children—and, being a conscientious man, applied his theory in practice—is also certain; but the assumption that his mode of treatment disordered the intellect of his child, or even that it strengthened a constitutional tendency towards mental derangement, is not only gratuitous in itself, but contradicted by the facts of the case, and by the inferences of mental and physiological science. The discipline which he adopted in reference to his son, is thus described by Dr. Aikin, from personal knowledge:—

“Regarding children as creatures possessed of strong passions and desires, without reason and experience to control them, he thought that nature seemed, as it were, to mark them out as the subjects of absolute authority; and that the first and fundamental principle to be inculcated upon them, was implicit and unlimited obedience. This cannot be effected by any process of *reasoning*, before reason has its commencement; and therefore must be the result of *coercion*. Now, as no man ever more effectually combined the *leniter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, the coercion he practised was calm and gentle, but at the same time steady and resolute. I shall give an instance of it which I had from himself. His child one day wanting something which he was not to have, fell into a fit of crying, which the nurse could not pacify. Mr. Howard took him from her and laid him quietly in his lap till, fatigued with crying, he became still. This process, a few times repeated, had such an effect, that the child, if crying ever so violently, was rendered quiet the instant that his father took him. In a similar manner, without harsh words or threats, much less blows, he gained every other point which he thought necessary to gain, and brought the child to such a habit of obedience, that I have heard him say, he believed his son would have put his finger into the fire if he had

commanded him. Certain it is, that many fathers could not—if they approved it—execute a plan of this kind; but Mr. Howard, in this case, only pursued the general method which he took to effect anything which a thorough conviction of its propriety induced him to undertake. It is absurd therefore to represent him as wanting that milk of human kindness for his only son, with which he abounded for the rest of his fellow-creatures; for he aimed at what he thought the good of both, by the very same means; and, if he carried the point farther with his son, it was only because he was more interested in his welfare. But this course of discipline, whatever he thought it, could not have been long practised, since the child was early sent to school, and the father lived very little at home afterwards."

The slander to which reference is made, was promulgated in the "Gentleman's Magazine," in an obituary notice of the philanthropist. The charge was made on the strength of one asserted fact—namely, that Howard had once locked up his son for several hours in a solitary place, put the key into his pocket, and gone off to Bedford, leaving him there till he returned at night. On the appearance of this article, the friends of the dead came forth publicly to dispute the fact and to deny the inferences deduced from it. Meredith Townsend, one of Howard's most intimate friends, sifted the story and gave the following account of its origin:—

"It was Mr. Howard's constant practice to walk out with his child in the garden, while the servants were at dinner. In one of these little excursions, with Master Howard in his hand, (who was then about three years old,) the father being much entertained with the innocent prattle of his son, they went on till they came to the root house, or hermitage, in a retired part of the garden, with which the young gentleman was familiarly acquainted; and were there for some time, diverting one another. During this, the servant came in great haste to inform his master that a gentleman on horseback was at the door, and desired to speak with Mr. Howard immediately; upon business of some importance; and as he wished to be with him as soon as possible, he said to his son, 'Jack, be

a good boy, and keep quiet, and I shall come very soon to you again; and so locking the door to prevent the child from going out and prowling about the garden by himself, to the hazard of getting into some mischief, he put the key in his pocket, and ran to the person in waiting as fast as he could. The conversation between them lasted much longer than he had expected, and put the thought of the child out of his mind. Upon the gentleman's departure, he asked the servant where Jack was, and received for answer, that he supposed him to be in the root-house where he had been left. And then instantly recollecting the incident, he flew to set him at liberty, and found him quietly asleep on the matting; and when he was waked, could not perceive that the confinement had made any disagreeable impressions upon his mind."

Upon such a trivial incident has been founded this preposterous charge! The libel was advanced anonymously; and no one has ever had the courage to come forward and own it—although often challenged to do so. "Some men," says Burke, "are at once contemptible and content." The unknown traducer of Howard may be one of them.

When Jack was about four years old, his father sought to make up in some sort to *him* for his maternal loss, by placing him under the care of a discreet and worthy woman, who kept a school for young ladies at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire;—a judicious proceeding, which he never found reason to regret. Thence he was removed in proper season to an academy for boys; after which he was successively placed under the ablest tutors at Daventry, Nottingham, Edinburgh, and Cambridge. The unfortunate issue of all this care and cost, to which allusion has been made, was a source of inexpressible grief to his parent; but that parent never had the slightest reason to arraign his own conduct as having contributed to the painful result.

For eighteen months, the widower remained in the seclusion of Cardington—shrouded in these days of mourning in a grief too sacred and too great to bear the gaze of the busy world. But this colossal sorrow, too long indulged, threatened to sap the very foundations of his life. Towards the close of 1768, the

health of the bereaved had sunk so low, that a change of air and scene was considered by his medical attendants as indispensable to his recovery. Bath and its immediate neighbourhood were recommended;—and while there, he diverted his attention from his consuming sorrows, by entering into a series of investigations respecting the heat of the mineral springs of the locality, the results of which were communicated to the Royal Society, and published in the “Philosophical Transactions,” as already mentioned. From Bath he probably went up to London—spending some considerable time there in the society of his learned and distinguished friends. During the ensuing spring, he made a short tour into Holland. Foreign travel, by the excitement which novel and interesting objects causes to the mind, was an unfailing remedy for Howard’s ailments; and on his return to England, he seems to have been calmer and more resigned to his loss. The active superintendence of his estate—the thousand cares and calls upon his attention growing out of the schools and cottages which he had erected—and the society of his little boy, appear to have engrossed his time. The engaging prattle of his child was the solace dearest to his heart; but the time soon came when it was necessary, for Jack’s own good, that his education, properly so called, should begin; and the fond father was obliged to give him up to the charge of those who were chosen to conduct it. When this arrangement was carried into effect, and the house was deprived of the last living suggestion of its former mistress, Cardington soon became an intolerable residence to its master. He resolved to travel—this time into Italy.

His route lay through Calais to the South of France; thence he passed to Geneva, where he spent a few weeks in serious retirement, such as the prophets of old are said to have at times indulged in—a grand and sacred purpose forming in his mind—and then coming out into the world again, he proceeded to Italy. We have seen that in his first journey into that country, he was a devoted worshipper at the shrine of art; it is not to be supposed that he now omitted any fair opportunity of contemplating the same master-works of

genius,—but this was no longer his only—not by any means his chief—purpose. A change was now passing over the spirit of his life. Through the trials of his earlier days, his mind had been ever noble, elevated, religious; but his recent sorrows had sublimed and purified his heart into something saintlike and angelic; and he now sought to take more intimately and permanently than he had yet done the great initiation of the cross,—to dedicate in a more formal and solemn manner his soul to God,—and to devote his active services to his fellow-creatures. The history of this Italian tour is, in truth, the history of a sacrament and covenant. It is a fair and worthy object of ambition, to wish to acquire a correct and cultivated taste; Howard was aware how much it is capable of adding to the charm of intellectual pleasures; but, at the same time, he felt how immeasurably more important it is to have a calm and self-approving conscience—a soul, spiritually without fear and without reproach; and this consummation he sought to achieve for himself by severe self-discipline and by earnest aspiration after all that is most holy in human life. From his youth upward, his piety had been always fervent: chastened by much affliction, it now burnt up with a new and brighter flame; and his whole being, under these influences, assumed a loftier and serener aspect.

It happens fortunately that some of the private memoranda which he made at this period—as well as many of his private letters—have been preserved; and, although mere fragments, these documents throw a complete, and, for those who love to trace an original mind through all its phases, a most interesting light upon his mental progress. The notes, it should be said, were not intended for the public eye: they were his secret thoughts put into form solely for his own use. By no means remarkable for literary excellence—and especially deficient in the graces of style—yet, as revelations of one of the purest of human lives, they possess an interest, in spite of their homeliness, which but few fragments can justly boast. Like their author, they are simple, earnest, sincere, and indicate real humility and truthfulness of heart. Upon

these resources it is impossible not to draw largely for the remainder of this period of his mental story—the essential prelude to his future work—without which it cannot, in fact, be understood. It must be stated here that these fragments have been edited. Howard's style was elliptical even to obscurity. Verbal inaccuracies have been corrected, so far as they could be without changing the structure of his sentences:—but in no case has the sense of his words been altered in the least.

When Howard quitted England in search of health, his idea was to pass the winter in southern Italy; but the change of air acted on his weakened frame with such immediate and revivifying power, as to render that journey no longer an absolute necessity. When he arrived at Turin he abandoned his original design of proceeding towards the south and wintering at Naples, for the reasons developed in the following memorandum:

"Turin, Nov. 30, 1769.—My return, without seeing the southern part of Italy, was on much deliberation,—as I feared a misimprovement of a talent spent for mere curiosity, at the loss of many Sabbaths, and as many donations must be suspended for my pleasure—which would have been, as I hope, contrary to the general conduct of my life;—and which, on a retrospective view on a death-bed, would cause pain, as unbecoming a disciple of Christ—whose mind should be formed in my soul. These thoughts, with distance from my dear boy, determine me to check my curiosity and be on the return. Oh! why should vanity and folly—pictures and baubles—or even the stupendous mountains, beautiful hills, or rich valleys, which ere long will all be consumed, *engross* the thoughts of a candidate for an everlasting kingdom! . . . Look forward, O my soul! How long, how mean, how little, is everything but what has a view to that glorious world of light and life and love!"

What a nature is unconsciously shown in these few lines! Such words need little comment: but it is impossible not to remark how those strange notions of his about property affected all his arrangements. The absolute injunctions of

his physician so far complied with as seemed absolutely necessary, he would indulge in no further outlay on his personal account, well knowing that it would curtail the resources of his Charitable Fund—still supplied and dispensed though Harriet was no more; and leaving behind him, unvisited, the gorgeous scenes and luxurious cities of the south, he retraced his steps northward, lest the poor of Cardington should be suffering want while he was far away and could not help them.

His route backward was by way of Geneva and Paris. In the latter city he mixed in the best society for about ten days, without descending to any of its frivolities and follies. Thence he went into Holland, on the road to which he wrote the following letter to the Rev. Joshua Symmonds, Minister of the congregation at Bedford: "Abbeville, Jan. 4, 1770.—Dear Sir: Having an opportunity, by an Italian gentleman with whom I have travelled, I thought a few lines would not be unacceptable. After landing in France, my first object was Geneva, where I spent some time before I went into Italy. The luxury and wickedness of the inhabitants—amidst the richest country—abounding with the noblest productions of human skill and power—would ever give a thinking mind pain. I was seven days re-crossing the Alps. The weather was very cold; the thermometer eleven degrees below the freezing point. The quick descent by sledges on the snow, and other particulars, may perhaps afford a little entertainment some winter evening. I returned to Geneva. There are some exemplary persons; yet the principles of one of the vilest of men—with the corruptions of the French, who are within one mile of the city—have greatly debased its ancient purity and splendour. I spent about ten days at the dirty city of Paris. The streets are so narrow—with no footpaths—that there is no stirring out but in a coach; and as to their hackney-coaches, they are abominable. There were but few English at Paris. I dined with about twenty at our ambassador's. I am now on my route to Holland, a favourite country of mine; the only one, except our own, where propriety and elegance are combined. Above all, I esteem it for

religious liberty. Thus, dear Sir, I am travelling from one country to another; and I trust, with some good hope, through abundant grace, to a yet better. My knowledge of human nature should be enlarged by seeing more of the temper, tastes, and dispositions of different people. . . . I bless God I am well. I have a calm and easy flow of spirits. I am preserved and supported through not a little fatigue. My thoughts are often with you on the Sabbath-day. I always loved my Cardington and Bedford friends; but I think distance makes me love them more and more. But I must conclude with my affectionate remembrance of them, and my ardent wish, desire, and prayer for your success in promoting the honour of God and the love of our Divine Redeemer."

From Abbeville he proceeded to the Hague—where we find him making the following reflections. They mark the commencement of a new development of the religious elements in his character.

"Hague, Sunday evening, Feb. 11, 1770.—I would record the goodness of God to the unworthiest of his creatures. For some days past I have been in an habitual serious frame—relenting for my sin and folly—solemnly surrendering myself and babe to Him—and begging the conduct of his Holy Spirit. I hope for a more tender conscience, by greater fear of offending God—a temper more abstracted from this world—more resigned, to death or life—a thirsting for union and communion with God. Oh, the wonders of redeeming love! Some faint hope have even I—through redeeming mercy—that the full atoning sacrifice shall ere long be made. Oh shout! my soul—grace, grace! free, sovereign, rich and unbounded grace! Not I, not I, an ill-deserving, hell-deserving creature,—but where sin abounds I trust grace superabounds—even I have still some hope—what joy in that hope!—that nothing shall separate my soul from the love of God in Jesus Christ. My soul! as such a frame is thy delight, pray frequently and fervently to the Father of spirits to bless his Word and thy retired moments to thy serious conduct in life. My soul! let not the interests of a moment engross thy thoughts, or be preferred to thine eternal interests. Look forward to that

glory which will be revealed to those who are faithful unto death!"

This wild outcry, from a soul usually so calm, practical, and self-balanced as Howard's, is not a little curious, nor without a deep interest for the psychological student. In a man of poetic and imaginative temperament, such an outburst—and it occurs again frequently—would be ascribed to fanaticism; but in a man like Howard this would be absurd. His nature was too deep and still—his self-command too thorough, to admit the idea of his being possessed by a raving enthusiasm. He did nothing on mere impulse. The principle of logic lay at the foundations of his life. Every thought, act, expression, was the result of a process of reasoning, carried slowly onward to a full conviction. He was never known to commit a passionate mistake or exaggeration in his life. We may rest assured that whatever Howard says, or writes, is a sincerity—to him a truth—and that in his wildest words there is a meaning, whether our wisdom may be able to find it out or not. These facts cannot fail to suggest, even to men of the world, that such expressions constitute a part of the natural, faithful language of the soul in one of its mysterious phases, and that they may coexist with perfect moral health and intellectual vigour.

As the wanderer drew nearer home, his state of health again declined. When he arrived in Holland, his debility had become so great, and his spirits had fallen so low, that a return to Cardington was declared by his medical adviser eminently perilous to his life; he was therefore, reluctantly, compelled to resume the original plan of his journey, and by slow marches to retrace his steps towards Italy. Taking Paris again in his route, he passed through that city, and continued his course by way of Champagne and Burgundy to Lyons—in which town he probably remained some few days for repose, as we find the following reflections there written down among his papers:

"Lyons, April 4, 1770.—Repeated instances of the unwearied mercy and goodness of God! preserved hitherto in health and safety! Blessed be the name of the Lord! Endeavour, oh my

soul, to cultivate and maintain a thankful, serious, humble and resigned frame and temper of mind. May it be thy chief desire that the honour of God—the spread of the Redeemer's name and Gospel—may be promoted. Oh ! consider the everlasting worth of spiritual and Divine enjoyments ; then wilt thou see the vanity and nothingness of worldly pleasures. Remember St. Paul, who was determined to know nothing in comparison of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. A tenderness of conscience I would ever cultivate : no step would I take without acknowledging God. I hope my present journey—though again into Italy—is no way wrong ; rejoicing if in any respect I could bring back the least improvement that might be of use to my own country. Oh my soul ! stand in awe and sin not. Daily pray fervently for restraining grace. Remember, that if thou desirest the *death* of the righteous, and thy latter end like his, thy *life* must be so also. In a little while thy course will be run—thy sands finished. A parting farewell with my ever-dear boy, and then, oh my soul, be weighed in the balance ! In the most solemn manner I commit my spirit into Thy hands."

The touching reference to his "ever-dear boy" in these solemn passages, would be an ample reply to all that malice had invented on the subject—even if it admitted of no other. From Lyons to Rome the route which he travelled is thus given in his own words : " Quitting Lyons, I then descended the Rhone to Avignon, the great beauty of which are its walks. From thence I proceeded to Aix ; thence to Marseilles—whose course is elegant and its harbour commodious. The road to Toulon is romantic and pleasant ; I saw many of our flowering shrubs in the hedges, and in most gardens oranges and lemons. From Toulon I travelled to Antibes—from whence I sailed in a felucca to Nice and Monaca. I then travelled over the mountains to Genoa, the stateliness of which city is not exceeded by any I have seen. From Genoa I went to Pisa, remarkable for its elegant church, the gates of which were brought from Jerusalem. From thence I went to Leghorn and Florence ; from Florence the road is pleasant, though depopulated, through Sienna to Rome, where there

that it is the presence of God which makes the happiness of every place. So, oh my soul, keep close to Him in the amiable light of redeeming love! And, amidst the snares thou art particularly exposed to in a country of such wickedness and folly, stand thou in awe and sin not. Commune with thine own heart. See what progress thou makest in thy religious journey. Art thou nearer the heavenly Canaan—the vital flame burning clearer and clearer?—or are the concerns of a moment engrossing thy foolish heart? Stop; remember thou art a candidate for eternity. Daily, fervently, pray for wisdom. Lift up thine heart and eyes unto the Rock of Ages,—and then look down upon the glory of this world! A little while longer, and thy journey will be ended. Be thou faithful unto death. Duty is thine, though the power is God's. Pray to Him to give thee a heart to hate sin more—uniting thy heart in His fear. Oh, magnify the Lord, my soul, and my spirit rejoice in God my Saviour! When I consider and look into my heart, I doubt, I tremble. So vile a creature! Sin, folly, and imperfection in every action! Oh dreadful thought! I carry about with me a body of sin and death, ever ready to depart from God. And with all the dreadful catalogue of sins committed, my heart faints within me and almost despairs; but yet, my soul, why art thou cast down, why art thou disquieted? Hope in God and His free grace in Jesus Christ! Lord, I believe; help my unbelief! Shall I limit the grace of God? Can I fathom His goodness? Here, on His sacred day, I once more, in the dust before the eternal God, acknowledge my sins, heinous and aggravated in His sight. I would have the deepest sorrow and contrition of heart, and cast my guilty and polluted soul on His sovereign mercy in the Redeemer. Oh, compassionate and divine Redeemer! save me from the dreadful guilt and power of sin; and accept of my solemn, free, and, I trust, unreserved, full surrender of my soul—my spirit—my dear child—all I own and have—into Thy hands! How unworthy of Thy acceptance! Yet, Lord of mercy, spurn me not from Thy presence. Accept of me: I hope—vile as I am—a repenting, returning prodigal. I glory in this my choice—acknowledge my *obligations* as a servant of

the Most High. And now may the Eternal be my refuge,—and thou, my soul, be faithful to that God that will never forsake thee. Thus, O Lord God, even a worm is humbly bold to covenant with Thee. Do thou ratify and confirm it, and make me the everlasting monument of Thy mercy. Amen, amen, amen. Glory to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen. Hoping my heart deceives me not, and trusting in His mercy for restraining and preventing grace—though rejoicing in returning what I have received from Him into His hands—yet, with fear and trembling, I sign my unworthy name. JOHN HOWARD.”

This solemn and affecting covenant was renewed at Moscow on the 27th of September, 1789, within a very short period of his death. From Naples the pilgrim returned to Rome, in time to witness the ceremony of the 15th of June, as he had announced his intention of doing; but it does not seem to have affected him much. Two days later we find him making the following memorandum: . . .

“ Hoping I shall be carried safely to my native country and friends, and see the face of my dear boy in peace, remember, oh my soul, to cultivate a more serious, humble, thankful, and resigned temper of mind. As thou hast seen more of the world by travelling than others—more of the happiness of being born in a Protestant country—and the dreadful abuse of holy Sabbaths—so may thy walk, thy Sabbaths, thy conversation, be more becoming the Holy Gospel. Let not pride and vanity fill up so much of thy thoughts; learn here [in Rome] the vanity and folly of all earthly grandeur—endeavour to be a wiser and better man when thou returnest. Remember, many eyes will be upon thee; and above all, the eye of that God before whom thou wilt shortly have to appear.”

The pilgrim did not remain long in Rome. From Italy he passed into Germany. As will have been gathered from the foregoing, Sunday was with Howard a sacred day,—a section of time not belonging to this life or to this world. He never travelled, nor did any manner of work on that day. When on the road, he rested the Sabbath over in whatsoever place the accidents of the journey had conducted him to. If no oppor-

tunities offered for attending public worship, he retired for the whole day into his secret chamber, and passed it in pious services and spiritual self-examinations. On these occasions it was his custom to think in writing—obeying in this a very early habit which he had contracted—common to many clear thinkers—of reducing his ideas into words, thereby to test their value more severely. A day thus spent at Heidelberg, has left the following memorial of itself:

“Heidelberg, Sunday Evening, July 29, 1770.—Through the goodness of my unwearied Father and God, I am still a monument of His unbounded mercy. Thou, my soul, record His goodness! What are thy returns for all this mercy? How it should have led thee to a life of exemplary piety and holiness! But, alas, how low thou art! My God, I take shame to myself, lie low before Thee, and cry earnestly for pardon and mercy for Christ’s sake. Would to God I had wisdom given me to redeem the time lost—to live a life more suitable to the mercies I am receiving! If thou art spared to return, acknowledge the goodness of God, both in public and private: look into thine own heart, and beg of God to show thee the evil of it. If thou bringest home a better temper, and art a wiser man, then wilt thou have cause to rejoice that the great end of travelling is answered.” Weeks passed on, as the traveller—thus solemnly devoting himself to the service of God and humanity—wended his way towards home; where he was destined to find the great work for which the course of discipline he was now passing through was so needful a preparation.

The eminently practical nature of Howard’s piety cannot have escaped the reader’s observation: duty and work were its two normal ideas. Religious fervour, which so often overthrows more poetic and impulsive minds, was to him an element of health and strength. The serious passage in his history developed in this chapter may be concluded in his own words. The reflections explain themselves: “Rotterdam, Sunday Evening, September 2, 1770.—This morning, on the review of the temper of my mind, how humbled I ought to be before God! An evil and wicked heart, being ever

ready to depart from him—starting aside like a deceitful bow. Mourning, yet trusting in the Lord—in my calm, retired thoughts, I would hope I am one step forward in my Christian journey ;—yet, alas, in company, how many steps backward ! With such a heart, how watchful, how earnest, should be thy supplications at the throne of grace ; that, as Jesus died for such as thou, thou mightest have an interest in the glorious salvation he has wrought out. The review of the temper of my mind, on probably the last Sabbath before I return to my happy native country,—I desire with profound veneration to bless and praise God for his merciful preservation of me in my long journey. No danger.—no accident has befallen me. I am amongst the living ; I trust ever to praise God : and, as to my soul, amongst all its weakness and folly, yet I have some hope it has not lost ground this year of travelling. Very desirous am I of returning with a right spirit, not only wiser, but better ; with a cheerful humility—a more general love and benevolence to my fellow-creatures—watchful of my thoughts, my words, my actions—resigned to the will of God, that I may walk with God, and lead a more useful and honourable life in this world.”

Such was the serene and lofty frame of mind in which the pilgrim returned to England.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WORK.

ON Howard's return to England, his health again declined. Nor was his mind yet thoroughly healed. Some remnants of the old sorrows burnt up afresh on his arrival in Bedfordshire. Old friends and familiar scenes recalled too vividly the past, and for some time longer Cardington was not to be endured. In process of time he grew more reconciled to it; and, as he became convalescent, he busied himself more than ever with those plans of cottage building and schooling which had formerly engaged so large a share of his and his wife's attention. Soon, however, he was called away from this labour of love to larger and more important duties. In 1773 he was nominated to the office of sheriff of Bedford. By what means and through whose influence he arrived at such a distinction, is not known. His property in the county was not so large as to offer, of itself, a sufficient recommendation to the minister of the day; and his religious opinions were of a kind rather to prevent than to induce his selection. At that period, it was the policy of Government to exclude Dissenters from all offices of trust and honour in the State; while the state of the law was such as to render it perilous for a person not following the established ritual to accept an appointment even when it was offered. The Test Act was then in force. Howard, being an Independent, could not, of course, receive the Anglican Sacrament, or go through the formalities required on investiture with the magisterial office; and he had no choice between a refusal of the proffered trust, on conscientious grounds, or its acceptance without complying with the ordinary forms—thus braving a bad law, and taking the consequences at his personal peril. He adopted the latter

course. It was a bold proceeding; for the penalties to which he rendered himself liable were monstrously severe. He placed it in the power of any bigoted or mercenary individual who might choose to bring the case before the courts, to amerce him in a heavy fine, and inflict upon him a sort of civil and political degradation. The informer too—and it will be felt how much this circumstance must have added to his peril—could sue for damages in his own person, and for his own profit. The fine to which he was liable for the non-observance of these formalities, was five hundred pounds—in itself a powerful temptation to the envious, the venal, and the fanatic. In addition to this penalty, he might have been disqualified, for ever, from holding any, even the most insignificant, office in Church or State—from suing a person who inflicted on him the most grievous bodily injury—from prosecuting any one who might withhold from him his acknowledged rights—from being guardian to any child, or executor or administrator to any person whatever! Such were the clear, positive terrors of the law, through which Howard had to break before he could even enter upon his holy mission; and, be it remembered, there was no power in the country—residing in judge, minister, or monarch—which could save him from these penalties, should any one choose to cite him before the tribunals. It is well for the world that Howard was not a man to shrink from personal peril where a principle was at stake. Great public good was almost certain to result, and did result, from the course he adopted. Thus he reasoned with himself:—If this breach of a bad law shall be challenged, and the pains and penalties imposed, the probability is, that public indignation will be so aroused thereby, as to force the Legislature to interfere and amend it. If it be not challenged, my example will establish a precedent against the law itself, and so help to render it a dead letter. The former was most likely to be the result of his bold determination; and for that event he was prepared.

Thus he entered on his office in the spirit of a martyr. He would not disobey the voice of his country, when it called him to its councils, on account of a scruple as to a point of

form; yet, as that point of form involved a question of conscience, he could not, and would not, submit to violate it. The only way, then, in which he could reconcile two such obvious, yet conflicting, duties, was to sacrifice the legal form to the substantive thing—to obey at once his conscience and his country, and to take the consequences, whatever they might be. The expected evil did not follow. No one was found base enough to stand forth as the prosecutor of Howard—even though the law of the land allowed and tempted to the act. This result is to be attributed to the ascendancy of his pure and manly character, and to the more liberal ideas which at that time began to pervade society generally. At all risks, he did *his* duty.

Howard had no sooner accepted his high function, than he set about the discharge of its serious and responsible duties. At that period, it was too much the fashion for high sheriffs of counties to consider their offices merely as posts of honour and dignity—to which no work was attached but such as might be safely left to the care of the under-sheriff; while that functionary thought that his only business was, to make as much money as possible out of his place. To marshal his javelin men—to ride in his carriage at the head of the gentry of the county—to go forth, surrounded by a petty pomp, to meet the judges in their half-yearly visits to the locality—to escort them to their lodgings amid the pealing of bells—and to do the honours of the assize ball—such alone were the offices which custom asked at the hands of high sheriffs.

Howard made a change in the custom of sheriff. He rarely went in search of precedents; being provided with a living law in his own conscience, he could dispense with much routine teaching. Laying aside the trappings of his office, he prepared to superintend in person the administration of justice. The criminal world was new to him. There was no science of prison treatment then—hardly any literature on the subject; and probably none at all with which he was acquainted. But it was a thing in itself likely to attract his attention. He sat in the court during the trials; and in the intervals he visited and inspected, with the utmost

care and minuteness, every portion of the prison. Not a single cell was suffered to escape his notice. Every abuse was brought to light. Every inmate of the gaol received the benefits of his visit. This was in reality the beginning of his work.

In other respects, and apart from the accidents of the case, the prison at Bedford was a fitting scene for the inauguration of his career. Its walls were already glorified by the long captivity of Bunyan. Seldom has such a combination occurred. From that obscure and petty prison proceeded, at a long interval of time, two of the noblest and most precious works of man—Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Howard's labours of charity and love. In this Bedford gaol that true old Puritan was confined for twelve long years, after the restoration of the Stuart dynasty—1660-72—for the high crime and misdemeanour of denying the right divine of kings and priests to govern wrong; and here he conceived and wrote his famous allegory, that true and genuine book—itsself an order in literature—which has perhaps done more for the religious sentiment of this country, than any other uninspired production;—supporting himself the while by his industry in the art of making tags and purses; which he, in common with his fellow-captives, was permitted to sell to visitors. Himself a Puritan, Howard would feel a deep respect and veneration for this prison on account of Bunyan. Here his own investigations began, and with them a new chapter in the social history of our country was opened. In the introductory remarks to his great work on "The State of Prisons," he observes:—"The distress of prisoners, of which there are few who have not some imperfect idea, came more immediately under my notice when I was sheriff of the county of Bedford; and the circumstance which excited me to activity in their behalf, was the seeing some, who, by the verdict of juries, were declared *not guilty*—some on whom the grand jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to a trial—and some whose prosecutors did not appear against them—after having been confined for months, dragged back to gaol, and locked up again until they should pay *sundry fees* to the gaoler, the clerk

of assize, &c. In order to redress this hardship, I applied to the justices of the county for a salary to the *gaoler*, in lieu of his fees. The bench were properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired; but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense. I therefore rode into several neighbouring counties in search of a precedent; but I soon learned that the same injustice was practised in them; and looking into the prisons, I beheld scenes of calamity, which I grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate."

He had not been long engaged in these preliminary inquiries, before he became convinced that the style of prison building in this country was bad. In the gaol over which he was invested with a nominal charge, the two dungeons for felons were both eleven feet below the surface of the ground; one of the consequences was, they were always damp, and sometimes the walls and floors—upon the latter, the inmates had also to sleep—were quite *wet*. There was but one courtyard for both sexes—a fault which, monstrous and revolting as it seems, he afterwards found in almost every gaol in the kingdom. In addition to these fundamental mistakes, there were the common errors of administration—some of which are so pithily set forth in the extract just quoted. A person who had been incarcerated for debt, when he had arranged and settled with his creditor, could not obtain his liberty unless he could fee the gaoler to the extent of 15*s.* 4*d.*, and the turn-key 2*s.* In default of his ability to raise these sums, though the competent tribunals had pronounced him at liberty, he was thrust back into his dungeon, literally *to rot*—for in those days that common expression of the relentless creditor had the naked and terrible significance of truth. The same course was adopted with persons accused of crime—if declared not guilty. For being innocent, a poor man might be imprisoned for life! This monstrous injustice drove Howard to the books on law, and from these to the parliamentary reports on gaols. Here he found little to enlighten, nothing to encourage.

A few humane individuals, roused by reports of cruelties

and sufferings endured in gaols, had at intervals forced their way into the dark recesses of the old prisons. But little good resulted from the exposures which they made. The action of charity was only spasmodic; and the evils of the system were too deeply seated to be removed. Two instances of such momentary and ineffectual intrusions into the old prisons occurred in the eighteenth century, many years before Howard commenced his labours—the first by a Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, about 1701-2; the second by a parliamentary Commission of Inquiry, which sat and reported in 1728-9. Of these attempts, the first obtained no public notice, and the second was soon forgotten. It is very doubtful whether Howard was aware of the labours of the earlier volunteers in his own selected walk.

Among the unprinted records of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, is a manuscript containing minutes and other records of the Society in the time of William III. and Queen Anne. From these it would appear that the disorders of Newgate were at that time so great as to attract public attention, and induce the Society to try some means of removing the more open and radical abuses. With this design, a committee was nominated on the 12th of January, 1701-2, to visit that and other gaols. Dr. Bray, who was at the head of the inspection, reported that they had visited Newgate, talked with the poor wretches in their cells, and distributed certain moneys amongst them. The committee afterwards visited the Marshalsea and other prisons, with regard to all of which they rendered the most deplorable accounts.

Darkness again fell on the scene. A quarter of a century elapsed ere the curtain was withdrawn anew. During this period Newgate had its victims as of old. Defoe was carried from the pillory to Newgate; where he wrote his celebrated Ode, and gathered the materials for his "Moll Flanders" and "Captain Jack." Defoe's notices of the place are frightful. All that was bad in it grew worse. Criminals and their keepers alike gave way to the worst excesses—unrestrained by any sense of justice, or by any fear of law. The prison was

gradually withdrawn from the pale of the constitution. Gaolers constantly and openly set the courts of law at defiance. When the malice or cupidity of a governor or warder was excited, it was no uncommon thing for him,—illegally, and on his own responsibility, it is true, but with perfect impunity,—to rob, torture, even murder his victim. And this was in the age of Pope and Swift, in the so-called Augustan period of English letters!

The gross and notorious licence forced itself again on the consideration of a busy and apathetic public; and on the 25th of February, 1728, the Legislature appointed a Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into "The State of the Gaols of this Kingdom," and report to it thereon. At the head of this movement was Oglethorpe—Pope's Oglethorpe:—

"One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole."

But from the first hour, the work of inquiry was carried on slowly, and it was never completed: the evil was too great for common men to take in hand. The earliest stage of the investigation brought to the knowledge of the Committee such a mass of corruption in the management of prisons,—such flagrant instances of tyranny and illegality on the part of officers,—such wholesale plunder, speculation and deceit,—such daring violations of rule and justice in the infliction of punishments, in some of which the thumbscrew and instruments of torture, quite unknown to the genius and practice of English law, had been used,—that they hastened to lay the facts before the House, in order that the delinquents might be brought to justice. When the first part of their report was made in Parliament, the feeling of surprise and disgust was such that the House instantly ordered the arrest of all the warders, tipstaffs, and other officers of the gaols reported on, and passed a strong resolution, praying his Majesty to cause his Attorney-general, without delay, and in the most effectual manner, to prosecute them for the horrible and atrocious crimes of which they stood charged.

The Committee continued their inquiries, and, from time to time, they printed fresh reports. The public, though comparatively callous to the wrongs of debtors, thieves, and prisoners—for the preacher of the new social doctrine, that society has duties even in relation to the inmate of a debtor's or a felon's cell, was still lying in his cradle at Cardington,—were moved with pain and indignation, the effect of which did not easily wear away, and would not be entirely lost on the young philanthropist.

It soon became evident to the Committee of Inquiry that the state of the various gaols of the kingdom was the same. Degrees of wrong there undoubtedly were; but there was little or no difference in the quality of the evil. Every one of them, from Marshalsea and Newgate down to the pettiest and obscurest provincial House of Detention, was a disgrace to the age and country. Only that the sworn evidence given on the trials still remains, together with the statements in the reports of the Committee, it would be difficult to believe that such things were.

In the Marshalsea, debtors and pirates were confined; the former generally of the poorer classes,—many of them common sailors. The gaol was under the charge of the Deputy-marshal of the Marshalsea of the King's household—an officer who, in defiance of the express prohibition of the deed constituting him governor, farmed out the fees, victualing, and lodging of his prisoners to various parties, of course for a consideration. Thus the corruption began at the very source. The inferior officers were only too ready to follow the example of their chief. When a person was sent in—and his commitment might be for a debt of a single shilling, increased to forty by legal expenses—he had first of all to pay garnish, in the shape of a bowl of punch for his companions. If, as was often the case, the new comer had no money wherewith to buy this “freedom of the gaol,” he was stripped, in a riotous and disgraceful manner, of the greater part of his scanty clothes, which were then sold or pledged to pay for the bumper. In the next place, he had to make his selection of a side of the gaol—the Master's side, where he would have

to pay exorbitant prices for his bedding, food, and drink ; or the Common side, where he would have to fare as he could, on such occasional and inadequate supplies of charity as the cupidity of the officials suffered to be applied to their legitimate uses. Out of the persons confined on the Master's side the profits of the establishment were chiefly made ; but it must not be supposed that they were well treated on that account. On the contrary, the fact of their being able to pay pointed them out to the wardens as subjects for the exercise of their peculiar arts. Means the most barbarous were used to extort money from them, or from their friends.

As for the miserable wretches who were unable to buy the mercy of their keepers, no words can paint the condition to which they were reduced more forcibly than the simple language of the parliamentary report :—"The Common side," it explains, "is enclosed with a strong brick wall ; in it are now confined upwards of 330 prisoners, most of them in the utmost necessity ; they are divided into particular rooms called wards, and the prisoners belonging to each ward are locked up in their respective wards every night, most of which are excessively crowded, thirty, forty, nay fifty persons having been locked up in some of them, not sixteen feet square ; and at the same time that these rooms have been so crowded, to the great endangering the health of the prisoners, the largest room on the Common side hath been kept empty, and the room over George's Ward was let out to a tailor to work in, and nobody allowed to lie in it, though all the last year there were sometimes forty, and never less than thirty-two persons locked up in George's Ward every night, which is a room of sixteen by fourteen feet, and about eight feet high ; the surface of the room is not sufficient to contain that number when laid down, so that one-half are hung up in hammocks, while the other lie on the floor under them ; the air is so wasted by the number of persons who breathe in that narrow compass, that it is not sufficient to keep them from stifling, several having in the heat of summer perished for want of air." The more offensive part of this account is omitted :—it may be seen in the State Papers.

Next follows an example of the infliction of the *Question*, which Blackstone says is utterly unknown to the laws of England:—"In the year 1726, Thomas Bliss, a carpenter, not having any friends to support him, was almost starved to death in the prison, upon which he attempted to get over the prison by a rope lent to him by another prisoner. In the attempt, he was taken by the keepers, dragged by the heels into the lodge, barbarously beaten and put into irons, in which he was kept several weeks. One afternoon, as he was standing quietly in the yard with his irons on, some of the said Acton's men [Acton was a butcher and lessee of the prison] called him into the lodge, where Acton was then drinking and merry with company. In about half-an-hour Bliss came out again, crying, and gave an account,—That when he was in the lodge, they, for their diversion, (as they called it,) fixed on his head an iron engine or instrument, (which appears to be an iron skull-cap,) which was screwed so close, that it forced the blood out of his ears and nose. And he further declared,—That his thumbs were at the same time put into a pair of thumb-screws, which were screwed so tight that the blood started out of them; and from that time he continued disordered until the day of his death. He was let out of prison without paying his debt, and at his going out, Acton desired,—That all that was past might be forgot, and that he would not bear him any ill-will. This miserable wretch was put into St. Thomas's Hospital for help—but died very soon." What succeeds is still more horrible:—"The various tortures and cruelties before mentioned not contenting these wicked keepers in their pretended magistracy over the prisoners, they found a way of making within this prison a confinement more dreadful than the strong-room itself, by coupling the living with the dead; and have made a practice of locking up debtors who displeased them in the yard with human carcases. One particular instance of this sort of inhumanity was of a person whom the keepers confined in that part of the lower yard which was then separated from the rest, whilst there were there two dead bodies which had lain there for days; yet was he kept there with them six days

longer, in which time the vermin devoured the flesh from their faces, eat the eyes out of the heads of the carcasses, which were bloated, putrified, and turned green during the poor debtor's dismal confinement with them !”

From Newgate it is only a few paces to the Fleet. It is not necessary to enter into the history of this celebrated gaol : enough to remark, in passing, that it is of considerable antiquity, and was probably used for the confinement of debtors as early as the reign of Richard I. During the ascendancy of the Star-chamber, it was used by that iniquitous court, when it was often made the scene of punishments unknown to English law. On the fall of that tribunal it reverted to its original purpose. The general picture of the Marshalsea—that is, so far as concerns the crowding of prisoners in close rooms; the scanty and irregular diet, the dirty and costly lodging—applies also to the Fleet; but the latter had features of its own—for, containing a higher class of persons, the chances of extortion were greater, and the abuses were even yet more palpable and gross.

The custody or wardenship of the Fleet was private property. In fact, the establishment was a large business speculation, and the most flagitious malversation, iniquity, cruelty, and treachery, were resorted to in order to make it pay a large per-centage. At the time of the Parliamentary Inquiry, one Bambridge was warden : he, in connexion with a person named Cuthbert, having purchased the office from Huggins, a former warden, for 5,000*l*. In his own person, and by his subordinates, this man carried on various branches of trade, including—victualling, tavern-keeping, lodging, and so forth. To ensure large profits, his charges were fixed exorbitantly high, and were in all cases rigorously exacted, even if the consequence was the starvation and death of his victim—many instances of which are on record. One of the most fertile sources of wealth to the warden, was the sponging-house attached to the gaol. When a person was committed to prison, Bambridge would refuse him immediate admission, and send him instead to the sponging-house, kept by one of his agents, where, in a few days, he would be stripped of

his money. After speaking at some length of the case of an unfortunate gentleman named Castell, whose affairs had fallen into confusion, the Report thus continues :—"The said Bambridge having thus unlawfully extorted large sums of money from him in a very short time, Castell grew weary of being made such a wretched property, and resolving not to injure further his family or creditors for the sake of so small a liberty, he refused to submit to further exactions ; upon which the said Bambridge ordered him to be re-committed to Corbett's [the sponging house : by enormous presents Castell had obtained the liberty of the Fleet], where the small-pox then raged, though Castell acquainted him with his not having had that distemper ; that he dreaded it so much, that the putting him into a house where it was would occasion his death, which, if it happened before he could settle his affairs, would be a great prejudice to his creditors, and would expose his family to destruction : and therefore he earnestly desired that he might be sent into another house, or even into the gaol itself, as a favour. The melancholy case of this poor gentleman moved the very agents of the said Bambridge to compassion, so that they used their utmost endeavours to dissuade him from sending this unhappy person to the infected house ; but Bambridge forced him thither, where he (as he feared he should) caught the small-pox, and in a few days died thereof, justly charging the said Bambridge with his death ; and unhappily leaving all his affairs in the greatest confusion, and a numerous family of small children in the utmost distress." It is needless to add a word to this painful recital.

As money was the chief object of Bambridge, so money was all-powerful with him. No indulgence was denied to those who could and would pay the price demanded for it ; and the custodian had everything to sell, from the simplest convenience up to the highest luxury—permission to break prison and escape. Each article in his scale had its price, and with golden keys every door in the gaol could be opened. The cases of escape were so numerous, and were so notoriously connived at, that when the keepers were questioned by the

Committee on the point, they confessed their inability to make any correct statement as to the escapes; the cases were so many as to defy the power of memory, and no account of them had ever been kept in writing. Those who had not the means or not the inclination to bribe high enough, had no resource but to submit in silence; and very often, in spite of the just decision of the law, to fret away their lives in hopeless captivity. After every legal impediment to the release of a prisoner had been removed, his case was nearly as desperate as before,—unless he could contrive to command a handsome present for the warden; and even then, if the officer had conceived any grudge against him, or could expect by further detention to wring from him or from his friends a still larger sum. These latter cases were far from uncommon. The law availed no man unless the gaoler felt it to be his interest to obey its mandate. Dark days were those for the unfortunate; and such facts are a sad commentary on the reputed wisdom of our ancestors. When the Committee commenced their inquiries, they found in the Fleet alone not less than fifty-two persons who were illegally detained after their discharge had been ordered by the tribunals—and some of these miserable beings had been so detained, nine, ten, and eleven years!

How little effect the fear of the law had on the conduct of the governor—even when he was directly brought to its bar and threatened with its power—the following case will exhibit:—"Captain John Mackpheadris was a considerable merchant, and in a very flourishing condition until the year 1720, when, being bound for large sums to the Crown, for a person afterwards ruined by the misfortunes of that year, he was undone. In June 1727 he was a prisoner in the Fleet, and although he had paid his commitment fee, the like was extorted from him a second time; and he having furnished a room, Bambridge demanded an extravagant price for it, which he refused to pay, and urged—That it was unlawful for the warden to demand extravagant rents, and offered to pay what was legally due; notwithstanding which, the said Bambridge, assisted by James Barnes and other accomplices, broke open

his room, and took away several things of great value, amongst others, the King's Extent in aid of the prisoner, (which was to have been returned in a few days, in order to procure the debt to the Crown and the prisoner's enlargement), which Bambridge still retains. Not content with this, Bambridge locked the prisoner out of his room, and forced him to lie in the open yard, called the Base. He sat quietly under his wrongs; and getting some poor materials, built a little hut, to protect himself as well as he could from the injuries of the weather. The said Bambridge, seeing his unconcernedness, said—'Damn him, he is easy. I will put him into the strong-room before to-morrow;' and ordered Barnes to pull down his little hut, which was done accordingly. The poor prisoner, being in an ill state of health, and the night rainy, was put to great distress. Some time after this, he was (about twelve o'clock at night) assaulted by Bambridge, with several other persons, his accomplices, in a violent manner; and Bambridge, though the prisoner was unarmed, attacked him with his sword, but by good fortune was prevented from killing him; and several other persons coming out upon the noise, they carried Mackphedris for safety into another gentleman's room: soon after which, Bambridge coming with one Savage and several others, broke open the door, and Bambridge strove with his sword to kill the prisoner; but he again got away, and hid himself in another room. Next morning, the said Bambridge entered the prison with a detachment of soldiers, and ordered the prisoner to be dragged to the lodge, and ironed with great irons; on which he, desiring to know for what cause, and by what authority he was to be so cruelly used, Bambridge replied, it was by his own authority; and, damn him, he would do it, and have his life. The prisoner desired he might be carried before a magistrate, that he might know his crime before he was punished; but Bambridge refused, and put irons upon his legs, which were too little, so that in forcing them on, his legs were like to have been broken, and the torture was impossible to be endured. Upon which, the prisoner, complaining of the grievous pain and straitness of the irons, Bambridge answered, that he did it on

purpose to torture him ; on which the prisoner replying, that, by the law of England, no man ought to be tortured, Bambridge declared that he would do it first, and answer for it afterwards ; and caused him to be dragged away to the dungeon, where he lay without a bed, loaded with irons, so close riveted, that they kept him in continual torture, and mortified his legs. After long application, these irons were changed, and a surgeon directed to dress his legs ; but his lameness is not, nor ever can be, cured. He was kept in this miserable condition for three weeks, by which his sight is greatly prejudiced, and in danger of being lost. The prisoner, upon this usage, petitioned the judges, and after several meetings and a full hearing, the judges reprimanded Mr. Huggins and Bambridge, and declared, that *a gaoler could not answer the ironing of a man before he was found guilty of a crime*,—but it being out of term, they could not give the prisoner any relief or satisfaction !

“Notwithstanding this opinion of the judges, the said Bambridge continued to keep the prisoner in irons till he had paid him six guineas ; and to prevent the prisoner’s recovering damages for the cruel treatment of him, Bambridge indicted him and his principal witnesses at the Old Bailey, before they knew anything of the matter ; and to support that indictment he had recourse to subornation, and turned two of his servants out of places which they had bought, because they would not swear falsely that the prisoner had struck the said Bambridge, which words he had inserted in affidavits ready prepared for signing, and which they knew to be false. . . . The prisoners being no longer able to bear the charges of prosecution, which had already cost 100*l.*, and being softened by promises, and terrified by threats, submitted to plead guilty, on a solemn assurance and agreement made with Bambridge before witnesses, of having but one shilling fine laid upon them ; but so soon as they had pleaded guilty Bambridge took advantage of it, and has continued harassing them and their securities ever since.”

Lust of gold was not, however, the only base passion which raged in the Fleet. If it were the most frequent, it was by

no means the most active, or the most fatal. Captain David Sinclair, a gallant but unfortunate officer, had in some way excited the murderous malice of his keeper—his story is best told in the language of the Report:—"At the latter end of June, or the beginning of July last, the said Bambridge declared to the said James Barnes, one of the agents of his cruelties, that he would have Sinclair's blood; and he took the opportunity of the first festival day, which was on the first of August following, when he thought Captain Sinclair might, by celebrating the memory of the late king, be warmed with liquor so far as to give him some excuse for the cruelties which he intended to inflict upon him. But in some measure he was disappointed, for Captain Sinclair was perfectly sober when the said Bambridge rushed into his room with a dark lantern in his hand, assisted by his accomplices, James Barnes and William Pindar, and supported by his usual guard armed with muskets and bayonets, and without any provocation given, ran his lantern into Captain Sinclair's face, seized him by the collar, and told him he must come along with him. Captain Sinclair, though surprised, asked for what, and by what authority he was treated so? Upon which Barnes and the rest seized upon Captain Sinclair, who still desiring to know by what authority they so abused him, Bambridge grossly insulted him, and struck him with his cane on the head and shoulders, whilst he was held fast by Pindar and Barnes. Such base and scandalous usage of this gentleman, who had in the late wars always signalized himself with the greatest courage, gallantry, and honour, in the service of his country, upon many the most brave and desperate occasions, must be most shocking and intolerable; yet Captain Sinclair bore it with patience, refusing only to go out of his room unless he were forced; whereupon the said Bambridge threatened to run his cane down his throat, and ordered his guards to stab him with their bayonets, or drag him down to the said dungeon called the strong-room—the latter of which they did; and Bambridge kept him confined in that damp and loathsome place, till he had lost the use of his limbs and his memory, neither of which he has recovered to this day.

Many aggravating cruelties were used to make his confinement more terrible; and when Bambridge found he was in danger of immediate death, he removed him for fear of his dying in duress, and caused him to be carried in a dying condition from that dungeon to a room where there was no bed or furniture; and so unmercifully prevented his friends from having any access to him, that he was four days without the least sustenance."

Sinclair seems to have had an iron frame: he recovered his liberty—but not his health. It is impossible to read these details without shame and indignation. How many more such cases must have been hidden by the deaths of the victims! This picture of the state of prisons in England—not in any obscure and unnoted corner of the island, but in the very heart of the capital, under the eyes of the Legislature and the public press—might easily be darkened by mere multiplication of the sombre colours supplied by the parliamentary reports. But it is needless. The scenes already painted and the incidents described, afford a faithful picture of the state of prisons at the time when Howard was appointed sheriff of Bedford.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST INQUIRIES.

HOWARD'S plan of dealing with the abuses of prisons, was by redeeming the fees, and at once changing them into a salary to the gaoler; this was obviously the plain practical way of meeting and mitigating the glaring wrong—as well as the shortest and cheapest. But if the Fee-system were abolished, how was the gaoler to be paid? That was the great question. At the present day we can hardly realize the strength of such an obstacle. The new sheriff proposed that the county should pay its own servants; but the magistrates must have precedents for such an innovation. The right or wrong, the policy or impolicy of the thing was not to be considered:—only its traditions. And as the innovator could obtain no support from those who ought to have been his allies in the work of reform, until he could produce a warrant from usage in its favour, he set forth in search of one. Towards the close of the year 1773, he began his tours of inspection—and was gradually led on to extend them into the nearer counties—then all over England—afterwards into the neighbouring kingdoms of the British empire—and finally over the greater part of Europe.

The first stage of his inquiry was Cambridge; the prison of which town he found very insecure and without a chaplain; here, in addition to the fee to the gaoler, the prisoner had to pay another to the sheriff, before he could obtain his liberty. He extended his journey to Huntingdon; the gaol of which he likewise inspected. He returned to Cardington, powerfully affected by the miseries which he had seen, but without having found the precedent of which he was in search. These glimpses, however, into the state of prisons, rather whetted

his appetite for further investigation than allayed it; and he had not been many days at Cardington after his return, before he commenced a much wider range of inspection—taking in his route the large cluster of midland counties. His first point of observation, on this second journey, was Northampton, where he found that the gaoler, instead of receiving a salary for his services, actually paid forty pounds a-year for his situation. This fact was not an unfair index to the material condition of the prison. The felons' court-yard was close and confined; and prisoners had no straw allowed them to sleep on.—Beds were never thought of in those days for prisoners. Leicester was next visited; the situation of the gaol received his explicit condemnation: it was pronounced incapable of being rendered either convenient or healthy. When debtors were unable to pay for accommodation—and it will be remembered that this would always be the case with honest insolvents, who had given up everything to their creditors—they were confined in a long dungeon, which was damp and dark, being under ground, and had only two small holes, the largest not more than 12 inches square, to let in light and air. The felons were kept in an under-ground dungeon—night and day: but they were provided with the luxury of coarse mats to sleep on. Altogether, the place was close and offensive; the court-yard was small; there was no chapel; and the governor had no salary, except what he could wring from his victims. At Nottingham, things were in much the same condition. The gaol was built on the declivity of a hill; down about five-and-twenty steps, were three rooms for such as could pay for them. The poorer and honestest prisoners were compelled to descend twelve steps more, into a series of cells cut in the solid rock for their reception,—only one of which was in use at the time—a cavern, 21 feet long, 30 broad, and 7 feet high; in this horrible hole, human beings were sometimes immured for years!

Derby and Stafford presented, in some respects, a pleasing contrast to these pictures; in the former of these towns the prison was much cleaner than usual—in the latter, the prisoners were better fed. The state of the gaol at Lichfield is briefly

portrayed:—"The rooms too small and close; no yard; no straw; no water." The privations expressed in these few words, assume a terrible form to those who can distinctly realize them. Howard next visited Warwick, Worcester, and Gloucester; the castle of the last-named city was in the most horrible condition. It had but one court for all prisoners—only one day-room for men and women. The debtors' ward had no windows, a part of the plaster wall being broken through to let in light. The night-room (or main) for male felons, though up a number of steps, was found to be close and dark; and the floor so ruinous that it could not be washed. The whole prison was greatly out of repair, and it had not been white-washed for years. Many persons had died in it the year preceding—a circumstance attributed to a fever engendered by a large dunghill which stood directly opposite to the stairs leading to the sleeping-room. The keeper had no salary—the debtors no allowance of food! The first lived on extortion, the second on charity. Through Oxford and Aylesbury, the gaols of both of which places the self-appointed inspector examined, he returned to Cardington, to ponder on the strange scenes which he had witnessed, and to project schemes for their improvement.

The philanthropist may now be considered as fairly committed to his vocation. His unsleeping energies had at length found their fitting work; and he threw himself into it with all the energy of his nature. Ten days had scarcely elapsed from the completion of his second journey, before he commenced a third. The more he saw of the gigantic evils of the gaol-system, the more he became convinced of the absolute necessity of a large and searching investigation into its details. This time, his plan included a series of visits to the prisons of the various counties of Herts, Wilts, Berks, Dorset, Hants, and Sussex—the general condition of which he found to be of a like character with those already described. The prison of Salisbury had but one yard, and no day-room at all, for either felons or debtors; each of these classes had, however, fires in their respective sleeping rooms, made on a brick hearth—but no chimneys! Outside the gate of the prison was a large

chain passed through a staple fixed in the wall, at either end of which a debtor, padlocked by the leg, stood selling to the public, nets, purses, laces, and other similar articles of gaol manufacture—as good old Bunyan had often done in the previous century. There was another singular custom practised and permitted here—which consisted in chaining prisoners together at Christmas time, and sending them thus secured into the city to beg; one carrying a basket to receive donations of provisions, another a box for money, and so forth. The gaoler had no salary; but made his living by farming out the diet of his victims: how the latter would fare under such a dispensation the reader may surmise. The other visits of this journey require no particular remark. Even the best gaols were bad—the worst were quite intolerable to men of ordinary human feeling.

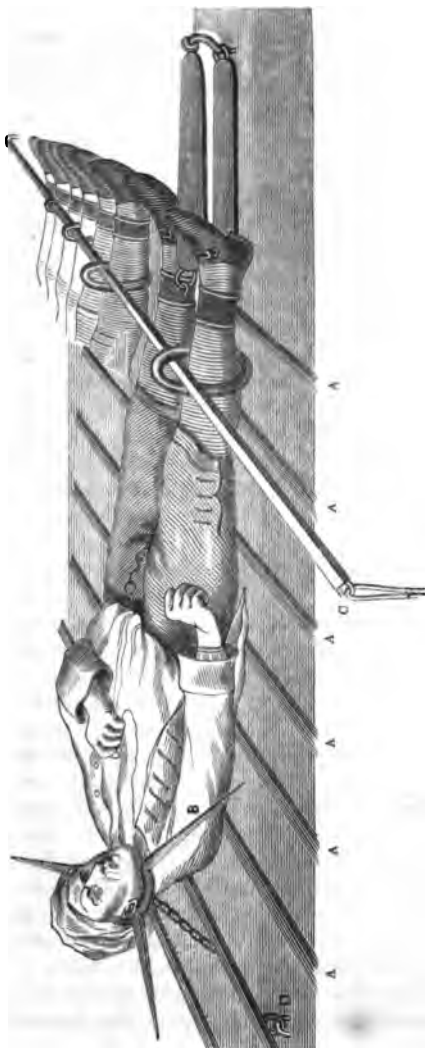
Returning to spend the Christmas with his boy, at Cardington, Howard determined afterwards to extend his inspections into the northern counties of England; and as soon as Jack's holidays were over, he started off—taking Okeham in Rutlandshire on his way. At York Castle, the difference of the accommodation for debtors and felons was very striking. The debtors' apartments were airy, spacious, healthy, and the provisions were sufficient and regularly doled out. Few English gaols could boast so excellent a plan. But the criminal department fully redeemed the Riding from the charge of humanity. Its court-yard was small and without water—the pump being ingeniously placed just outside the palisades; water had consequently to be carried in by the servants of the establishment—a circumstance which sufficiently accounted for the filthiness of the place. Considering the very imperfect means of ventilation then known, the cells were horribly small—being only $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, $6\frac{1}{2}$ wide, and $8\frac{1}{2}$ high; that is, each cell contained about 414 cubic feet of air, being less than thirty-six hours' consumption for a single individual; in addition to which they were close and dark—having only a hole of about 4 inches by 8 over the door, or half-a-dozen perforations of an inch or so in diameter, by which the scanty and poisoned air of the narrow passages serving to

divide the cells might enter, if it could. Yet, in each of these dungeons, *three* human beings were commonly locked up for the night, which in winter lasted from fourteen to sixteen hours! There could be no wonder that the destroyer was so busy in this gaol,—for into these loathsome holes the victims were thrust nightly, with only a damp floor, barely covered by a wretched pittance of straw, for their bed of rest; while a sewer which ran through one of the passages, rendered them still more offensive. The infirmary for the sick consisted of a single room,—so that when there was an inmate of one sex in it, the sick of the other—should there be any, as was frequently the case—had to remain in their noisome dens until death relieved them from their sufferings. A case of this kind came under Howard's immediate notice. At the time of his visit a woman was sick, and of course she occupied the infirmary; a man was afterwards seized with the distemper—always raging with greater or lesser virulence in the prisons of that period—but he was forced to remain, ill as he was, in his infected cell. It is difficult to realize a fact like this, and so near our own day too! "Sick and in prison," is a phrase which at all times and under all circumstances conveys to the heart and mind of man a strange sense of desolation and misery—the thought of being sick and in prison in York Castle, must have had more of the flavour of hell than of earth in it. The city gaol of York was no better than that for the county.

Leaving these sickening sights behind, Howard turned again towards the south, visiting on his way the prisons of Lincoln, Huntingdon, and Ely. In the episcopal city of Ely, some reforms had recently been made, in consequence of a public exposure of the cruelties exercised in the old gaol. Of course, the gaol of the last named city belonged to the Bishop, as lord of the franchise of the isle; but it does not appear that the right reverend gentleman looked after this part of his property with as much care as the Church usually bestows upon its vested rights. The building was rickety and ruinous—totally unfit for the safe custody of criminals. Of this the wardens were well aware; but instead of strengthening the

walls and doors—which would have cost money and affected the episcopal coffers—they adopted the cheaper plan of chaining the prisoners on their backs to the floor, having under them several bars of iron, and fastening an iron collar, with long sharp spikes, round their necks, as well as placing a heavy bar of the same metal over their legs, to prevent attempts to escape! Prisoners were confined in this inhuman manner because his reverence chose to allow his prison-house to fall into decay. It is to be hoped that this minister of God was not aware of the manner in which God's children—unfortunate or sinful though they might have been—were treated by his servants; but this hope can only be indulged in on the assumption of a neglect of duty. He ought to have known what was being done in his diocese under his name. Had he faithfully discharged the functions which the Church had confided to him, he could not have been ignorant of facts well known to the magistracy and the public. If he did know of them, and yet failed to interpose, he was still more culpable. A year or two before Howard's visit to Ely, a spirited magistrate, named Collyer, brought the case of these atrocious cruelties under the notice of the King; the plain statement of facts was so revolting, that an inquiry was immediately ordered to be instituted; and in 1768, Bishop Mawson was compelled to rebuild, in part, and otherwise repair, the gaol, so as to render such cruelties unnecessary for the future; but in spite of these improvements, considering that the prison was the property of a bishop, when Howard entered it, it was still in a sickly, filthy, miserable condition. The keeper received no salary—save what he could extort from the poor wretches under his charge; there was no chapel for public worship—no surgeon to attend the sick. Neither felons nor debtors had any fixed allowance of food; the former had a small court—in which however was a most offensive sewer—appropriated to their use, but no water: the latter had no free ward; no straw to lie on; no infirmary for the sick. Nor did the right reverend owner of this property think it right to adopt the suggestions of the philanthropist for its improvement—as was almost ever the

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PRISONERS AT ELY.

- A. Iron bars nailed over the floor, which entered the flesh.
 B. Spikes which entered the necks of the prisoners, so that they could not rest their heads on the ground.
 C. A chain which went through the iron collar round their necks, which chained them down, that they could not change their posture.
 D. An iron bar, of 6 feet long (weight 42 lbs.), which rested on the shin bone.
 One Anize of the two being suppressed, gave length of days to exercise these tortures on the king's subjects. These four men lay under these agouirs from October and November, to the month of August following.

case with lay proprietors; for all these evils remained and accumulated, even when the whole kingdom was alive and ringing with the cry for reform in such matters. On Howard's last visit to the gaol—many years subsequent to this period, instead of the better state of things which he had a right to expect, he found that—the march of improvement in this case going backward—debtors and felons had actually been placed together! One of the former was confined for a debt of 3*s.* 5½*d.*, and costs 8*s.* 3*d.* Another, a man who had a wife and five children depending on his care and labour, was detained for costs only—namely, for charges 4*s.* 9*d.* and fees 3*s.* 6*d.* In cases like these it was Howard's custom to discharge the obligation and set the captive free; but his modesty has kept from the knowledge of the world the particular instances in which his generosity was so taxed.

From Ely he proceeded to Norwich, where he found the cells built under ground, and the keeper paying forty pounds a-year to the under-sheriff for his situation. The gaol delivery was but once a year; and the allowance for straw for the whole prison was only a guinea per annum. In the castle of this city—used as the county gaol of Norfolk—there was an under-ground dungeon for male felons, into which the inmate descended by a ladder, the floor of which was often one or two feet deep in water! However, some part of the establishment met with the cordial approval of the inspector. From Norwich, Howard went to Ipswich—all the gaols of which he examined, and found in tolerable order; and thence to London, where he stayed about a fortnight, going through the prisons, visiting his friends, and arranging his future plan of operations. The crusade had now commenced in earnest.

At the end of a fortnight, he started on a tour through the west of England—his first halting-place being Exeter, where he found that the felons' gaol for the great county of Devonshire was the private property of an individual, John Denny Rolle, whose family had long held it as a grant from the Duchy of Cornwall, and who at this time received from it an income of twenty-two pounds a-year paid by the keeper—who, in his turn, had no other means of recovering this sum,

and of gaining a livelihood for himself and family, than by wringing it out of the fees of the prisoners, and the profits of the sale of small beer. These facts would naturally prepare the visitor to expect any amount of disorder, corruption, and petty tyranny in its government—and he was not disappointed. The night dungeons, though but a few steps under ground, were close, dark, and confined; the windows were small, and the whole was unhealthy. An infirmary had been built, but the steps leading up to it were in a ruinous state; and the surgeon told his visitor that he—the surgeon—was excused by contract from attending any prisoner in the cells, who might be sick of the gaol fever! As we have said, the keeper paid Mr. Rolle a yearly sum for his office—though the family possessed an Estate granted for the purpose of enabling it to uphold this very prison in a state of security and conveniency: into such a state of corruption had the administration of trusts of this nature then fallen! At the period of Howard's first visit, two sailors were in the gaol, who for some petty fault had been fined by a magistrate 1s. each, and were detained because unable to discharge the large fees of the gaoler and the clerk of the peace—the first amounting to 14s. 4d., the latter to 1l. 1s. 4d.; total 1l. 15s. 8d. Having no means of satisfying these claims, the blue-jackets were condemned "to rot in gaol." The other prisons of this city also received a number of careful inspections from the philanthropist—the report on which are of like character with the foregoing.

In the intervals of these various examinations, he made a short trip to Launceston in Cornwall, the prison of which he thus paints:—"The prison is a room, or passage, 23½ feet by 7½, with only one small window, and three dungeons, or cages, on the side opposite; these are about 6½ feet deep; one 9 feet long, one about 8; one not 5. This last for women. They were all very offensive; no chimney; no water; no sewers; damp earth floors; no infirmary. The court not secure, and prisoners seldom permitted to go out to it. Indeed the whole prison is out of repair, and yet the gaoler lives ~~comfortable~~. I once found the prisoners chained two or three

together. Their provision was put down to them through a hole in the floor of the room above; and those who served them there, often caught the fatal fever. At my first visit, I found the keeper, his assistant, and all the prisoners but one, sick of it; and heard that a few years before many prisoners had died of it—and the keeper and his wife in one night." From Exeter, Howard went to Ilchester, Bristol, Hereford, Monmouth, and finally returned to London.

About this period public attention began to be addressed to the subject of prisons and prisoners. The palpable injustice of incarcerating a man declared *not guilty* on a pretence of a claim for fees, had presented itself to such enlightened minds as accident had directed to contemplate the condition of the pariahs of our society—and before the commencement of Howard's inquiries, that is, on the 18th of February, 1773, Mr. Popham, member for Taunton, brought a bill into the House of Commons abolishing gaolers' fees, and substituting for them fixed salaries, payable out of the county rates. This bill went through two readings, but was withdrawn on the third, with a view to its being again brought forward in an amended form. Between that and the following session of Parliament, the Recluse of Cardington had been called from his village life to the work whose commencement we have narrated. The two men most anxious for a reform in these matters soon came together; and before Howard set off on his tour to the west of England, it is probable that the plan of the campaign in the Legislature had been agreed upon between them and their mutual friends. This western journey completed his first series of investigations, and prepared him to undergo that personal examination before the House of Commons, which he was aware would take place on his return.

In the course of the inquiries, so rapidly passed over in this narrative, Howard had collected together a great mass of elementary material—of hard, dry, tangible fact,—the only data on which reasoning could proceed or enactments be safely based. And of this statesmen of all parties seem to have been conscious. On the conclusion of his rapid survey, the

House of Commons resolved itself into a Committee of the whole House, to cite him to its bar, hear his report, and examine him thereupon. This examination, on a subject so novel, and at the same time so important, excited no small degree of public attention. Howard's answers to the various questions proposed to him were clear, unreserved, and practical—his testimony against the manifold abuses of the penal system was logical and conclusive. His evidence amply supported by facts and illustrated from minute personal knowledge as to the unhealthiness of the majority of the prisons of this country—and his several suggestions for their improvement, were all so satisfactory to his auditors, that, on the House resuming, the chairman, Sir Thomas Clavering, at the instance of the Committee, moved—"That John Howard, Esq., be called to the bar, and that Mr. Speaker do acquaint him that the House are very sensible of the humanity and zeal which have led him to visit the several gaols of this kingdom, and to communicate to the House the interesting observations which he has made upon that subject." He was accordingly called for, and in the name of the supreme Legislature of his country was thanked for his philanthropic exertions—an honour seldom accorded by that body to other than the ministers of war and conquest. A circumstance, however, occurred during this very examination, which shows how little his sublime patriotism and philanthropy were appreciated at first—even in the highest assembly in the land. One of the members, surprised at the extent and minuteness of his inspections, requested to be informed at whose expense he travelled! "A question to which," Dr. Aikin says, "he could hardly reply without expressing some indignant emotion."

CHAPTER VI.

ENGLISH PRISONS.

HIS public examination over, Howard again continued his inquiries. Having in his former journeys passed somewhat hastily from town to town, much of the information which he had collected required revision and confirmation—and, as yet, he had only seen a few of the principal houses of detention in a few of the chief cities of the empire. Ireland was untouched—perhaps as yet unthought of. Scotland lay equally far away. Even London, with its swarm of gaols, was almost unknown to him. His new labours began with these last.

On the 16th of March, 1774, he made his first call at the Marshalsea, in Southwark,—a prison which was probably one of the homes of Massinger, in which Bonner had lived and died, in which the luckless poets Brooke and Wither had been confined, and in which Selden had written one of his most learned works. Some improvements had been introduced into this establishment in consequence of the inquiries of the Parliamentary Committee; but they were only of a minor nature, and it was still the model of a bad gaol. The buildings were greatly out of repair,—the charges were exorbitant,—the promiscuous intercourse of persons of all grades, debtors and felons, young and old, male and female, still continued,—the largest portion of the premises was let out to a man not a prisoner, who kept a shop in some of the rooms, lived, with his family, in others, and sub-let the remainder;—there was still no infirmary for the sick,—the fees were heavy, and garnish had not been abolished. In addition to all which facts, came the crowning one—the prisoners had no regular supply of food. Even here, however, in the midst of many

miseries and many wrongs, the visitor was gladdened by proofs of human charity. Conspicuous on the list of those who had been thoughtful of poor prisoners was the name of Nell Gwynn, whose bounty brought in sixty-five loaves every second month. One Henry Allnot, a gentleman who had passed some years of his life in a hole in which Bonner may have lodged and Wither pined, while still a prisoner in the gaol, came in to a large estate, out of which he generously laid aside a hundred pounds a-year for the discharge of debtors whose debts did not exceed four pounds. "Many prisoners," says Howard, "were cleared by this charity every year."

Four days after his first visit to the Marshalsea in London, we find him inspecting the High Gaol at Durham. The earnest spirit of enterprise which urged him on—contrasting the magnitude of the work with the brief space of time in which it must be done, if done by him—caused a rapidity in his movements which tends not a little to baffle the follower of his footsteps. His account of the condition of the Durham gaol is terrible:—"The debtors have no court; their free wards in the Low Gaol are two damp, unhealthy rooms, 10 feet 4 inches square. They are never suffered to go out of these, unless to chapel, and not always to that: for on a Sunday when I was there I missed them at chapel; they told me they were not permitted to go thither. No sewers. At more than one of my visits I learned that the dirt, ashes, &c., had lain there many months. . . . The felons have no court, but they have a day-room, and two small rooms for an infirmary. The men are put at night into dungeons; one 7 feet square for three prisoners; another, the great hole, 16½ feet by 12, has only a little window. In this I saw six prisoners, most of them transports, chained to the floor. In that situation they had been many weeks, and very sickly. Their straw on the stone floor almost worn to dust! Long confinement, and not having the King's allowance of 2s. 6d. a-week, had urged them to attempt an escape, after which the gaoler chained them as above. . . . Common-side debtors, in the Low Gaol, whom I saw eating boiled bread and water, told me that this was

the only nourishment some had lived upon for nearly twelve months. . . . At several of my visits there were boys between thirteen and fifteen years of age confined with the most profligate and abandoned." Yet this was an episcopal prison, the property of the Bishop of Durham, and it boasted a regular chaplaincy!

From this scene, Howard went to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in which he found an honourable contrast to the above. The rooms of the prison were above-ground, light and airy; the inmates had food, bedding, and fuel; and the entire place had a look of cleanliness and order. At Morpeth, principles of administration of a very different kind prevailed. Here he found three transports chained to a floor of a dark, offensive dungeon—on *suspicion* of a desire to escape, because they had been illegally deprived of the convict's usual allowance! At Carlisle, again, he witnessed another specimen of the same injustice and indignity. A rapid excursion through the counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancaster, the chief prisons of which he inspected on the way, brought the philanthropist to Chester—on the prison of which he has the following notes: "This castle is the property of the King. The first room is a hall. There are two staircases leading up from it to four rooms for master's-side debtors. Down eighteen steps is a small court, which was once common to debtors and felons. It is lately divided; but the high, close pales which separate the two courts, now so very small, deprive both debtors and felons of the benefit of fresh air, and the keeper has no view of the felon's court or day-room, in which men and women are together. . . . Under the pope's kitchen is a dark passage, twenty-four feet by nine; the descent to it is by twenty-one steps from the court; no window; not a breath of fresh air; only two apertures lately made with grates in the ceiling into the room above. On one side of it are six cells (stalls), each about $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet by 3, with a barrack bedstead, and an aperture over the door about 8 inches by 4. In each of these are locked up at night sometimes three or four felons. They pitch these dungeons two or three times a-year. When I was in one of them, I ordered

the door to be shut, and my situation brought to mind what I had heard of the Black Hole at Calcutta." The city gaol and the city bridewell were in much the same general condition; in the latter were seen a number of leaden weights, marked respectively, 30, 40, 60 pounds, with a ring and chain attached to each. If any prisoner became refractory, one of these weights was fastened to his leg, so that he could not move without carrying the weight with him. The practice is still found in some parts of Switzerland. Howard's next point of observation was Wrexham. Although this was one of the largest towns in the principality of Wales, the county gaol only occupied a part of a house—the remainder being used as a parish workhouse; a circumstance which was thought to indicate a low average of crime in the neighbourhood. But, if smaller, it was not better than other prisons. The two chambers set apart for prisoners were dark and dirty, being entirely without windows, and having a dead wall within six feet of their doors. The poor wretches confined in them often complained of being almost suffocated, and begged to be taken out for a little air! The whole place was out of repair—dirty—offensive—and without water. Passing through Shrewsbury—where some improvements were making—Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, and Northampton, in all of which places Howard visited and revisited the various abodes of misery, he returned once more to Cardington.

He did not, however, remain long in seclusion. Time had now acquired a new value. Only seven days were given up to repose, to the classification and arrangement of the materials which he had got together, to private intercourse with his family and friends, to the superintendence of his own affairs—and away he went again on his great errand. The middle of April, 1774, he employed in inspecting the various prisons of Kent; the remainder of the month, and the commencement of May, was occupied in further researches among those of the metropolis. Several of these he had not before visited—the bridewell of Clerkenwell was one. This gaol he found to be much out of repair: it had not even been whitewashed for years. The night-rooms for the women were dark and

unwholesome in the extreme—having beds for those only who could pay for such a luxury,—whilst the others were not even permitted to have a little straw to keep them from the cold, hard floor of the cell! One of the rooms for the men was so densely crowded that there was absolutely not space enough for them all to sleep on the ground—and many were compelled to sleep in hammocks slung to the ceiling. There was no infirmary for the sick—and yet the gaol distemper raged with fearful virulence amongst this mass of filth, disease, want, and licentiousness. The only allowance of food to the wretched captives was one penny loaf per day. The bridewell of Tothill Fields, thanks to the humane efforts of the keeper, George Smith,—of whom Howard makes honourable mention,—was in a much better condition.

The Fleet, which he visited for the first time, April 24, 1774, was a little world in itself. It was also better known than most of the other gaols. Lord Surrey, the poet, had been twice confined in it; so also had John Hooper. Cartwright lay there till his body was worn out. Burton and Rastwick, Leighton and Herbert, were among the hosts of its inmates. Penniless Nash and poetical Donne had been there too—the first for making a poem, the second for marrying a wife. Sir Robert Howard was there locked up for intriguing with Lady Purbeck; and poor old Prynne, for reflecting on the Queen in his "*Histrionic Mastix*." Within those dismal walls poor Pettus wrote his "*Fleta Minor*;" Sir Richard Baker amused his leisure with composing his "*Chronicles of the Kings of England*;" and Lilburne quarrelled with John, and John quarrelled with Lilburne. Howell had been there too; and Wycherly, and Richard Savage, and many more whose names and fames are a part of England's history.

If the prison did not now present to the eye of its philanthropic visitor those darker aspects which it offered to the parliamentary committee fifty years before, it still exhibited on the whole a picture of riot, dissipation, and extortion. The various fees amounted to 1*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* The garnish, though declared illegal, was still rigorously exacted. There was no surgeon. The prisoners had no regular allowance of food, and

the charities, on which the poorer sort depended for existence, were mismanaged in the most shameless manner. The idle and dissolute part of the public was admitted, as into any other public-house; and, along with the prisoners, they passed the day in playing at billiards, skittles, mississippi, fives, and other games—in drinking, chanting lewd and bacchanalian songs, and in other debaucheries. Convivial parties made a prominent feature of the establishment. On Monday evenings there was a wine club; on Thursday evenings a beer club held its weekly meetings. Songs were sung, and tales were told, and mugs went round, till daylight broke upon the revellers and their orgies. At these meetings—openly connived at, because they brought profit to the tap—the riot and excess were beyond bounds. The Fleet was burnt down during the riots of 1780, and was afterwards rebuilt on an improved plan; but the faults in its administration remained, and were not finally done away with until the edifice itself was levelled with the ground in our own time.

During the whole of his stay in London, Howard was out daily—traversing the vast area of the metropolis, penetrating into all kinds of dark nooks and corners. Nothing was too obscure to escape his vigilance; no prison, compter, or sponging-house, was too paltry for his visitations. Besides these greater gaols already spoken of in detail, the King's Bench, the Poultry Compter, the New Ludgate, and a whole host of inferior places of detention, were searched out thoroughly, and their strange secrets brought to light. Every hole into which unfortunate beings could be thrust—and misery made more miserable—was considered worthy of his attention. Petty prisons, belonging to courts, manors, and liberties, of which very few even suspected the existence, until he found his way into them, were explored and reported upon. Many of these petty gaols were perfect hells in their small way. There was a petty prison in Whitechapel, used for the confinement of debtors in sums of more than two pounds, and less than five. For these trifling amounts, five-and-twenty persons were incarcerated in a gaol quite out of repair, and only possessing the most miserable accommodation for such

as could afford to pay the exorbitant demands of the keeper ; who, on his part, had not merely no salary for his services, but had to share with the lady of the manor—the private owner of the prison—the proceeds of his extortion, to the extent of twenty-four pounds a-year ! Although these wretches were confined for sums which only the very poor would be unable to pay, they were nevertheless forced to find 2s. 10½d. each for garnish, to be drank by their new comrades at the keeper's tap ; besides which, they were not permitted to share in the produce of the begging-box, miserable as it was, until they had paid the gaoler an additional fee of 2s. 6d., and treated the community to half-a-gallon of beer. Howard found there ten or twelve noisy fellows playing at skittles ; and, noticing the fact, was told they were only visitors ! A few days after his visit to this strange place, we find him pursuing his inquiries at a house of detention for Tower Hamlets ; being a public-house in Wellclose-square, kept by a Swede—who was at once host and gaoler. French captives were confined in this place. When Howard called for the first time, there was only one prisoner ; and although, at intervals, he continued to look in for several years, he never saw more than that number. The house was nearly in ruins. Similar to this, was St. Catherine's Gaol—a small house, two stories high, and having but two rooms on a floor. At his first visit, it had no inmates ; but he did not therefore neglect it in his subsequent rounds. He never found any one, however, in confinement—and the last time he called, even the keeper had vanished, and it was uninhabited.

The King's Bench—one of the oldest prisons in London—was the subject of many visits. It also had attractions, old and new. It was the prison of madcap Prince Hal, and of fanatical Thomas Story,—there had lived for six years, and there died, the famous John Rushworth. Richard Baxter had been there too—a man very likely to interest John Howard ; as had also Tobias Smollet, for his libel on Admiral Knowles. But the visitor took no pains to notice these mere personal facts. Four years before his visit, poor Kit Smart, the friend of Garrick and Johnson, and author of the "Hilliad," had died

within the walls, poor, abandoned by the world, and deranged in his intellect ; but the things which appealed to Howard's sympathy were, the absence of all provision of food for the prisoners, the extortions practised for the profit of the Marshal, the existence of wine and beer clubs in the gaol, the riot which prevailed at all times in the court, the sale of spirituous liquors within the walls, the gaming,—connived at, if not encouraged,—and the want of an infirmary for the sick. The last prison examined during his present sojourn in the metropolis, was the Borough Compter, in Tooley-street, Southwark. Here he found that debtors and felons were huddled together in the most approved fashion of the times.—“The prison is much out of repair, and ruinous ; no infirmary ; no bedding ; no straw”—such is the laconic description given of it by the inspector. The debtors, however, enjoyed the advantage of a legacy from Nell Gwynn, consisting of sixty-five penny loaves every eight weeks. This building was pulled down by the rioters of 1780.

From the 4th of May to the 24th of June, there are no traces of Howard. It is probable that his health had suffered from his constant exertions, and the many perils to which they had exposed him—perils which even medical practitioners in some cases, and gaolers in many, refused to share with him,—and that, on the completion of his laborious survey of the London prisons, he returned to Cardington for a few weeks of quiet. While recruiting his strength for further trials, he had the gratification to see his efforts in the cause of prison reform begin to bear fruit. In consequence of the information which he had laid before the House of Commons, two bills had been brought forward—based on the original draft of Mr. Popham—for the better regulation of prisons, which in due course received the sanction of the legislature and the crown. The first of these enactments, passed on the 31st of March, 1774, declares that all prisoners against whom no bills of indictment shall be found by the grand jury, or who shall be discharged by proclamation for want of prosecution, shall be immediately set at large in open court, without payment of any fee or sum of

money to the sheriff or gaoler, in respect of such discharge ; and, abolishing all such fees for the future, it directs the payment, in lieu of them, of a sum not exceeding 13s. 4d. out of the county rate—or out of the public stock of cities, towns, and hamlets not contributing to such rate—for every prisoner discharged in either of the cases provided for by the statute. The other bill, which became law on the 2d of June—while Howard was resting from his labours at Cardington—authorizes and requires the justices to see that the walls and ceilings of all prisons, within their respective jurisdictions, be scraped and whitewashed once a-year at least,—that the rooms be regularly washed and ventilated,—that infirmaries be provided for the sick, and proper care taken of the same,—to order clothes for the prisoners when they see occasion,—to prevent their being kept in under-ground dungeons, whenever they can,—and, generally, to take such measures as shall tend to restore and preserve their health.

With what satisfaction Howard would receive these humane and necessary laws, may be readily imagined ; but he did not content himself with merely seeing them placed among the statutes at large. His work did not end there ; for his experience had shown him how powerless were even good laws in the hands of ignorant or selfish functionaries, and how much uncertainty prevailed amongst them as to what was or was not strictly legal. In order, therefore, that no time might be lost in rendering the new laws operative, he caused them to be reprinted in a larger character—at his own expense—and sent a copy of them to every warder and gaoler in the kingdom.

Having despatched this business, and put the new laws into a fair train for coming into speedy operation, Howard again set out upon his sacred mission—still further to complete and correct his gleanings, and personally to overlook the enforcement of these Acts. This time his visits lay to the principal gaols in the different counties of North Wales, and many of those of South Wales—in addition to revisitation of such English prisons as lay in his routes. During this tour of inspection a new subject of investigation forced itself upon

his attention—The Bridewells. He thus refers to the origin of these new inquiries :—"Seeing in two or three of them [the county gaols] some poor creatures whose aspect was singularly deplorable, and asking the cause of it, the answer was, 'They were lately brought from the bridewells.' This started a fresh subject of inquiry. I resolved to inspect the bridewells; and for that purpose, travelled again into the counties where I had been, and indeed into all the rest—examining houses of correction, city and town gaols. I beheld in many of them, as well as in the county gaols, a complication of distress; but my attention was chiefly fixed by the gaol-fever and the small-pox, which I saw prevailing to the destruction of multitudes, not only of felons in their dungeons, but of debtors also." Towards the end of July, 1774, we find the indefatigable tourist setting out on a new journey—not having been at Cardington for more than a few days. In this tour, he travelled many hundreds of miles,—traversed fifteen counties,—and examined, with very minute attention, fifty prisons; but as the particular reports present only the same general features as those already produced, we shall pass them over rapidly, noting only a few points of especial interest. Re-calling at Reading and Ilchester, he moved on—inspecting, advising, relieving, as he went—to Taunton, Shepton Mallet, Devizes, Marlborough, Bath, Gloucester, Hereford, Monmouth, Brecon, Cardigan, Haverfordwest, Carmarthen, and Cardiff. At this last-named town, a new gaol was being built. A circumstance came to his knowledge here, which must have caused him not a little regret that his visit had not been somewhat earlier. A poor man had been confined in the gaol for an exchequer debt of seven pounds; for ten long years he had borne up against the hardships of his dungeon, but with small hope of ever regaining his liberty. At length his strength and patience were exhausted. He had given way, and died of that sickness of the heart—long baffled hope—only a short time before the Friend of the Captive entered his cell to find it tenantless!

From Cardiff, Howard proceeded through Cowbridge into England, where he continued his journey by way of Usk,

Berkley, Bristol, Taunton, Bridgewater, Exeter, Bodmin, and Lostwithiel, to Plymouth. Plymouth could then boast of eminence in the way of prison horrors. The gaol had a room for felons called the Chink, 17 feet long, 8 wide, and only 5½ high—so that a person of ordinary stature could not stand erect in it! This diabolical dungeon was also dark and stifling—having neither air nor light, except such as could struggle through a wicket in the door, 5 inches by 7 in dimensions. Yet Howard learned, with horror, that *three* men had been kept in this den, under a sentence of transportation, for nearly two months! They could neither see, nor breathe freely,—nor could they stand upright. To keep the breath of life in themselves at all, they were forced to crouch—each in his turn—at the wicket, to catch a breath of air; otherwise they must have died of suffocation—for the door was rarely opened. When Howard saw it, the door had not been opened for five weeks, and yet it was inhabited! He caused the bolts to be shot, and an entry made; when the indescribable stench which issued would have driven back any less courageous visitor; he, however, forced his way in, and found there a pallid, miserable wretch, who had languished in that living grave for seventy mortal days, awaiting transportation. The prisoner declared to his questioner that he would prefer being executed at once, to being buried any longer in his loathsome dungeon—and no wonder. The rest of the gaol was in keeping with this specimen. With his usual chariness of words, Howard thus describes it:—"The whole is dirty, and has not been whitewashed for many years; no court; no water; no straw."

From this scene of horror, we trace the footsteps of the philanthropist through Dorchester, Sherborne, Salisbury, Winchester, Gosport, Southampton, Portsmouth, Newport, in the Isle of Wight, Petworth, Chichester, and Horsham, home again to Cardington; where fresh labours awaited him, and a new path opened before him, which for a time threatened to divert or at least divide his attention with the one great subject which had lately engrossed his thoughts.

All the world knows that Woburn Abbey, the princely

residence of the Russells, is situated in the vicinity of Bedford, from which town the family obtains its title,—and that, as usually happens in the neighbourhood of aristocratic houses, the influence of the family is, and ever has been, nearly paramount in the politics of the place. Last century, however, Bedford owned a not undisputed supremacy. The corporation of the town was sometimes more than a little restive under the yoke—and at this particular time a feud was raging between rival influences. The Duke of Bedford was not a popular man; and in the year 1769—for ever rendered memorable by the Letters of Junius, in which the duke makes a wretched figure—the corporation finally broke with him, and set up Wilkes and Liberty! in his stead. The unrivalled irony of Junius—the clever diatribes of Horne Tooke—the city eloquence of Aldermen Townshend and Sawbridge—and the turbulent energy of a host of minor antagonists, had shaken the credit of the ministry with the nation, and raised up opposition to its members even among their more immediate friends and dependants—as it was then the custom to call all parties having political connexions with the heads of great families. The public assaults on the lord of Woburn Abbey had been too frequent and decisive—the corruptions charged home against him had been too outrageous and well sustained, not to have roused the vindictive feelings of those who had so deeply felt his former power. The corporation of Bedford, assuming a patriotic attitude, determined to free their town from the yoke of the Abbey; but in order to carry their point, that body had recourse to a plan which was at least questionable in a legal point of view, and obviously open to great abuses. During the height of the Wilkes controversy—when popular sympathies were with them—they ventured in a single day to create 500 honorary freemen of the borough, at the head of whom were Horne Tooke and other popular leaders. Whether this move answered its intention, it is not our business to inquire; suffice it to say, that its legality or illegality remained for a while untested by any regular issue in a court of law.

In a few years, however, the public excitement wore away

—the patriotic fervour declined—and the authority of the corporation of Bedford fell into the hands of a clique of persons, who employed their power over the honorary freemen for selfish and unworthy ends. The recent move had placed influence in their hands; and they used it for their personal profit and aggrandizement, just as the lords of Woburn Abbey had done when their power was in the ascendant. Supported by these votes, they disposed of the representation at their pleasure. Voters who did not belong to the clique were of course dissatisfied with affairs. They charged the corporation with venality and tyranny. Within the town itself, an opposition arose to the policy of the municipal body; though for a time this opposition did not assume a very threatening shape. At length, however, the signal was given—and the two parties stood in presence of each other. Bedford was on the eve of an election. Reposing on its numerical strength, and confident from its long supremacy in the politics of the borough, the Corporation—at least so it was said and generally believed—put up the representation for public sale. At first there was some difficulty in procuring candidates on the terms demanded; but the members persevered, and success at length crowned their search. They found their men, and having made their bargain, presented them to the proposed constituency. The buyers were Sir William Wake, Bart., and Mr. Robert Sparrow,—men of wealth, strangers to the neighbourhood, and publicly as well as personally unknown to the electors.

It is not to be supposed that so shameless an attempt to trade with rights and liberties would be quietly endured by a whole constituency; even Bedford contained a number of spirited inhabitants who could not tamely sit down while such things were being done in their name. The enlightened portion of the public, of all parties—churchmen and dissenters, reformers and ministerialists—joined together for resistance; and casting about them for persons to lead in the matter, they naturally enough fixed their eyes on Howard and his friend and relative Mr. Whitbread—men of whose private worth and public spirit they were well aware. As the oppo-

sition was the work of an instant, the invitation to come forward as a candidate came upon Howard quite unexpectedly. As soon as he arrived at Cardington from his western tour, a deputation waited on him with the proposal. The day of the election was then only a fortnight distant, and the two parties seemed extremely unequal. Besides the aid of the corporation, the rival candidates had availed themselves of the ordinary means of corruption, and had had the advantage of a long personal canvass. The entire constituency was only about 1100 persons; and the municipal faction, a compact party in itself, could count, in addition to its own resources, on the great majority of its 500 creatures. The chances of success for the reformers were therefore not very great. The justice of their cause, and the reputation of the patriotic candidates, were however no mean advantages. There was little time for deliberation—and Howard decided at once. He threw himself into the scale. His motives for so doing can hardly be considered personal. The thought which chiefly actuated him, was a desire to open up to Anglican Dissenters a path to public employments and parliamentary honours. As in the case of the shrievalty, there was a principle at stake—and Howard in the House of Commons, would have been, in respect to the law or fashion of exclusion, a wholesome example to the country at large. It is a pleasing instance of the great respect in which his character was held by those who knew him intimately as a neighbour and a magistrate, that we find men of all ranks and creeds, forgetting their petty jealousies of him and of each other—a thing less easy and less frequently done in those days than now—banding themselves together, to fight under his banner the common battle against injustice and corruption. Some of the most orthodox ministers and members of the English Church did themselves and their denomination honour by cordially acting with Howard's committee to secure his return.

Party feeling ran high. An extempore contest is usually a rough one; and here was a sudden stand-up fight between venality and respectability. Wake and Sparrow were regarded as purchasers of their expected honours; the fact was gravely

recognised, even in the pulpit. During the height of the canvas a patriotic clergyman of the established church startled his hearers one Sunday morning, by taking for his text—"Are not two *Sparrows* sold for one farthing? Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many *Sparrows*."

At length came the day of trial. Each party went to the poll confident of victory—the well-informed being aware that the contest would be sharp. The party of the municipality had a manifest advantage over their opponents, in the fact of having the machinery of the election in their own hands; and it was generally expected that whatever might be the result of the polling, they would declare their own candidates returned. In the subsequent scrutiny, it appeared that they had not been slow to avail themselves of this chance of success. The returning officer was charged with gross partiality in rejecting certain votes, tendered for his political opponents, which had never been objected to before; and with receiving many others, for his own friends, which ought not to have been received. The means thus used and abused, there is little wonder that the popular candidates—neither of them men to stoop to gain a vote—should have been found at the bottom of the poll. The published results were:—Wake, 527; Sparrow, 517; Whitbread, 429; Howard, 402.

Considering the suddenness of the contest and the influence brought to bear on it by the corporation, this return was no discredit to the losing side. That Mr. Whitbread should have commanded more votes than Howard, admits of simple explanation. His property in the neighbourhood was immense, that of his friend was insignificant; in addition to which, he was a member of the Church of England, and on that score alone received the support of some to whom all the virtues of Howard would not atone for his dissent. And at the bottom, this election was considered, not only by his immediate supporters, but by many congregations throughout the country—and also by himself—as in some sort a Dissenters' demonstration of reviving power and influence in the councils of the state.

The gentlemen at the head of the poll, were returned as duly elected; the other two, convinced that they had been excluded only by gross unfairness, resolved to petition against the return, and thus bring the question of the legality or illegality of the proceedings of the corporation to an issue. In the interval which elapsed between the election and the time when his presence would be required in London in support of the petition, Howard did not waste his time in brooding over his imagined wrongs. Ere the bustle of the contest could well be over in the streets of Bedford, we find him traversing with great rapidity the large manufacturing counties of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Warwickshire; investigating the criminal state of those important districts, and revisiting on his way many well-known abodes of misery,—particularly the bridewells. As a specimen of the condition in which he found some of these latter, we transcribe his account of one at Folkingham, in Lincolnshire:—"In this prison, under the keeper's house, are five damp rooms; two of which were used for a lunatic, who was confined here for some years. The men's lodging-room, (18 feet by 9½, and 6 feet 9 inches high,) has only an aperture in the door, a foot square, into the work-room. The women's room is 13 feet by 8, and 6 feet 2 inches high. In another room, 20½ feet by 12, you go down by a trap-door in the floor seven steps into a horrid dungeon, (10 feet square, 5½ feet high;) no chimney; small court; no pump; no sewer. Yet a woman, with a child at her breast, was sent hither for a year and a day! The child died." His reports on the others do not call for particular observation. At the end of November he again reached home, bringing back a new mass of valuable facts and observations.

On the 6th of December, 1774, dates the commencement of a new tour of observation,—this time taking the direction of the principal towns and cities of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, and Hertford. After a rest of a few days, this journey was continued into Ireland, Scotland, and the northern counties of England. Few notices of these investigations now remain. With the state of prisons in Ireland, the philanthropist seems to have been much gratified, especially with the

facts, that in most of them no liquors were suffered to be sold—that the clergyman was empowered to order the felons' bread for the parish in which he resided—and that the separation of male and female convicts was generally provided for and enforced,—also with some minor points of discipline, as favourably contrasting with arrangements in similar places in the more civilized sister country. His visit to Scotland was very brief, but was nevertheless honourable to himself and of signal service to that part of the kingdom. The magistrates and people of Glasgow seem to have been the first to pay the tribute of public honours to the extraordinary man who now appeared amongst them. He was kindly received by all ranks and classes in that place—was invested with the freedom of the city, and was treated in public and private as became his merits and their intelligence. From this distant part of the empire he moved rapidly southward—still visiting and re-visiting the gaols and bridewells in his route to London, where his presence was required to give evidence in support of the Bedford petition.

The London prisons, however, were not neglected even now. On the 5th of March 1775, he made his first call at Newgate. It curiously illustrates the absence of all mere sentiment as a motive in Howard's prison visits, to see that this great gaol, though perhaps more closely woven with the story of England's religious life than any other in the metropolis, was one of the last at which he called. From the Reformation downward, Newgate had been the home of many of our noblest martyrs—of John Bradford, the friend of Ridley, and John Rough, the author of that noble "Letter to some Friends;" of John Field and Thomas Wilcox, whom Fuller visited in prison, and whose Admonition to Parliament for the Reformation of Church Discipline was the great organ of Puritan doctrine; of Leighton, father of the great Archbishop, and Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. Nor had it wanted other and more graceful inmates. George Wither occupied a cell in Newgate; as did afterwards George Sackville, poet, rake, and Earl of Dorset. Titus Oates had also lived, and Dangerfield had died there. As sides were up or down, Puritan and Churchman, Catholic and

Dissenter, went there in turn. After Oates and Dangerfield came Bishops Ellis and Leyburn, and Lord Preston; Burnett visited the poor bishops in their noisome dungeon, when he was so shocked at their miserable plight that he commanded the keeper, in the dreaded name of the Prince of Orange, to remove them into less disgusting cells. Defoe was carried from the pillory to Newgate, where he wrote his Hymn to the Pillory, that

“ Hieroglyphic State machine
Contrived to punish Fancy in.”

But other than historical sentiments and historical interests carried Howard into Newgate. He found that Richard Akerman, Boswell's friend, was gaoler, with a salary of 200*l.* a-year. The fees were, for debtors, 8*s.* 10*d.* and garnish, 2*s.* 6*d.*; together, 11*s.* 4*d.*: for felons, 18*s.* 10*d.*, and garnish, 5*s.* 6*d.*; together, 1*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.*: for misdemeanours or fines, 14*s.* 10*d.*;—and for transports, the same. How if these sums could not be paid? The men remained in gaol *to rot*. The prison was dirty, the prisoners were idle and dissolute. The terrible gaol-fever was never long absent from its yards and cells. A few years before, it had broken out with such violence as to put the whole city into a panic of fear. It spread into the session-house, where the court was then sitting, and with such deadly effect that two of the judges, the lord mayor, several of the jurymen, and a great number of other persons died of it. Similar outbreaks of the pent-up poisons were not unfrequent.

Besides the joint petition from Mr. Whitbread and himself, another had been presented from a large body of the electors—their political supporters—praying for an inquiry into the truth of certain facts alleged to have taken place during the recent contest. A committee was appointed, and the matter was gone into in the presence of the unsuccessful candidates, their counsel, and friends, on the 14th of March, 1775.

For reasons already hinted at, this scrutiny excited a good deal of interest in the country; and its various stages were watched and noted with anxiety. There were two principal points on which it appeared that the verdict must necessarily

turn:—the first was, the acceptance or rejection of the votes of the honorary freemen, most of whom had recorded their names in favour of the corporation candidates; and the second, the sanction of the claim of certain burgesses of the town, who, in various ways, received benefit from a munificent bequest of Sir William Harpur, a native of Bedford, who about a century before had removed to London, had become a great merchant and lord mayor, and at his death had left a large portion of his property to his old townsmen—and from some other charities. Before the present election, the votes of this latter class of burgesses had never been objected to, and they were now called in question only because the majority of them had been tendered for Howard and Whitbread. These two points were finally determined by the committee in favour of the respective claimants—the votes of both were pronounced to be good. The honorary freemen were held to be legally qualified; participation in the educational or other benefits derived from Harpur's bequest was ruled to be no bar to qualification. This decision reversed the numerical order of the poll: Whitbread and Howard were now at the head, and for several days it was believed that they were returned. During this interval of supposed success, Howard wrote to his friend Symmonds, detailing the principal facts as they had transpired; but declaring that could he have defeated the corporation agents on the question of their right to make freemen at will, even at the expense of his seat, he would have done so with pleasure. These agents, however, adepts in the arts of electioneering, were not to be so easily beaten. Driven from one line of defence, they took up another. Ministers also interfered. Howard was known to be honest. He had pronounced an opinion against the government measures in America. He had a habit of blurting out his thoughts. Worst of all, it was believed that he would never take a bribe, nor sell his constituents for a smile, a dinner, or a place. Such a man was to be feared. Fresh objections were started. The Committee had laid it down as a principle, that persons either residing in Bedford under certificates from other parishes or receiving advantage from Harpur's testament—and from some other

charities—were legally qualified to vote; but in a subsequent part of the proceedings, they drew a nice distinction between these endowments and one other charity—whether a just distinction or not, it were idle now to inquire—the effect of which was to alter materially the relative position of the candidates. When the changes caused by this new decision were made, the poll stood thus:—Whitbread, 574; Howard, 542; Wake, 541; Sparrow, 530. The patriots stood at the head of the poll—though their majority was now small; but the committee in its last sitting ruled that the vote of every elector who had accepted parochial relief within six months of the polling day should be struck out of the lists. This decision excluded Howard; for when the figures were finally made up, they presented the following results:—Whitbread, 568; Wake, 541; Howard, 537; Sparrow, 529.

Thus, by a minority of four voices only, was the Philanthropist saved from falling into the position of a dull representative of a dull provincial town. That he was himself, for a time at least, disappointed and grieved at the result, there is good reason to believe; the more so as he did not enter into the contest to gratify his own pride or ambition. In a letter written to the reverend friend before named, only four days after the report of the committee was made known, he expresses his feelings at the result in stronger language than he habitually used:—

“Dear Sir,—Accept of my best thanks for your kind assistance and zealous attachment in an affair in which it has pleased God to rebuke us—I may say *us* Dissenters; for having the honour of being supported by them, and for being myself a Dissenter, I was made a victim by the ministry. Most surely I should not have fallen in with all their severe measures relative to the Americans; and my constant declaration that not one emolument of five shillings, were I in parliament, would I ever accept of, marked me out as an object of their aversion. Two or three of the members told me of it on Monday; but I insisted, as the committee were on oath, that they *must* be consistent in their resolution as to the charities; and, as ancient usage was the line they went

on, they never could disqualify the freemen in the town, as *we* knew many non-residents who were paupers, but we never objected to them. Yet, alas! when one would not do, both must be brought—even resolutions tortured—sooner than one private, independent person have his seat. I sensibly feel for an injured people; their affection and esteem I shall ever reflect on with pleasure and gratitude. As to myself, I calmly retire. It may be promotive of my best interest. On account of my large and extensive acquaintance, and the very kind part the Protestant Dissenters of *all* denominations took in the affair, the result hurts me not a little; yet, in the firm belief in an over-ruling Providence, I would say,—‘It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth right. He maketh light arise out of darkness.’ ”

Knowing, as we do, the future of Howard’s career, and reflecting that his return to the House of Commons *might* have put an end to his prison-labours, and *must* have interfered with them, it is impossible not to rejoice at the result, and to join in the pious sentiment of resignation here expressed. To those who regarded the failure of his petition as a personal and party defeat, his rejection was a source of deep mortification; but this only proves how little prophetic are multitudes when under the excitement of strong passions. There is probably not a sectary in existence now who will regret the adverse circumstance which served to rescue from the purposes of party the time and talents which were of such eminent value to mankind.

CHAPTER VII.

PRISONS ABROAD.

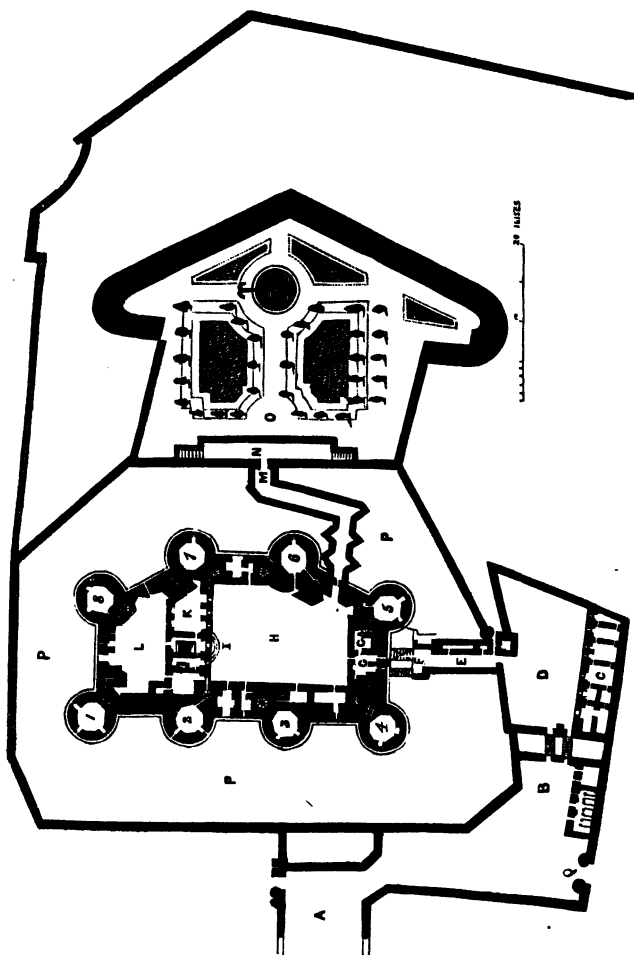
WHILE the parliamentary inquiry was in progress, Howard was not so much absorbed in it as to neglect his more serious mission. The greater part of the time he employed in a series of visits to the metropolitan prisons. As before noted, his efforts were not confined to obtaining information, measuring, weighing, and observing—his benevolence was not of that abstract character. His mind was, in fact, eminently practical—fond of realities—more powerfully inclined to apply than to assert principles. It is greatly to be regretted that we have so few memorials of his private benevolence extant and known. That his charities and benefactions were considerable—that he carried not only light, and air, and consolation into hundreds of dungeons, but food and raiment also into many, and the more precious boons of life and liberty into not a few—is a fact beyond question; though his singular modesty has caused almost every trace of these generous actions to be lost. On his return from his journey into Ireland and Scotland it was his intention to have at once arranged his papers and given them to the world; had he been seated for Bedford, he probably would have done so. What would have followed, it is not easy now to say; but as Providence had otherwise willed in closing against him that particular career of usefulness, he wisely resolved to walk for the future in his own path—to devote his time, his talents, and his fortune, to a more thorough and systematic inquiry into the gaol system, at home and abroad, than it had ever yet received. To render his plan complete, even in its preliminary stage, he determined to travel into France, Germany and Holland—Europe being now at peace,—and inspect what-

soever was most notable in the way of crime and prisons in those countries; with this purpose he quitted England in April, 1775.

Paris was the first halting-place of this journey—the different gaols of which he purposed to examine. But he found that this was not so easy as he had hoped. Bread riots were of daily occurrence in Paris, Versailles, and other towns; and the prisons were full of victims. The soldiers were under arms in Paris night and day; and armed patrols swept the streets every few hours. Every morning there were executions. Turgot was then making his last struggle for reform, and France was entering on the first throes of her revolution. The police of Paris had no time to waste on the grievances of prisoners; and the political prisons of the French capital—Vincennes, St. Lazare, and the Bastille—were rigorously closed against the traveller's researches. Nor could he obtain leave to visit the civil prisons, until he fortunately discovered that there was an old law of the parliament of Paris which directed the keepers of prisons in that city to admit all persons into them who were desirous of bestowing a donation on the prisoners, and to allow them to distribute their alms with their own hands,—except in the case of prisoners who were confined in the dark cells; to these the keeper was enjoined to present the gifts himself, but in the presence of the donor. Provided with a copy of this old law, Howard knocked at the gate of the Grand Châtelet. But the law had fallen into disuse. So little had it ever been acted upon, it was not even known to the warder—and he was still refused admittance. He repaired to the Commissary of Prisons, and pleading the provisions of the law and his own desire to relieve the wants of the prisoners, he obtained an authorization to inspect not only the Grand Châtelet, but the still more dreadful Petit Châtelet and Fort l'Évêque. This old regulation proved of the utmost service to Howard, as it enabled him to speak with, and examine, more or less, almost every inmate of these great prisons. Of course this advantage was procured at not a little outlay in charities. The two last-named places of confinement were among the very worst

and most revolting of the state prisons in Paris—excepting of course the Bastille, St. Lazare, and Vincennes; having underground dungeons, dark, damp, and noisome beyond description. The other chief prisons of the French capital were—the Conciergerie, the Abbaye, and the Bicêtre. The Conciergerie was an ordinary prison, having an airy court and a fine piazza, but its dungeons were very dark and offensive. The Abbaye was used for the confinement of the military and men of rank. In the debtors' rooms of this prison, a simple partition of lath and plaster detached from the brick wall, answered the purpose of an expedient to prevent escapes; for if the smallest perforation were made in the wall it was immediately discovered by the mortar falling. There were six small dungeons; in which narrow spaces the keeper told his visitor that fifty persons were sometimes confined at once. The Bicêtre was rather an enormous hospital than a gaol, being used in both capacities, and also as a sort of poor-house. In this great lazaret were congregated the most revolting objects of a great capital—the poor, the criminal, the diseased, and the insane! Howard says the most common and fatal distemper amongst them was the scorbute,—which they contracted from never being allowed to go out of their rooms for air or exercise. Many lost their lives by it, and many more the use of their limbs. All the prisoners were sickly, and had a melancholy look. The establishment, like every other hospital in Paris at that time, was very ill managed and very dirty; several sick people were crowded into each bed; there was no fire-place in any of the rooms; and in the severe winter of 1775, several hundred persons had perished within its walls of cold.

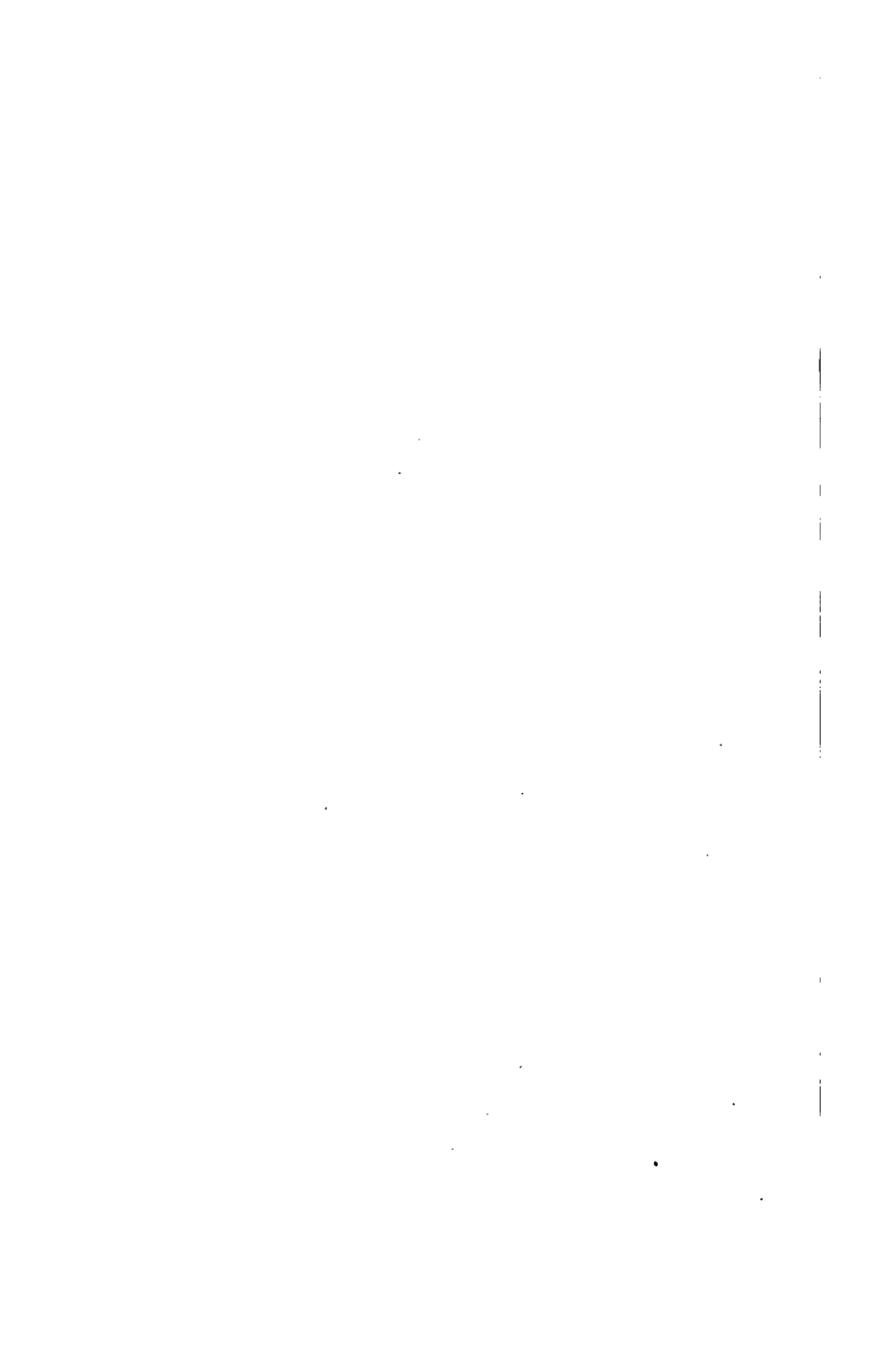
We have mentioned the Bastille. If Howard had found it difficult to obtain access to other prisons, he found it impossible to penetrate the recesses of this ominous fortress. The old law, so convenient elsewhere, did not extend to the state prisons of Vincennes and the Porte St. Antoine. He made many other efforts—but in vain. Neither the influence of the English ambassador, nor the efforts of his Parisian friends, availed to open the gates of the Bastille. It was not the



THE BASTILLE.

- A. Avenue by the Rue St. Antoine.
- B. Entrance and First Draw-bridge.
- C. Hotel du Gouvernement.
- D. First Court.
- E. Avenue leading to the Great Court.
- F. Gates of the Great Court and Draw-bridge.
- G. Corps de Garde.
- H. Great Court within the Towers.
- I. Staircase leading to the Council Chamber.
- K. Council Chamber.
- L. Court du Puits.
- M. Way to the Garden.
- N. Steps to the Garden.

- O. Garden.
- P. Fosses.
- Q. Passage to the Arena Garden.
- 1. Tower du Puits.
- 2. Tower de la Liberté.
- 3. Tower de la Bertaudière.
- 4. Tower de Bazinière.
- 5. Tower de la Comté.
- 6. Tower du Trésor.
- 7. Tower de la Chapelle.
- 8. Tower du Coin.



custom of its janitors to permit any man to go in and out at pleasure. Once its gloomy gates were passed, seldom did the traveller return ; and when such *was* the case, he was rigorously forbidden to reveal the secrets of his prison-house. It was dangerous to speak of the fortress. Even in the privacy of domestic society the subject was prohibited. Attracted by its reputation as the abode of wrongs and cruelties, unimagined and unimaginable—likely to act on a pure and sympathetic mind with a powerful fascination—as much, perhaps, as from any reasonable hope of being able to render assistance to its victims, Howard exhausted every means of forcing an entry. Failing to obtain an authorization, he loitered about its walls, its gates, its ditches, for hours and hours, hoping that chance might effect what influence could not. But the chance never offered. At length, when his time was spent, and his patience exhausted, being resolved not to quit Paris without some glimpse, however brief, of this dark world, he one day presented himself at the outer gate, at the end of the Rue St. Antoine,—rang the bell loudly—and, on its being opened by the officer in charge, boldly stepped in—passed the sentry—walked coolly through a file of guards who were on duty—and advanced as far as the great drawbridge in the inner court. While standing there, contemplating the dismal structure, an officer ran towards him, evidently surprised and agitated at the apparition of a stranger in the place ; Howard caught a sight of the man, and, as his manner appeared threatening and suspicious, our countryman thought it prudent to retreat,—which he did, repassing the guard, who were mute with astonishment at his strange temerity, and thus regained the freedom which few ever saw again after having once crossed that fatal threshold. That this sort of freak was dangerous, a less simple-minded man would have comprehended much more fully ; and to those who are aware of the peril, it is a matter of profound satisfaction that the Philanthropist, at the outset of his great career, so nearly escaped being added to the long list of Bastille victims. Had the gates closed on his intrusive footsteps, his career would have been

short; his spirit would have worn itself away against the bars of its iron cages; and he might have been buried under a menial's name,—as was the custom with the dead who died in that great prison of state.

As may be supposed, this adventure did not diminish the interest which Howard felt in the Bastille. Having heard that a pamphlet had been written on the subject the year before, by a person who had himself been confined in it for several years, he endeavoured to procure a copy; but the sale being rigorously interdicted by the government, the work itself proscribed, and the printed copies bought up and burnt, he was some time before he could meet with it. A diligent search, however, had its reward. He procured a copy of the pamphlet, brought it to England—translated and published it in his own book—gave it the sanction of his name, and with that a European circulation. The following are a few of the chief passages of this famous pamphlet: "This castle is a state prison, consisting of eight very strong towers, surrounded with a fosse about 120 feet wide, and a wall 60 feet high. The entrance is at the end of the street St. Antoine, by a drawbridge and great gates into the court of the Hôtel du Gouvernement, and from thence over another drawbridge to the corps de garde, which is separated by a strong barrier, constructed with beams plated with iron, from the great court. This court is about 120 feet by 80. In it is a fountain. Six of the towers—which are united by walls of freestone, 10 feet thick up to the top—surround it. Contiguous to it are the other two towers. On the top of the towers is a platform, continued in terraces, on which the prisoners are sometimes permitted to walk, attended by a guard. On this platform are thirteen cannons mounted. . . . The dungeons of the tower of Liberty extend under the kitchen. . . . Near that tower is a small chapel on the ground-floor. . . . In the wall are five niches, into which the prisoners are put to hear mass, where they can neither see nor be seen. The dungeons at the bottom of the towers exhale the most offensive scents, and are the receptacle of toads, rats, and other vermin. In the corner of each is a camp-bed, made of planks, laid on iron

bars that are fixed to the wall, and the prisoners are allowed some straw to put on the boards. These dens are dark, having no windows, but openings into the ditch; they have double doors, the inner ones plated with iron, with large bolts and locks. Of the five classes of chambers, the most horrid, next to the dungeons, are those in which are *cages of iron*. There are three of them. They are formed of beams, with strong plates of iron, and are each 8 feet by 6. The calottes, or chambers at the top of the towers, are somewhat more tolerable. They are formed of eight arcades of freestone. Here one cannot walk but in the centre of the room. There is hardly sufficient space for a bed from one arcade to another. The windows, being in walls 10 feet thick, and having iron grates within and without, admit but little light. In these rooms the heat in summer is excessive, and the cold in winter. Almost all the other rooms [of the towers] are octagons, about 20 feet in diameter, and from 14 to 15 high. They are very cold and damp. . . . If prisoners of note are dangerously ill, they are generally removed, that they may not die in this prison. The persons who die there are buried under the names of menials. . . . One of the sentinels on the inside of the castle rings a bell every hour, day and night, to give notice that they are awake; and on the rounds outside the castle they ring every quarter of an hour."

The work from which these extracts are taken was brought to England, translated, and published by Howard, and with his other works, was read in every country in Europe. The government of France never forgot or forgave this offence; and by-and-by we shall see what shape their anger will assume. On the whole, however, our countryman saw much to admire in French prisons as compared against those of England. The correctional science of France was then certainly in advance of our own. The common prisons were generally clean and fresh; they had no gaol-distemper—no prisoner in them was ironed. The allowance of food was ample. These important provisions shame us for the barbarities then practised at home.

With a collection of the Criminal Laws of France in his

pocket, together with his notes on the prisons, visited and unvisited, Howard quitted Paris for Brussels. Here he found little that was interesting in the line of his inquiries. In a letter written to a friend he gives some particulars of his way of life, and shows how heavily the serious and absorbing duties he had undertaken pressed upon his spirits. "I write to my friend," he says, "for relaxation from what so much engrosses my thoughts." Yet his whole letter is about prisons and prison-visits. "And indeed," he continues, "I force myself to the public dinners and suppers for that purpose; though I show so little respect to a set of men—the French cooks—who are so highly esteemed, that I have not tasted fish, flesh, or fowl, since I have been on this side the water." Nevertheless he enjoyed good health and good spirits. In consequence of the great distress, the popular riots, and the fear that grew upon all minds, there was little travelling. The public voitures were not crowded; the weather was very dry and fine; and such company as he fell in with on the road proved agreeable.

From Brussels he went to Ghent, a city famous in the history of correctional discipline. The Maison de la Force, a prison built by the States of Austrian Flanders, excited a large share of his attention, and furnished him with some of his most precious observations. For the time, it was the model prison of Europe, offering in almost every department the most striking contrast to the arrangements of English prisons. The convicts were properly lodged, fed, clothed, instructed, worked. The utmost regularity, order, and cleanliness prevailed; there was no drunkenness; no riot; no excessive misery; no ironing; no starvation. The city was not, however, entirely free from gaol horrors. In all ages, the janitors of the Church have been severe custodians. Here they did not belie their character. The gaol belonging to the wealthy monastery of St. Benedict—the brotherhood of which possessed a great number of lordships, and had no small part of Ghent itself within their jurisdiction—adjoined the court-house of the Abbey, and consisted of three dreary dungeons, deep, close, foul, and dark. Howard descended into these wretched abodes, and according to his custom, began to

count the steps, to measure the cells, windows, and so forth ; which proceeding so alarmed and enraged the warder—unused to such doings in his office—that he somewhat gruffly turned the stranger out. Nor did he forget the imaginary insult. On Howard calling again, years afterwards, he refused him permission to enter—to speak with, or even to relieve, the inmates.

Through Bruges and Antwerp—the gaols of both which cities he carefully examined—the Philanthropist proceeded into Holland, by way of Rotterdam. Thence he passed on, doing his work as he went along, to Breda, Gouda, Delft, the Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, Lewardin, Groningen, Zwolle, Utrecht, and Deventer,—delighted with nearly everything he saw in this country. In all that related to the law and administration of penal science, Holland was at that time far in advance of the rest of Europe. Its general average of crime was remarkably low—of fraudulency, still lower. At Amsterdam our countryman learned with surprise, that in the whole of that populous city there had not been a single execution for ten years ; and that for a hundred years, one year with another, the average of the executions had not been more than one a-year ! Here was food for thought. Amsterdam then contained about 250,000 inhabitants—London about thrice the number ; in other respects the elements of comparison between the two cities were not unfair ; and Howard had before him some data for a comparison. In the year 1772, an elaborate table was compiled and published by Sir Theodore Janssen, showing the number of persons tried at the Old Bailey and capitally sentenced, during the twenty-three years, 1749—71, with the number of those actually executed. In these twenty-three years, there had been 794 persons condemned to death, of which number, 678 were hanged, while the remainder had either died in gaol, were pardoned, or transported. Taking those only who came to the gallows—678 give an average for the city of London of about 29½ per annum ; which again, allowing for the difference of population, allowed about *ten* executions in London to *one* in Amsterdam ! Nor did he find the paucity of

death punishments encourage the growth of crime in the Dutch city. At the period of his visit, there were only *six* delinquents confined in the gaols of that rich commercial town; and, what is perhaps still more remarkable, there were only *eighteen* debtors. The agents of restraint were moral, not material; resulting from education and public opinion, rather than from fear of bodily suffering. To be in prison for debt was considered an indelible disgrace. Howard, as usual, goes to the root of the matter:—"The principal cause that debtors, as well as capital offenders, are few, is the great care that is taken to train up the children of the poor, and indeed of all others, to industry. The States do not transport convicts; but men are put to labour in the rasp-houses, and women to proper work in the spin-houses—upon this professed maxim,

'MAKE THEM DILIGENT, AND THEY WILL BE HONEST.'

Great care is taken to give them moral and religious instruction and reform their manners, for their own and the public good; and I am well informed that many come out sober and honest. Some have even chosen to continue and work in the house after their discharge. Offenders are sentenced to these houses according to their crimes, for seven, ten, fifteen, twenty, and even ninety-nine years; but, to prevent despair, seldom for *life*. As an encouragement to sobriety and industry, those who distinguish themselves by such behaviour are discharged before the expiration of their term."

Entering Germany, our traveller examined the various prisons of Osnaburg, Bremen, Hanover, Brunswick, and some smaller cities, without encountering anything very notable—except the fact, which must have struck the Englishman, that few of them had any tenants. The gaols at Hamburg, also, were nearly empty—and in some other respects they commanded the approbation of their inspector; but he found that in the case of refractory criminals, an excess of severity was employed in that city which admitted of no justification, and which he heartily denounced. In a prison called the Büttuley, the felons were heavily laden with fetters; while in some instances the

most barbarous tortures were employed to make a suspected offender confess his crime. "Amongst the various engines," says Howard, "of Torture, or the Question, which I have seen in France, Italy, Germany, and many other countries, one of the most excruciating is kept and used in a deep cellar of this prison. It ought to be buried ten thousand fathoms deeper!" It is said that the inventor of this horrid instrument was the first to suffer by it; a sort of retribution which has frequently happened to those who have given to the world the results of their devilish ingenuity. At Osnaburg—a city which has given its name to a peculiar and most horrible kind of torture—and at Hanover, of which George III. was then sovereign, the same inhuman and absurd method of criminal investigation was still used. Speaking of the principal prison in Hanover, Howard indignantly observes:—"The execrable practice of torturing prisoners is here used in a cellar, where the horrid engine is kept. The time for it is, as in other countries, about two o'clock in the morning. A criminal suffered the Osnaburg torture *twice* about two years ago; the last time, at putting to him the third question—the executioner having torn off the hair from his head, breast, &c.—he confessed, and was executed." This was in 1774, in the hereditary domain of the prince whose madness drove the Americans into revolt the selfsame year.

Through Hanau and Hesse Cassel, the indefatigable traveller passed to Mannheim, where he found much to admire in the correctional science of this clean and pleasant city. A curious custom here attracted his attention:—Every person who was committed to the *Maison de la Force* for delinquency, was greeted at his entrance within its walls with what was quaintly termed the *bien-venu* (welcome); that is, he was seized by the officers of the gaol, stripped, and fastened by the neck, the hands and the feet, into a machine, which held him firm and tight; and as soon as this little arrangement was made, he received on the spot—according to the enormity of the offence, or the discretion of the magistrate—from twelve to thirty stripes. After the due performance of this ceremonial, the culprit was allowed to kiss the threshold, and walk in. In

peculiar cases, the same compliment was paid to the fellow on his discharge.

Mayence was the last place which Howard visited in Germany during this tour; at least, it is the last of which any record has been preserved. He returned towards England down the Rhine. From Bonn he wrote to his reverend friend at Bedford, remarking on the great heat of the weather, which rendered travelling very tedious and unpleasant. He had now turned his eyes towards home; but for three or four weeks he had not seen an English face—and this on the Rhine! He speaks of the vineyards as cooling and refreshing in the sultry days. He spent some Sundays, he says, with the French Protestants; and he adds with deep fervour, "I love and esteem them." On the subject of his own labours, he says—"As one's spirits are tired with the same subject, it is a relaxation and pleasure to write to a friend, which indeed is my case at present, being just come from the prisons in this place. I had visited many in France, Flanders, and Holland; but I thought I might gain some knowledge by looking into the German police. I have carefully visited some Prussian, Austrian, Hessian, and many other gaols. With the utmost difficulty did I get access to many dismal abodes; and, through the good hands of God, I have been preserved in health and safety. I hope I have gained some knowledge that may be improved to some valuable purpose."

And now what was this knowledge? What experiences had he gained abroad? Was there anything to distinguish the prisons of France, Germany, and Holland from those of England?

Yes, one great feature.

In almost every country of the Continent which Howard had yet visited, he had found the prisoners EMPLOYED. This was the strong point of contrast with the usage in England. In fact, *hard work* was the chief correctional agent at that time in operation abroad. In this country correction was hardly thought of—confinement was considered enough. In many foreign cities he found the offenders at work in sight of the public. As their crimes had been committed against

society, so, under the eyes of the corporate body which they had wronged, were they compelled to make atonement and compensation by their labour,—being employed to that end in rough, hard, menial work. For the greater part, they were occupied in cleansing the streets, repairing the highways, cutting stone, and so forth. Nor did the humane and judicious inspector discover that any evil consequence resulted from these open-day punishments. The labour so obtained was useful in some degree to the State; it inured the culprit to habits of industry, and it had a wholesome effect on those classes of the community from which the criminal population springs.

In the progress of the social sciences, and under the pressure of new necessities, this question of the advantages and disadvantages attending the infliction of punishments by means of labour, has come to occupy the attention of writers and statesmen.

With the results of a long series of years, and the workings of many penal systems before us, it may well be doubted whether our gigantic plan of hanging and transporting has not been altogether a mistake: at all events it has been a failure. We have exported vice—disease—lunacy, more largely than any other commodity; and yet the supply seems inexhaustible. We have hanged offenders ten times faster than other nations; and offences multiply on our hands in despite of our severity. England herself has not been improved by the process; while colonies of men as bad as demons have rapidly grown up in her penal settlements—after a time, it may be feared, to repay her in a coinage like her own. For half-a-century, England poured out its irreclaimable children into the southern states of North America—and the effects of that policy are visible down to this day. By this infusion of the criminal element we half destroyed the conscience of the new society; and in the obstinate hold which slavery maintains in that part of the United States—the index and natural result of a low condition of moral feeling—we reap the fruit of our own past vices.

About the time that Howard began to devote his attention

to this subject, the American colonies threw off the yoke, and the old outlets for this peculiar product of the English soil were closed. For a while our convicts had to be kept at home. The gaols filled rapidly; disease was engendered; it spread into the adjoining streets; and public attention was forced to the matter. Those writers and statesmen who had courage enough to strip the question of its traditions—to study it from first principles, without reference to the practice of the country—advised the abolition of transportation, in the form in which it had hitherto existed, altogether. But their views were premature, and their voices found no audience. There was then no public for such discussions; philosophy and humanity could obtain no hearing. Ministers, whose minds had been formed in office, feared and scouted the idea of innovation. The subject was in itself beset with difficulties. The penitentiary system was unknown to the ideas and habits of the country; and the boldest official of that time hardly thought of a culprit, except as a being to be coerced and crushed. Criminals, it was considered, had by their own act placed themselves out of the pale of the law, and no one was bound to think of their rights or wrongs: having set the law at defiance, they could have no claim on its protection. Certainly their voices could never reach, so as to influence, the public mind; no vote could well be gained or lost by doing justice to them; and a selfish estimate of the *practicable* interfered to prevent any large and fundamental reform being attempted. Keep your criminals in the country, and they are sure to be troublesome; send them to the colonies, and you have done with them at once: such was the facile way of solving the problem of the day!

In this manner—to idleness, to fear, to incapacity—another continent was doomed to be all but sacrificed. For fifty-seven years—1718-75—we sowed crime broadcast upon the great seaboard of North America, until the colonies themselves indignantly protested against and put an end to our insane policy. For a second term of fifty-seven years—1788-1845—we poured the same elements of moral and social corruption along the seaboard of Australia; until, arrested at length by

the threatening magnitude of the evil, we have been compelled suddenly to suspend our system, to admit an element of uncertainty and indecision into our penal administration, to start afresh and reconstruct our science and the practice that results from it anew. The question has returned to the precise point at which it stood in the days of Howard; and the solution for which *he* struggled was, the adoption of a correctional system to be carried out at home.

Why may not our criminals be employed to make havens, breakwaters, embankments, new roads, and so on? Objections, of course, are not wanting to this plan; but Howard's experience on the subject—and it will be remembered that *he* had no theory to maintain, *his* judgment was formed on the strictest induction from facts—is decisive, at least as to the chief objection. He says—"I have been very particular in my accounts of foreign houses of correction—especially those of the *Freest States*—to counteract a notion prevailing among *us*, that compelling prisoners to work, especially in public, was inconsistent with the principles of English liberty; at the same time that taking away the lives of such numbers—either by execution or the diseases of our prisons—seems to make little impression upon *us*. Of such force is custom and prejudice in silencing the voice of good sense and humanity!"

Howard no sooner landed at Dover, on his return, than he recommenced his English inspections by visiting the gaol of that port. It was in much the same miserable condition as those already described from his notes; if anything, a little worse. For the next three months, his footsteps cannot be traced; it is probable that he retired to Cardington, to repose after the great fatigue of his journey—travelling at that time was not so easy as it has since become—and to reduce his mass of papers into order. Only once during these three months does he seem to have quitted his seclusion; and then it was for the purpose of paying a visit to the prison at Chelmsford, where the gaol-distemper had just been raging with great fury, the head keeper himself falling a victim to its ravages. The building was close, and subject to the fatal

pest; from which, indeed, it was seldom entirely free. When Howard arrived, the whole establishment was in such disorder that divine service had not been performed within its walls—except upon the compulsory occasion of an execution—for more than a year. The gaoler had no salary. In the tap-room, a copy of regulations was hung up—one of which ran as follows:—"Prisoners to pay garnish, or, *run the gauntlet!*" The keeper of this prison was a *woman*—by no means a solitary instance of the kind; for at that time the county gaols of Worcester, Horsham, Monmouth, Gloucester, Exeter, Bodmin, and Reading, were all under the custodianship of women!

Howard had now collected a mass of materials for his work, such as no human being had ever gathered on the same subject,—the result of unwearied toil, time, devotion, and expense. An ordinary man would have considered that at length he had seen enough to enable him to make a report to the world; and, had his desire been merely to astonish mankind by the extent and disinterestedness of his labours, he certainly had made ample provision; but he had other objects, higher views, before him. On coming to put his papers into order, he still found, or feared, that there were many gaps which ought to be filled up. As the sphere of his inquiries enlarged, he discovered new prisons, courts, bridewells, houses of correction, of which he had previously never heard, and all of which he considered it necessary to include in his account. To take in these, and to revise and correct his former observations, he resolved to undertake another complete tour of the country, and inspect or re-inspect the whole gaol system of the kingdom. The mind is almost faint with following in the track of these multiplied and multiplying labours, though it can compress the efforts of a year into a line: what then must have been the devotion, the sacrifice, the grandeur of purpose of the man, who, without personal interest—nay, at the cost of his time, health, repose, property, and life—never shrank from the perils and privations with which his task was surrounded!

From the beginning of November 1775 to the end of May

1776—seven entire months—was spent in this manner. Of the London prisons, there were only two, the Tower excepted, which he had not yet seen—Bridewell and Savoy—and these he now visited. They were not prisons in the ordinary sense; and this is probably the reason why they had not gained his notice earlier. In ancient time there was a holy well on the west bank of the Fleet river, and the lame, the leper, and the aged came from all parts of the country, to drink its waters and engage the favour of its patron saint, St. Bridget or St. Bride. Edward VI. gave up a royal palace to the uses of these pilgrims. Bridewell was built by Henry VIII. for the residence of the Emperor Charles V.; it was a favourite of the wife-killer. Here he received Cardinal Campeius, surrounded by his nobles, counsellors, and judges. Shakespere has laid the scene of his third act of Henry VIII. in the palace. His son Edward gave it, at a suggestion from Ridley, to the poor votaries of the saint. In time, the saint lost her sanctity, and the well its virtues; lepers were drawn away by some newer saint; and the citizens converted the hospital of the sick into a place of punishment for unruly apprentices. The disorders of these Bridewell boys—more violent than the disorders of former occupants—filled all London with their fame. Later on other unruly people, vagrants and abandoned women, were also sent to Bridewell; and Madame Carwell, a woman of infamous manners, often celebrated by the licentious poets of the Restoration, died in the prison. Hogarth visited it as a student of human nature; and one of the finest pictures in his *Harlot's Progress* represents the interior of one of the rooms as they were seen in his day. As other houses of the kind sprang up in other towns, the holy name was carried from one end of England to the other. Howard found little at the Bridewell that was pleasing, beyond the fact that all the prisoners were made to work. The ventilation was bad, and as the prisoners were never suffered to breathe the open air—of course, they were unhealthy.

The Savoy was a prison for the military. Like Bridewell, it was an old palace—once the finest in England. It had been converted into a hospital, and was now used as a barracks and

a prison. Howard found there 119 prisoners, of whom 49 were transports. "I saw many," he says, "sick and dying; the gaol was so infected by them, that the distemper was caught there by many afterwards."

One of the petty gaols which he now visited for the first time was St. Brieve's, in the Forest of Dean—a small, inconvenient building for the confinement of debtors, greatly out of repair, having no yard, no water, no firing, and no allowance of food. At the period of Howard's visit, two individuals, both sick, were there detained, one of whom told him that he had been immured in his close, dismal room for twelve months, never having been once suffered to go out of it! Another was at Penzance, in a stable-yard—thus painted by the Philanthropist:—"No chimney; earth floor—very damp. The door had not been opened for four weeks when I went in; and then the keeper began to clear away the dirt. There was only one debtor—who seemed to have been robust, but was grown pale with ten weeks' close confinement, with little food, which he had from a brother, who was poor and had a family. He said the dampness of the room, with but little straw, had obliged him (he spoke it with sorrow) to send for the bed on which some of his children lay. He had a wife and ten children, two of whom died since he came thither, and the rest were almost starving."

Such scenes were, however, now become rarer than they had been two years before, when Howard commenced his labours. Though not invested with any official power, his influence had been felt in the world of action which he had made his own. No neglect could escape his vigilance; and petty tyrants learned to quail before an eye as stern as it was mild. In many of the prisons formerly remarkable for riot and distress, great improvement was evident in consequence of his suggestions having been carried out. On bringing these new examinations to a close, he felt so conscious of the advantages which he had derived from this laborious revision of his old observations, that he resolved to make another extensive journey over the Continent of Europe for a similar purpose, and to visit the gaols of some countries not included in

his former programme, before committing his work to the press.

Without resting for a day, he put this project into act. Arriving in Paris early in June, 1776, he began his work there, and after so consuming two or three weeks, proceeded to Lyons, where he found, in the prison of St. Joseph, twenty-nine individuals crammed into four small and horrid dungeons, though the heat was so intense and noisome that they had all stripped themselves naked to the shirt for ventilation. In the *Pierre-en-Oise*, a state-prison of the same city, Howard conversed with an old man who reported himself in the fiftieth year of his confinement!

In the Republic of Geneva, the Philanthropist found only five criminals in gaol—be it remembered, too, that Geneva did not send her convicts out of the country—and no debtors whatsoever. The latter was usually the case; the laws against bankrupts and insolvents, contrary to the general character of the civil code of the Republic, being particularly stringent. They were deprived of their burgher rights, and rendered incapable of holding any public office of honour or emolument. Even the children who should refuse to pay a just portion of their parents' debts were subjected to the same rigorous laws. This regulation, if severe, was salutary. The results were—an empty gaol; a more healthy system of private credit; greater confidence in the dealings between man and man. Nor, in reality, can these laws be pronounced unjust. Fraudulent trading is felony in morals, if not in law; and in treating insolvency as a social offence, punishable by social degradation, the Genevese were wiser in their generation than we are in ours. If insolvency in England were made to involve the suspension of certain civil and political rights, for a greater or less period, according to the amount of culpability—in every case and under all circumstances—we should have less insolvency. At present, there is a premium tempting to extravagance, over-trading, and over-living. It is seldom that a debt is more of a misfortune than a fault. Debts can hardly arise without some degree of culpability, which it would be no wrong to punish; and were that culpability more closely

assimilated to other violations of the social law, it is fair to suppose that the crime would decline. The person who gets into debt without the prospect or intention of payment, acts as ill, robs his creditor as much, as the felon who empties his till, or the burglar who carries off his plate. The distinction drawn by our law between these crimes is one without a difference. The fraudulent trader, it is said, wrongs you with your own knowledge and consent—the felon without it. This is a mere refinement: the first cheats under a form—which the requirements of commerce have introduced—but *not* with the knowledge and consent of the party. The creditor is not aware of the fraudulent intent. He deals with his customer on the conditions which society has sanctioned, and trusts him with his property much as he trusts his servants and assistants. The moral guilt of a breach of that confidence is equal in the one case to the other. While our present laws of debtor and creditor exist—while such facilities remain for escaping from the inconveniences of bankruptcy, a reckless, wanton, gambling spirit may always be expected to pervade our commerce, throwing obstacles in the way of legitimate trade, and the prudent combinations of the conscientious merchant.

Throughout the whole of his tour in Switzerland, our countryman found no person in fetters—a state of things to which England presented a striking and mournful contrast. The separate system of correction was generally employed in these healthy Republics. They had a cell for each prisoner—it is true they did not require many cells—warmed artificially, and strongly built. The scale of punishment was regulated by light; the greater the crime, the darker the cell. In several of the Cantons there were no culprits; the gaols were empty—a circumstance attributed, and no doubt justly, to the great care which was taken by the State to give a sound moral and industrial education to the children of the poor. At Berne, Howard saw and conversed with the learned Dr. Haller, who gave it as his opinion that the gaol-fever in England was owing entirely to the over-crowded state of the prisons. In that important city, all the prisoners were kept



EMPLOYMENT OF CRIMINALS AT BERNE

to hard, servile labour; indeed, *work* was the principal element of the Swiss system of punishment and reform. The greater part of the men were employed in cleaning and watering the streets, removing the rubbish from buildings, and carrying off the snow and ice from the public thoroughfares in winter. Howard describes Berne as at that time one of the cleanest places on the Continent. It is so still. These servants of the state wore a livery in the shape of an iron collar round the neck, such as in the feudal times was worn as the badge of serfdom. In every part of this land of freedom, the average of crime was low, and the correctional discipline commendable. The State began its care for the criminal in the germ. The child was sent to school to learn good before he learned evil. If he nevertheless began a life of crime, his welfare was still looked to; the dangers of association and contamination were wisely provided against. The gaols were generally built with great strength, but attempts would nevertheless be sometimes made to escape. Howard relates an incident of this kind, which is highly characteristic of the intense love of freedom in the Swiss heart, and the deep respect which is felt for that love.

The gaoler of the Schallenhau, the principal prison of Berne, having one day accidentally left the door of one of the wards open, twelve of the men, seeing their chance, rushed forth, and forcing the outer gate, effected their escape. The people in the streets, fancying they were going off to work, suffered them to pass. For the time, every man regained his liberty; but subsequently four or five were retaken and carried back to their ward. No punishment was inflicted. The magistrates who tried them for breaking prison resolved that—inasmuch as every man naturally loves liberty, and desires above all things to obtain it—the culprits, seeing that they had not made use of violence, ought not to be punished for obeying the greatest and noblest instinct of the human heart; however, as the keeper had been guilty of negligence in leaving the door open, the punishment fell upon him,—and justice was not denied her victim.

Our traveller proceeded from Berne to Soleure and Basle,

the gaol of which latter city was in one of the towers. There were separate cells, but no prisoners. Howard particularly noticed one very strong room, situate near the great clock. It was only six feet high: the door, a trap, was in the roof, through which the inmate had to descend by means of a ladder, which was then removed. On descending into this cell, the Philanthropist, remarking to the keeper on its extraordinary strength, was informed that a short time before a man had escaped from it. In fact, it was a very daring and remarkable attempt. The only instrument by which the prisoner effected his liberty, it would appear, was a spoon, which he was allowed to have for his soup. This utensil he contrived to sharpen, so as to be able to cut out a piece of timber from the wall of his room with it. With this second instrument he cautiously proceeded to make experiments on the tight fastenings of the trap. He knew, moreover, that the officers—well aware of the penalties with which the Swiss law visited *their* negligence in case of an escape from under their charge—were constantly on the alert, going about the galleries, and would immediately discover his plan if they overheard any noise. It was, nevertheless, quite impossible to strike the bolts without making a noise. Here there seemed an insuperable bar to his design. But the tower clock was near to his room: this suggested a happy thought. By proceeding cautiously, he gradually acquired the knack of hitting the bolts with his log just as the great clock was striking the hour, and with so much nicety of operation that the boom entirely overpowered the sound. In this way he in time made himself master of his immediate cell, the trap of which he could now open and shut at pleasure—that is, at the striking of the hours. So far all went well. He had, however, some other doors to force, and two or three galleries to pass; all the while running the greatest risk of detection from the patrolling guards. Nothing daunted by his numerous perils, he pushed his outworks further and further daily; securing his retreat as he went along, and returning to his cell whenever he expected the officers to be about. In this fashion he worked his way, till at the end of fifteen days he

emerged on the roof of the tower, in the open air and sky, but at a frightful distance from the ground. Unchecked by this new and terrible difficulty, he instantly cast about him for the means of descent. Fortunately for him, there was a long rope coiled up in a corner. Of the altitude of the tower he had no knowledge, and consequently no means of ascertaining whether or not the rope was of sufficient length to reach the ground. Moreover, there was no time to deliberate; it was already on the edge of dawn, and daylight would prevent his flight, even if he reached the ground in safety. So, taking all the chances of his dangerous adventure for freedom, he fastened one end of the rope to a projecting part of the balustrade, threw the remainder forward into the air, waited for a favourable moment when all was silent in the street below, and then, committing himself to its frail holding, began to descend. Fortune does not always favour the brave. He had descended a considerable part of the fall, when the rope suddenly gave way, or broke, and down he came with a frightful crash to the ground. Although some time elapsed before he was picked up, he was still quite insensible. So many of his ribs and limb-bones were broken, the surgeons declared it impossible for him to live. His fractures were, however, reset, and he did in time recover. As might be expected under the circumstances in Switzerland, on his recovery, he received a free pardon.

From Switzerland, Howard proceeded into Germany, in one of the cities of which he minutely inspected a torture-chamber; thence into Holland, which country he grew more and more partial to, as he became more intimately acquainted with it. He returned to England still more profoundly impressed with the superiority of the Continental nations generally, in the science of prison discipline over his own. "When I formerly," he says, in summing up the results of his gains in knowledge, and experience from foreign lands, "made the tour of Europe, I seldom had occasion to envy foreigners anything I saw, with respect to their situation, their religion, manners, or government. In my late journeys to view their prisons, I was sometimes put to the blush for my native

country. The reader will scarcely feel from my narration the same emotions of shame and regret as the comparison excited in me on beholding the difference with my own eyes. But from the account I have given him of foreign prisons, he may judge whether a design of reforming our own be merely *visionary*—whether *idleness, debauchery, disease, and famine*, be the *necessary* attendants of a prison, or only connected with it in our ideas, for want of a more perfect knowledge and more enlarged views."

There were still a few obscure prisons in England which Howard had not seen; and, on his arrival on its shores, without allowing himself a moment's rest, he proceeded to search them out. Of the places thus visited for the first time, a couple of gaols at Knaresborough were the most detestable. The one for felons consisted of but a single small room, in which it was customary to lock up, day and night, seven or eight persons, men and women together, for a day or two before the time of holding the quarter sessions. This disgusting circumstance admits of no comment. The other was a place of confinement for debtors, but, in its different fashion, no less revolting. It is thus described by the humane inspector:—"No fire-place; earth floor; very offensive, a common sewer from the town running through it uncovered!" Only a short time before Howard's visit, an unfortunate officer had been cast into this horrible kennel. Having some knowledge of the place, he had the precaution to take his dog in to defend him from the vermin, which the stench, arising from the open sewer, produced in myriads. In a few days the dog was destroyed, having been actually devoured by its insidious enemies; and, at the same time, its master's hands and face were so bitten as to present to the eye nothing but three great and loathsome sores! Let us pass in silence over the remaining details of this journey.

The Philanthropist had now been occupied upwards of three years without intermission, at home and abroad, in amassing materials for his great work, in the course of which he had travelled not less than 13,418 miles! Coming up to London, he obtained the assistance of a friend, the Rev. Mr.

Densham, in arranging the various observations which he had made—the enormous mass of rough notes which he had written down on the spots visited and described—into something like order. As they gradually assumed a methodical shape, Howard felt, or fancied that he felt, some chasms still in the work; and as any suggestion of this sort occurred to him, he lost no time in laying his papers aside, mounting his horse, and sallying forth to examine and re-examine, to compare and re-compare, that no wrong might be omitted, no wrong committed, through his negligence or haste. A series of such trips, in different directions, and another complete course of inspection of the metropolitan prisons, occupied his attention until the beginning of the year 1777. In the intervals of these movements, with the assistance of his friend, Howard got his rough notes copied out, and the matter put into form before it could be subjected to the more competent literary supervision of Dr. Price. Price was now become a famous and a busy man. He had won the respect and friendship of Washington and Franklin, and as a politician had excited the stupendous ire of Burke. Deeply engaged in polemics, he was a public man, and his time was of value; but he did not hesitate to assume the laborious office of reviser of his friend's multitudinous papers. He went through the whole mass with great care, and suggested many improvements as to style, arrangement, and so forth. Thus prepared, Howard went down to Warrington, to have the work printed—attracted thither by the reputation of Mr. Eyre's press, and the advantage of having the literary assistance of a young man, then rapidly rising into fame as an elegant writer, who was at that period settled in the town as a surgeon—Dr. Aikin. The latter gentleman at once divined the great and original character of his visitor, and entered into his plans with zeal. Aikin himself was a scholar, a poet, and a critic. He belonged to a family of celebrities. His father was a scholar; his sister, Mrs. Barbauld, and his daughter, Lucy Aikin, have both left their names on the page of literary history.

With Aikin, the author read over his sheets as they issued

from the press, taking his opinion on them, and adopting his suggestions with readiness and gratitude. He was so extremely modest, and so diffident of his literary abilities, as to be unwilling to allow a single phrase of his own to stand, even though the young critic assured him that, in a literary point of view, it could not be improved. Even in this last stage of his great work, after all his journeyings and re-journeyings, doubts would sometimes occur to him as to the correctness of some observation, or hints would suggest themselves to his mind for more particular investigation; and then, such was his thorough conscientiousness, he would start off on a fresh expedition—sometimes hundreds of miles in distance, and of several days' duration—the results of which he would incorporate with the text, or throw into notes. At length the great work was completed, and given to the world—we might almost literally say, *given*; for he not only presented copies to the press, to public bodies, and to every considerable person in the kingdom whose position or pursuits enabled him to assist in mitigating the evils which it laid bare, but fixed the price of the remainder so low, that had the whole of the impression been sold, the proceeds would not have paid the outlay on the mere printing and paper.

The contents of "The State of Prisons" have been already drawn upon so fully in the course of this narrative, that it will be unnecessary in this place to do more than present a few of the general observations—which enshrine the spirit of the whole—from its singularly modest introductory chapter. The want of a fixed amount of food—a proper supply of air and water—the dark, damp, noisome dungeons—the inconvenient sites—the tyranny of petty officers—the extortion of interested keepers—the want of room and of bedding, or straw—the pernicious custom of selling spirits in the gaol—the promiscuous intercourse and contamination of age and sex, tried and untried—the use of irons—garnish—gaming—fees,—such are the chief points in our gaol system to which attention is specially addressed, with a view to their modification and improvement. We cannot conclude this chapter better, or indeed otherwise, than in the solemn and

impressive words of the Philanthropist himself:—"Those gentlemen," he writes, "who, when they are told of the misery which our prisoners suffer, content themselves with saying, '*Let them take care to keep out,*'—prefaced, perhaps, with an angry prayer,—seem not duly sensible of the favour of Providence which distinguishes *them* from the sufferers; they do not consider that we are required to imitate our gracious heavenly Parent, *who is kind to the unthankful and the evil*. They also forget the vicissitudes of human affairs, the unexpected changes to which men are liable, and that those whose circumstances are affluent may in time be reduced to indigence, and become debtors and prisoners. And as to criminality, it is possible that a man who has often shuddered at hearing the account of a murder, may, on a sudden temptation, commit that very crime. LET HIM THAT THINKS HE STANDETH, TAKE HEED LEST HE FALL—AND COMMISERATE THOSE THAT ARE FALLEN."

CHAPTER VIII.

THEORIES OF CRIME.

"THE State of Prisons" created an extraordinary sensation. It had been long and anxiously looked for. The fame of its author's labours—his disinterestedness—the purity of his motives—the courage and devotion with which he had done his work—so original in conception—the sublime confidence with which he had penetrated dark and pestilential dungeons, in order to carry into them light and hope, and to bring the fearful secrets of the prison-house before the world—also, some intimation of the sterling worth and originality of his private character—had reached, through various channels, the knowledge of his countrymen; and consequently there was a strong desire on the part of the public to follow his fortunes more minutely, and to trace the lines of his apostleship from his own hand. The interest here indicated was, however, chiefly of a personal nature, and such as would have attached to the record of any other series of striking adventures. Many others, though not so large a multitude perhaps, felt a deep interest in the subject of his inquiries; and there would necessarily be many whose curiosity would be excited by his examination before the House of Commons, and the vote of thanks which that body had so publicly and honourably offered him for his valuable communications. Expectation was thus generally and highly raised; nor, on the publication of the work, was it at all disappointed. The critical reviews of the day received it with great favour, and welcomed it with an ample share of notice, comment, and criticism. One and all, they bore high testimony to its author's merits. The reading world appears to have perused its contents with universal satisfaction and admiration. The meed of praise,

of acknowledgment, was without stint or reservation—was free and full, as it was richly merited. It is pleasant to have to chronicle such facts.

A movement in the theory and practice of criminal justice was taking place at this time, which also contributed not a little to increase the utility and importance of Howard's labours. Throughout Europe, and in England especially, there were then two distinct and opposing currents of ideas and sentiments on this topic. The thinking, guiding, and controlling mind of the country was arrayed against the legislative, executive, administrative mind. Criminal science was a chaos. Parliamentarians drew one way—philosophers another. The first proposed to render punishments more penal, the latter to modify and mitigate them. Between these two tendencies there was war. A race of powerful thinkers and learned jurists had recently arisen to contend against penal barbarities being administered under the names and forms of law and justice. Montesquieu, Johnson, Beccaria, Voltaire, Eden, Mably, Paley, and a host of minor writers, marshalled the intelligence of Europe against the cruelties and fictions of a system of jurisprudence unworthy of the age; and a conviction that there already existed a necessity for a radical and widely-spread reformation—in fact, for an entire reconstruction of the science of theoretic and practical criminal law—had begun to assert itself in all the higher circles of European mind. But the men to whose wisdom was committed the actual government of nations—lawyers, politicians, and administrators generally—were not penetrated by these humane ideas. On the contrary, they powerfully opposed the tendency thus manifesting itself, and urged, with disastrous success, the course of penal enactments in the very opposite direction.

The simultaneous development of these opposing ideas is not a little curious; and, from its intimate connexion with the life and labours of the Philanthropist, is worthy of a brief elucidation and comment.

The sanguinary measures of the English government for the repression of offences date from about the middle of the eighteenth century. At that epoch, the Jacobite troubles had

just been brought to a close,—armed opposition to the House of Hanover had been finally put down,—and, as a consequence of these events, a vast number of idle and profligate adventurers, for whom the distractions of the time had found military employment, were now turned loose upon society, without occupations and without resources. War had accustomed them to licence, and the licence of the camp had made labour distasteful. They took to the roads, and robberies became more and more frequent. To repress these disorders, the executive power adopted from the first a false system—a system of terror. The safeguard of the public services obtained its first attention; a provision was introduced into a bill (3 Geo. II. c. 25), making it a capital crime to rob the mail,—in those days, it should be remembered, carried by a single horseman,—whether violence were used or not; as also the robbing of any house, office, or place used for the reception or delivery of letters. Another enactment (originally 9 Geo. I. c. 32; but enlarged and draconized by 6 Geo. II. c. 37,—10 Geo. II. c. 32,—31 Geo. II. c. 42), commonly called the Black Act, rendered capital the offences of hunting, wounding, stealing, or destroying any red or fallow deer in any park or forest; killing, maiming, or wounding any cattle; breaking down the head of any fish-pond, so that the fish might be destroyed; cutting down or otherwise destroying any trees planted for profit, ornament, or shelter, in any garden, avenue, or orchard. A still more reprehensible law (6 Geo. II. c. 3, 37) denounced the penalty of death against any person who should be found guilty of cutting a hop-band in any hop-plantation. A little later on, the legislature passed other acts, (14 Geo. II. c. 25, and 15 Geo. II. c. 34,) making it capital to drive away, steal, or wilfully kill any sheep or cattle, with intent to steal any part of the carcase, or to be found aiding and abetting therein. Nor were these severities in any way exceptions to the general course of legislation; they were only parts of a system. Every department of our punitive law was gradually and rapidly assimilated to the spirit which actuated these changes. Not only were forgery, smuggling, coining, and uttering base coin, made capital; but

likewise shoplifting, stealing from a barge or vessel on the river to the value of 5s., or from a bleaching-ground to the value of 10s.! These diabolical laws were in existence in the time of Howard—many of them in daily process of execution. The judge, it is true, had a discretionary power to transport in certain cases—but the exercise of this power depended on his private feeling, and death-sentences were constantly pronounced and carried into execution for the most trifling offences. Tyburn had its weekly victims.

George the Third—determined to walk in the bloody path of his predecessor—when he ascended the throne, is said to have expressed his resolution never to exercise that prerogative of mercy which the estates of Great Britain have confided to the sovereign; and his subsequent conduct did little to shame this act of his virgin royalty. The valuable table published by Janssen shows us the working of the sanguinary code, then in full force, in the number of persons tried and convicted capitally, in London only, during the twenty-three years, 1749-71, both inclusive.

Of 678 executions, 72 only were for murder; the remaining 606 persons were put to death by the law for offences which the more enlightened spirit of the age pronounced to be unworthy of so terrible a punishment, in one single city of the empire. What a comment on the "bloody letter of the law" as it then stood!

It has been remarked before, that the difficulty of rendering any system of secondary punishments effective, was one of the chief causes of this reckless use of death-sentences. The administrators of the law were often at a loss what to do with their culprits,—so they hanged them out of the way. According to the notions of that day, it was at once the easiest, cheapest, and quickest method of escaping from a troublesome charge; for even then they had had some experience of the cost and difficulty of governing a convict population. Judge Heath used boldly to avow the principles on which he pursued his victims to the halter. "If you imprison at home," said he, "the criminal is soon thrown back upon you hardened in guilt. If you transport, you corrupt infant societies, and

sow the seeds of atrocious crimes over the habitable globe. *There is no regenerating a felon in this life.* And, for his own sake, as well as for the sake of society, I think it better to hang."

Under the circumstances of the time, rigour was considered a political necessity. Society was thought to be in peril, and the philosophy of statesmen suggested nothing but terror as the restraining agent. It failed, however—failed signally. The completest evidence of failure is found in the rapid augmentation of the offences against which these rigorous enactments were directed. The criminal returns for the first few years of the reign of George III. are very striking as illustrative of this remark. In 1760, there were only 14 capital convictions; in 1761, there were 22; in 1762, 25; in 1763, 61; in 1764, 52; in 1765, 41; in 1766, 39; in 1767, 49; in 1768, 54; in 1769, 71; in 1770, 91. These results are not a little curious; and without assuming that there was in this case a distinct and necessary connexion between the increasing stringency of the law and the fearful accumulation of crime—for we all know how much local and incidental causes tend to prevent uniformity of effects, even under general uniformity of conditions—we have every right to conclude that if the increased amount of terror employed did not *create* crime, as the first inference would naturally be, it utterly failed to *check* it. Some go beyond this, and not without reason; for the whole history of jurisprudence suggests that disproportionate punishments *produce* the offences which they are enacted to *prevent*. The human mind revolts at injustice. When the law itself assumes an unjust character, it cancels the sense of guilt in the lower order of minds—sets the example—furnishes the type and the pretext of violence and wrong. The first forged note on the Bank of England was presented almost immediately *after* the crime of forgery had been declared capital.

If a counter-current had not set in strongly about the same period as the wild and reckless spirit to which allusion is here made, it is impossible to conceive to what height of cruelty our penal law might not have been carried. But, fortunately,

the great thinkers for the world had taken their stand against it. One of the first and greatest of the men who attempted to wrestle with the retrograding spirit of the age, was Montesquieu. He may almost be said to have taken the initiative in the work of treating crime and its punishment as a real, substantive science. Since his time, penal law has always been studied from a philosophical, as well as from a legal, point of view. His "Spirit of Laws," published in 1748, made a profound impression upon the mind of England—then far better prepared for its fine and comprehensive views than that of his own country—and led other writers and thinkers into the path of reform. It is not requisite in this place to dwell upon the principles and merits of a work so universally known; but we may notice, in passing, that, according to Montesquieu, the element of punishment most potent to deter, is its *certainly*—not its *severity*.

Sixteen years later, Beccaria published his celebrated "Essay on Crimes and Punishment," in Italian. Its profound, luminous, and original views, at once commanded universal attention. It was translated into almost every language, and was read and admired in every country in Europe. Perhaps no single publication ever did more for a study than this short but masterly essay did for penal science. In Italy alone six editions were sold in eighteen months. The work was cited by Blackstone, and commented on by Voltaire; in France it was copied by Mably, and its ideas were stolen by Paley in England. Like all books on subjects of science, it must, however, be read by the light of its own age; for that age it was remarkably liberal, enlightened, and advanced. As yet, little had been done towards the elaboration of a philosophy of law; it is true that a few daring writers had ventured to assault the whole framework of the political and judicial system then obtaining in Europe; but these men were mere destroyers, and the salutary work of evoking light and reconstructing order out of the chaos which they had made, and were making, was hardly thought of until Beccaria wrote his treatise. The Italian thinker was endowed by nature with a finely organized, practical, and creative mind. His style is

lucid, picturesque, and eloquent—his principles are stern and large—his thoughts weighty and original—his reasonings profound, and for the most part logical—his love of liberty and human good is a consuming passion. Within our limits, it is impossible to render more than the faintest outline of his chief doctrines; for although brief, his book is set thick with thoughts, and is worthy of the most careful study. The master-idea presented to the mind by Beccaria is—that society can only deal with crime according to its results. Human tribunals are incompetent, he says, to pronounce upon motives, or upon opinions which have not developed themselves in positive acts; and, consequently, the only true standard of crime is the injury actually done to society. The scale of this injury furnishes the one correct measure of the offence, and supplies a means by which to determine the nature as well as the amount of punishment to be inflicted. For example, in a philosophical system of law, the penalty for robbery should be partly pecuniary and partly corporeal: pecuniary, to counteract the cupidity; corporeal, to restrain the violence. On the other hand, for offences against honour, nature herself suggests the infliction of infamy. The same code would dictate that crimes of fanaticism should lead to a mental, not a physical, discipline, because bodily pain increases maladies of the mind. As a rule, pecuniary punishments—except for theft, where the obvious motive is *gain*—are bad; for they almost always assume either the shape of a favour from the judge to the culprit, or that of an exaction—never a punishment—such as would lie within the intention of a righteous law. The criminal who has injured society, has thereby become its debtor; the state holds a lien upon his wealth and his services; and no system of jurisprudence can be considered perfect which does not provide for his atonement, *by his labour*, for the wrong which he may have done. The penalty of death, because it cuts off the life of the criminal, instead of sequestering it for the benefit of the state; and transportation, because it removes the criminal from the scene of his offence, and throws a doubt over the reality of his punishment—are equally impolitic to the state,

and unjust to the culprits. *Certainty* and *swiftness* are, according to Beccaria, the most deterring elements of punishment; while, on the contrary, undue severity produces impunity, and transforms the culprit into a vulgar martyr.

Such is a short synopsis of this famous essay. No reader ought to be unacquainted with it. The chapters on capital punishments and transportation are especially deserving of study—by those who support, as well as by those who assail, the institutions of which they treat. Beccaria's work was a great favourite with Howard; he studied it deeply, quoted it frequently, and appears to have coincided in almost every point with its humane and philosophical principles.

The impetus given by this work to the study of law as a branch of moral science was ably seconded by the lectures—commenced at Oxford in 1753—of Blackstone; the Commentaries, which contain the substance of his researches on the subject of English law, were published at the end of the year 1765. Apart from his opinions—which were too uniformly in favour of powers and things as they were—the peculiarity of Blackstone, and the fact that removes him from the category of legal writers into that of philosophical jurists, is his attempt to shew the logic of the laws which he undertakes to explain.

While Blackstone was rousing attention to such studies at Oxford, Paley was delivering his lectures at the rival university on the general subject of morals. The chapter which this logical writer devotes to crimes and punishments is one of his finest pieces of special pleading. He had no philosophy of his own on the subject; and his social science, as therein developed, is neither true nor consistent with itself; yet the case is made out with great art and tact, for the writer was one well skilled to make the worse appear the better reason. Paley was a partisan. The best of advocates, he was the worst of judges. With him, to be—was to be right. But while bending the general scope of his argument into conservative grooves, a man like Paley could not altogether resist the temptation to adorn his subject with the ideas of a more liberal and advanced philosophy than belonged to the cause which he had himself espoused. Hence a certain

inconsistency between his aphorisms and his influences; hence the want of order and system in his ideas. There is in Paley no co-ordination of thought. His single sentences are pellucid as a running water; but collate and contrast them, and they become turbid as a ditch. Starting out with the assertion of a great principle—that the end of penal discipline is not to punish, but to prevent crimes—he immediately proceeds to falsify it in spirit by commending the atrocious provisions of the penal laws to which reference has been made. He argues that the severity of punishments should be measured, not by the injury sustained, as Beccaria contends and as common-sense dictates, but by the amount of the temptation! He would punish hunger more than idleness. This maxim is now repudiated by general consent of mankind; and the force of the temptation, and the facilities offered for the committal of crime, are made the elements for extenuation of the offence and mitigation of the punishment. Paley advocated an increase in the number of death penalties. Although a divine, he was insensible to the force of the great argument against legal executions—that they are irreversible. Indeed, he attempts, by a transparent sophistry, to throw discredit upon that vital consideration. When the innocent are made to suffer, the moralist Paley pronounces it a private misfortune. And he—a minister of God—declares that the innocent man who may fall a victim to a barbarian law and the uncertainty of human testimony, ought to console himself with the idea that he dies for the benefit of his country. About the same period, Eden's work on the "Principles of Penal Law" made its appearance, and became a favourite with the Philanthropist. Bentham was also rising before the world as a promising writer on the same important topics. Competent leaders were therefore not wanting in the crusade against the progressive cruelty of the law.

This decided setting in of the intellectual tide in the same direction as Howard's labours, tended to create a larger public for his works. Starting with no particular theory, and tracing his path through an entirely new set of experiences, he nevertheless arrived in the end at pretty nearly the same general

conclusions as his more learned but less practical compeers. And his curious and complete observations upon the great variety of penal systems which he had encountered, furnished the theorists with the means of correcting and utilizing their hypotheses. The publication of "The State of Prisons" made and marked an epoch in the history of social jurisprudence. From that date the attempt to reform our criminals acquired a substantive form and character. Before then the felon, the misdemeanant, the lorette—all who had offended against the law of society—were abandoned, cast away, as so much humanity absolutely lost.—If God had only judged the world as harshly as man judged it!

A few particulars as to Howard's habits of life while this great work had been in progress may be put on record. After that memorable journey into Italy—which it is hoped the reader has not forgotten—and the striking course of mental discipline to which he then voluntarily subjected himself, his mind seems never again to have lost its calm and steady tone—the healthy activity which enabled him to carry on, without intermission from either mental or physical causes, the harassing work to which he was devoted. Considering that his health had previously been so delicate, it is not a little astonishing that no fatal effects should have followed his daring intrusion into so many fever-haunted dungeons. He appeared to bear a charmed life. Whatsoever the danger into which he entered in the cause of the wretched, he came out unscathed. God was about his footsteps. The human means of his impunity are also worth considering. Howard ate no flesh—drank no wine, no spirits—bathed in cold water daily—ate little, and that at fixed intervals—retired to bed early—rose early. This course of life enabled him safely to penetrate dungeons into which gaolers, and physicians even, dared not follow him. Some details of his way of living while at Warrington have been preserved. Every morning—though in the depth of a severe winter—he arose at two o'clock precisely, washed, said his prayers, and then worked at his papers until seven, when he breakfasted and dressed for the day. Punctually at eight he

repaired to the printing-office, to inspect the progress of his sheets through the press. There he remained until one, when the compositors went to dinner. While they were absent he would walk to his lodgings, and putting some bread and dried fruit into his pocket, sally out for his customary exercise—generally a stroll in the suburbs of the town—eating, as he trudged along, his hermit fare, and drinking therewith a glass of cold water begged at some cottager's door. This was his only dinner. By the time that the printers returned to the office, he had usually, but not always, wandered back. Sometimes he would call on a friend on his way, and spend an hour or two in pleasant chat—a recreation he rather liked; for though anything but a gossip, he had the social instincts. At the press he remained until the men left off their day's work, and then either retired to his modest lodgings, took a simple dish of tea or coffee, performed his household religious service—a sacred duty which he never under any circumstances, whether at home or abroad, suffered himself to omit—and retired to rest at an early hour; or, repaired to the residence of the Aikins, to consult with the future doctor on any corrections or alterations which had occurred to him during the day; in which case, also, he retired at his usual hour.

Beyond the safeguard of this severe and patriarchal course of life, the precautions taken by Howard to repel contagious diseases were very simple at first,—such as smelling at a phial of vinegar while in the infected cell, and washing, and changing his apparel afterwards; but, in process of time, even these expedients were abandoned as unnecessary. The question of how he preserved himself free from contagion being pressed on him, he replied, "Next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being, temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting in divine Providence, and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells, and while thus employed, 'I fear no evil.'" These words are note-worthy and characteristic; they breathe the spirit in which all heroes and martyrs have done their work.

In his earlier tours through the United Kingdom,—and in

these countries alone, he travelled during the years 1773-4-5-6, 10,318 miles—he was accompanied by a single servant, John Prole. Well mounted, and not fastidious tourists, they rode about forty miles a day. Though the roads in unfrequented parts of the country were not so well furnished as they became in high days of stageing, our travellers were seldom at a loss. Hardly a cabin which they passed, even in remote tracts in Ireland and Scotland, failed to furnish all the luxuries which they required. Some dried biscuit was easily carried in a wallet; and it was a poor hut that could not supply a draught of fresh milk, or a cup of spring water. These ascetic habits had not been adopted for parade. At the inns, hotels, and good men's houses, Howard avoided any display of his simple diet, and he was particularly careful not to make it a pretext for parsimony. When he arrived at any town where he intended to pass the night, he would go to the best hotel, order his dinner, with beer and wine, like any other traveller, and stipulate that his own servant should wait on him at table. When the cloth was laid, the viands were spread out, and the host was gone, Prole would quietly remove these luxuries from the table to the sideboard, while his eccentric master would busy himself in cooking his homely repast of bread and milk, upon which he would then banquet with much satisfaction—sparing his own stomach and the landlord's fare. Waiters, postilions, and all persons of their class, he paid munificently; being unwilling to have his mind disturbed, or his temper chafed, by paltry disputes about a few pence. He used to say that in the expenses of a journey which must necessarily cost three or four hundred pounds, twenty or thirty pounds extra were not worth a thought; and his liberality in these matters not only procured him the good will of those who were the humble, but important instruments of his rapid flights from place to place, but often saved for him that time which was so much more valuable to the world than money.

Travelling so much, he came at length to be well known on the roads, and his humours to be appreciated; considering the way in which his lessons were enforced, it was not

easy for ignorance to mistake, or for obstinacy to disregard, them. A gentleman who travelled with him by post from Warrington to London, told Dr. Aikin how he managed with the postilions. The master of the whip on one of the stages of the London road appeared to have his own theory of driving—one which did not suit an old stager like Howard. But it was his own, and he would not change it for the king. Howard talked to him, threatened him, to no purpose. To all remonstrances he turned a deaf ear. Confident in his own system, he would go fast or slow, roughly or smoothly, as suited his humour. All plagues, however, come to an end:—the travellers arrived at the next post for change of horses, and here a pretty little scene occurred. Howard got out of the carriage, called the landlord, and requested him to send for some poor and industrious widow from the village. The worthy creature was soon found and brought to the door of the post house; the postilion was called, and in presence of the village folk, Howard counted out and paid him the full fare—telling him at the same time, that he should not bestow on him the usual gratuity, on account of his misconduct; but, to convince him that he withheld it from a sentiment of justice, not from any meaner motive, he said he should make a present to the poor widow of double the sum; and having counted the rest of the money out to her, he dismissed them both, to the great wonder, edification, and amusement of the villagers. Without violence or angry words this habit soon produced, wherever he was known, a ready compliance with his wishes.

In his earlier tours of prison inspection on the continent of Europe, he was alone—for his faithful follower having married, he felt a strong objection to separate him from his family. Subsequently, he promoted a youth named Thomasson, who had entered his house in some menial capacity while quite a lad, into the companion of his pilgrimages. Amongst other things, Thomasson had been employed to romp and play with young Master Howard, and the hearty affection which he showed for the child, procured him the notice and favour of the child's father. He was a faithful lad and a devoted

man. His vices—he had strong ones—he concealed. He became his master's almost constant attendant—was with him in some of his most trying situations—and was the only one of his countrymen who stood near his dying bed, when he finally fell a martyr to his mission in a strange and distant land.

No man ever had a nicer perception of, or a keener relish for, elegant social intercourse than Howard; no man was ever more beloved and respected within the social circle. Not his great reputation—the pressing demands on his time and attention, to which his public labours gave rise—his long and frequent absence from home—the constantly enlarging sphere of his acquaintance and duties,—nothing, in fact, could interrupt the steadiness of his affection for his old Cardington friends, or their's for him. In the intervals of the journeys which henceforward follow quickly on each other, we shall find him returning to his home in search of love, seclusion, and repose. But even there his sense of duty did not sleep. His tenants and dependants still claimed his care. He still continued to build model cottages, as of old, for the more deserving of his poor neighbours. There was still the same desire and competition to inhabit them. Sobriety, peace, cleanliness, and religion, still characterised them and their occupiers. The schools which he had established thrived also, and brought forth abundant fruits. When he was at Cardington, they were among the foremost objects of his care. For young children he had a particular affection; and his intercourse with them was such as would be imagined from his character—grave, gentle, playful. For the children of his intimate friends his affection appeared uniform and touching—especially when the magnitude and seriousness of his pursuits are borne in mind. He rarely visited the family of the Rev. Thomas Smith without carrying a pocket-full of fruit for the younger children—and he seldom returned from one of his European tours, without bringing back with him a cargo of foreign toys for his little favourites.

His son John, now in his fourteenth year, was under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Robins of Daventry—and his further academical career was a subject of much and anxious thought;

as yet he had betrayed no sign of that dreadful mental malady which soon after this date began to embitter so much his parent's life.

The brief interval of rest which he had permitted himself to indulge in after the publication of his book was again disturbed by domestic troubles. In the August of this year, 1777, he was suddenly called to London to the death-bed of his only sister—but arrived too late to say farewell. She died before he could get to town. This stroke fell heavily on the affections of Howard; she was one of the last of those who bound him to the world. But his mind had now been sternly schooled. The phase of private suffering was almost passed; and resigning himself henceforth more and more to the duty which seemed appointed unto him of God, he prepared to carry on the work even to the end. In one respect, his sister's death was not without its share of good: she left him her somewhat ample fortune; and this accession to his means enabled him to carry out his projects, without employing thereupon any part of the property to which his son had a natural right to expect to succeed. This thought eased his mind no little; for persons were not wanting to hint to the boy that his eccentric parent was making away with the family estate.

CHAPTER IX.

SEA AND LAND.

WHEN the American war broke out, transportation came to an end. As England had then no penal settlements besides those in the States, convicts had to be kept at home as a matter of necessity. The prisons soon filled. Of course, something had to be done with the prisoners. Under pressure the Hulk-system was tried, but not fairly; it was considered only as a temporary expedient, until old markets could be re-opened, or new ones created.

The "Justitia"—an old hulk—was stationed at Woolwich for the reception of male convicts. The discipline adopted was eminently calculated to defeat the trial—being loose, cruel, irregular, and tyrannical in the highest degree. Seeing these things, Howard was little pleased with the working of the affair; but as it was new to the country, and as it was conducted under the immediate orders of the ministry, he refrained from making public his fears and his objections. On his first visit to the "Justitia," he found the men looking very sickly and wretched; many of them had no shirts, others no shoes, some no waistcoats or stockings; all were ill-lodged,—even the sick had only the bare decks to lie on; and the broken biscuit given to them for food was green and mouldy. They had no drink allowed them except water—no beer, coffee, or chocolate—and their meat was tainted. No wonder that the rate of mortality was high, and that the vessel had a pestilential smell, like that of a close prison. Howard did not publish these disgraceful facts, but he remonstrated strongly with the officers in charge. Things began slowly to improve. Cruel and careless officials had learned to fear his prying eye. Such abuses will not bear the light,—and the knowledge that a bold

and conscientious observer was near them, whose business it was to see their faults, whose representations would go forth to the world with a sort of gospel authority, acted as a certain check on many. Without moving government in the matter, he had the pleasure of seeing the aspect of affairs improve—though they never assumed that perfect shape which it was his wish to see. The plan had only been adopted for a time, and the Act itself was about to expire. What were ministers to do? America was not yet pacified: indeed it was going rather ill with us in that country. Old convict markets were therefore still closed. No new ones had yet been found. Not knowing what else to do, ministers fell back on a committee; that fine invention of incapacity for gaining time and dividing responsibility. A committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the practical working of the Hulk-system, with a view to its provisional continuance. On the 15th of April, 1778, Howard was examined before this committee. At the request of honourable members, he spoke of his impressions of the plan, stated how far it could be held to have succeeded in spite of all obstacles, and how much success had been prevented by bad management. He described his earliest and latest visits, and contrasted them. The first we have noticed. In the other, he had found the men treated more humanely; they were looking healthier; their food was good—though insufficient in quantity; they were ill-clothed, and many of them very dirty; mats had been provided for them to sleep on; the sick were carefully tended—they had separate beds, and were released from their irons. Altogether the establishment was greatly improved—and he did not now find that fatal smell which he had formerly noticed with so much alarm. His opinion being asked by the committee, he declared that he thought the Hulk-system, with good management, capable of being made very much preferable to transportation. On this report being made to the House, a bill was brought in and sanctioned, continuing this method of punishment. With Howard, however, as well as with the legislature, the Act was still regarded as a temporary measure. His own idea was to confine convicts in a

great penal work-prison—something like the rasp-house of Holland—where the security would be greater, the labour more productive, the punishment more severe, and the reform more certain, than these possibly could be in a dock-yard. In fact, he wished to see introduced into this country a *discipline of work*. The suggestion found favour. Influenced by his arguments and by his experience in many countries, ministers appointed his friends, Sir Wm. Blackstone and Mr. Eden, to prepare the draught of a bill for the creation of such an establishment. Here then was an opening for the great trial! As, however, there was no house in the kingdom adapted for the experiment, it was necessary to erect one—and an intimation being conveyed to Howard, he prepared at once to start for Holland to procure more precise information as to the construction and regulations of the spin and rasp-houses of that country. He had other objects also in view, and he proposed to extend his travels into the north, the east, and the south of Europe. But he was not quite sure of his passports. Clouds were again gathering in the east. Joseph, Emperor of Austria, had raised pretensions to the inheritance of Lower Bavaria. Prussia opposed this claim, and the Great Frederick had again seized his sword, and threatened a descent on Bohemia. Howard nevertheless started on his journey.

Landing at Helvoetsluys on the 19th of April, he proceeded on this mission to the Hague and to Amsterdam, where he met with an accident which for some time interrupted his labours and placed even his life in peril. A horse, which had taken fright and was running away with a dray, dashed against him in the street and threw him on a heap of stones with great violence. His sides were so severely bruised as to render him unfit to be removed for several days. As soon as he could bear it, he was carried back to the Hague for better medical attendance, and to be near Sir Joseph Yorke, our ambassador in Holland; there the injury rapidly developed itself; an inflammatory fever supervened—and for more than six weeks his friends despaired of his life.

During this severe illness—as was his custom when unable to leave his room—Howard made many memoranda in his

note-book, on his internal and spiritual history. One or two of these fragments run thus :—"Hague, May 11th. Do me good, O God, by this painful affliction. May I see the great uncertainty of health, ease, and comfort ; that all my springs are in Thee. Oh, the painful and weary nights I pass ! May I be more thankful if restored to health, more compassionate towards others, and more absolutely devoted to God. . . 13th. —In pain and anguish all night ; my very life a burden to me. Help, Lord ! . . . 14th.—This night my fever abated, my pains were less. I thank God I have had two hours' sleep ; prior to which, for sixteen days and nights, I had not four hours' sleep. Righteous art Thou, O Lord, in all Thy ways, and holy in all Thy works ; sanctify this affliction, and show me wherefore Thou contendest with me ; bring me out of the furnace as silver seven times purified. . . . 16th.—A more quiet night and less fever ; yet much pain until morning. If God should please to restore me to days of prosperity, may I remember the days of sorrow, to make me habitually serious and humble ; may I learn from this affliction more than I have learned before, and so have reason to bless God for it."

From this date he recovered fast. The attentions of Sir Joseph Yorke during this illness were such as could never be forgotten, and Howard made most grateful reference to them in his published work. In ten days more he was able to go out ; and he prepared to resume the inquiries which had again brought him into Holland. These he accomplished to his own satisfaction, making a regular and laborious tour of all the chief towns and cities of the country. Everywhere he was impressed with the superiority of the criminal police of Holland over that of England. The average of crime in that country was always low—public executions were rare—transportation was unknown. In Utrecht, for example, he was informed that not a single person had been put to death in that city and the province of which it is the capital, for fourteen years.

Entering Germany by way of Osnaburgh and Hanover, Howard passed on through Brunswick and Magdeburg to Berlin, with the prisons of which city he was on the whole

much pleased. They were clean, airy, healthy; the prisoners were properly fed, instructed, and employed. Unlike other parts of Germany, Prussia had no torture chambers. Frederick the Only—as he was called by enthusiastic loyalty—had a short time before his visit abolished this barbarous mode of trial throughout his dominions.

Howard's reputation had now spread over Europe; and, wherever he went, he was received with honour. At the time of this visit to the capital of Prussia, the old warrior was at the head of his armies in Silesia, where a decisive battle was every day expected; but Prince Henry sent for him, and inquired graciously into the details and purposes of his travels. His highness said he "could hardly conceive of a more disagreeable journey, but the object was great and humane." Howard was sumptuously lodged in Berlin, and during his brief stay in the city mixed in the best society. "We are here," he says in one of his letters, "just on the eve of an important event. The King of Prussia is in Silesia, and the Emperor is encamped within a few miles of him; 40,000 men are ready to destroy one another, as the passions or prejudices of an arbitrary monarch may direct! This would be a matter of great concern to a thinking mind, had it not a firm belief in a wise and overruling Providence. In about a fortnight I hope to be at or near Vienna. . . . I have both parts of this day joined in worship with the French Protestants—a pleasure I shall now be debarred of for many weeks. I drank tea this afternoon with Prince Dolgoruky, the Russian ambassador;—yet I thirst for the land of liberty, my Retreat and Cardington friends." In a note of this letter he tells his reverend correspondent to inform John Prole—from whom he had just heard of the progress of his cottage-building scheme at Cardington—to stop the works:—"I must build no more cottages," he says, "till I have quite done with my gaol schemes." He ends with the expression of his "tenderest regard for Mrs. Smith," and sends "a kiss for the baby."

From Berlin our traveller proceeded to Spandau—the castle of which was, and still is, the bastille of Prussia. That famous place of durance, and also that of Magdeburg—so

well known as the prison-house of the chivalrous Baron Trenck—Howard tells us were not so dreadful as their reputations. It is true the men were badly lodged, and seemed to have little attention paid to them, except as to their security; but the prisoners were not all kept in cells 4 feet square and 6 feet high, loaded with heavy irons, and fed on a miserable allowance of bread and water—as had been the case for six long years with the adventurous soldier whose revelations have made the name of Magdeburg a word of terror to all Europe.

At Dresden our traveller saw the slaves and culprits strongly bound in fetters—even those who were sick. When not at work, both men and women were fastened by a staple to the walls of their cells, all of which were dirty and filled with noxious stench; a circumstance which Howard did not fail to represent with great plainness to the grand bailiff of the pleasant city,—so famous for its walks, its palaces, and pictures—on calling to thank him for the permission to inspect them. Across Silesia—through the ranks of the opposing armies of Austria and Prussia—and through Bohemia and Moravia, our traveller proceeded to Vienna.

While making a short stay at Prague, the picturesque and striking capital of Bohemia—the city of Huss and Jerome—Howard was induced to visit the principal monastery of the order of Capucines. At all times a curious observer of men, Howard was anxious to see the effect of various kinds of discipline on mind and character; and in this instance he was perhaps attracted by the ascetic reputation of this order of friars. It was a fast-day when he made his visit; and judge of his surprise and indignation when, on entering the great hall, he saw the holy fathers seated at dinner round a table sumptuously furnished with the most delicate and costly viands which the season and country could furnish! Being known to some of the personages present, he was politely invited to sit down and partake of the feast. Had it been a palace instead of a monastery, he would have refused, it being contrary to his habits to indulge in such dainty food; but to see such costly extravagance in a religious

house, was more than his severe sense of fitness could brook. He not only declined the proffered hospitalities, but, turning to the elder monks, read them a pretty sharp lecture on the subject; telling them in his stern, mild way, he had been led to suppose that they had retired from the world in order to live a life of abstemiousness and prayer; instead of which he found they had turned their dwelling into a house of revelry and drunkenness. The jolly monks, whatever may have been their private thoughts of this heretical reprovcr, deemed it politic to appear alarmed at the tone he had taken, especially when he told them he was going to Rome, where he would see His Holiness, their master, and could ascertain if such loose discipline met with his approval. This threat went home. Next morning four or five of the penitent fathers waited on him at his hotel, to beg his pardon for the offence which he had witnessed, and to implore his silence on the subject at Rome. Howard answered that he would make no promise; on the contrary, he would be guided entirely by circumstances. He would take the necessary means to be well informed as to whether the offence were repeated or not, and would be governed by the result. If it were not repeated, he would use his own discretion as to what course he should take; if it were, they might be certain that he would do as he had said. With this assurance, after promising that such violations of their rules should not again be permitted, the deputation withdrew.

Of the prisons at Vienna the inspector speaks in mixed terms of censure and commendation. The culprits were all kept at work—chiefly in the manufacture of woollens—and were paid the full amount of their earnings; but the prisons were over-crowded; the inmates had no coverlids to their beds; and little attention was paid to their health and morals. La Maison de Bourreau, the great gaol of Vienna, contained a number of very horrid dungeons: into most of these Howard descended, and thus he speaks of one of them:—“Here, as usual, I inquired whether they had any putrid fever; and was answered in the negative. But in one of the dark dungeons down twenty-four steps, I thought I had found a

person with the gaol-fever. He was loaded with heavy irons and chained to the wall. Anguish and misery appeared with clotted tears on his face. He was not capable of speaking to me; but on examining his breast and feet for *petechia*, or spots, and finding that he had a strong intermitting pulse, I was convinced that he was not ill of that disorder. A prisoner in an opposite cell told me that the poor creature had desired him to call out for assistance: and he had done it, but *was not heard*."—Consequently no relief came to the unfortunate wretch in his dire necessity. What mind can realize the misery endured in such a case?

Howard paid frequent visits to the hospitals and almshouses of Vienna, and in these, if not in the gaols, he found many things to approve. There was a curious mode of punishing bakers who were convicted of adultering their bread or giving short weight—namely, by means of the ducking-stool. This engine of terror was fixed at the edge of the water, on the Wiener Canal, or on the Danube, as the case might be, and consisted of a long pole, or plank, extending some distance over the surface of the water. The culprit was fastened in his own bread-basket, and, being placed at the end of the plank, was soused in the water a certain number of times, according to the gravity of his offence. The punishment was at once severe and disgraceful; the fraternity of bakers would gladly have purchased immunity from the infliction at a high rate; but the law or custom was rigorous, and the magistrates were compelled to punish the delinquent, in order to satisfy the sense of public justice.

During Howard's stay in the capital of Austria the emperor was absent: the Prussian king had broken into Bohemia, and Joseph, attended by Loisey and Loudon, were hurrying forward to cover Prague. Howard was introduced to Maria Theresa, and so far relaxed his usual custom as to accept an invitation to dine with her at the palace. At the table of Sir Robert Murray Keith, the English ambassador at Vienna, he was a frequent guest, and sometimes startled diplomatic and courtly company by the frankness of his remarks. One day the subject of after-dinner conversation happened to be the

Torture. A German nobleman boasted that to his imperial majesty—Joseph II.—belonged the glory of having abolished it in every part of his Estates; to which Howard rather warmly replied,—“Pardon me, Sir, his imperial majesty has only abolished one species of torture, to establish in its place another still more cruel; for the torture which he has abolished lasted at most only a few hours, but that which he has appointed lasts many weeks,—nay, sometimes years. The poor wretches are plunged into a noisome dungeon, as bad as the black-hole at Calcutta, from which they are not taken until they confess what is laid to their charge, and then only to be executed.” “Hush!” said the ambassador, alarmed, knowing his guests; “your words will be reported to the Emperor.” Sir Robert knew how vain Joseph was of his darling institutions. Howard valued them at their proper worth, and cared no more for the Emperor’s opinion on such a matter, than he would have done for that of a dustman. “What!” he replied, noticing the consternation of the company, “shall my tongue be tied from speaking the truth by any king or emperor in the world? I repeat what I have asserted, and will maintain its veracity.” Perhaps he had that day spoken to the man whose cries of agony had been unheard except by his fellows in distress, and whose voice had now lost the power of utterance! The words fell on the ears of that courtly circle—unaccustomed to such sounds—like sounds of death. There was a deep silence. In Vienna it was not permitted to any man to speak of the acts of the sovereign, otherwise than in terms of praise. No rejoinder was made, and the subject dropped. Some amongst that company would no doubt admire the boldness of the speaker, but no one dared to acknowledge it; and the greater number feared his words as of that fatal kind, which it is as perilous to have heard as to have spoken.

Taking his departure from Vienna—where, notwithstanding escapades like the above, his high character and great reputation made him much sought after—our traveller continued his journey through Styria and Carniola into Illyria. In the

castle of Trieste, the capital of the province, the convicts were confined and employed in the harbour about ten hours daily. They appeared healthy, clean, and strong; and laboured cheerfully, because, when employed, each of them received about three farthings a-day wages.

Embarking at this port in a small shallop, he experienced a rough passage of two days and nights in crossing over to Venice. He entered Italy with high expectations of seeing much that would forward the objects of his journey; and in this he was not altogether disappointed. The celebrated state prison of Venice, situate, as every reader is aware, near the ducal palace—with which it communicates by a strong stone gallery, poetically known as the Bridge of Sighs—Howard describes as one of the strongest he had ever seen, and as containing, at that time, between three and four hundred prisoners. State prisoners were confined in the roofs of the palace—in rooms called “The Leads.” In these *Piombi*, hundreds of illustrious men have been confined. Who does not remember the touching plaints of Silvio Pellico, as he listened to the voices of the children in the campanile of St. Mark’s in the quiet of the summer evenings?

Except for political offences, death-punishments were foreign to the ideas of the Venetian people and to the genius of their laws; great crimes were punished by imprisonment for long terms, often for life, the culprits being immured in dungeons horribly loathsome and perfectly dark. On inquiring from wretches so confined whether they would not prefer work in the galleys to idleness in the cell, the answer was invariably—Yes!

A boat carried Howard from the Mole of St. Mark’s to the main land of Italy, whence he passed on to Padua, Bologna, and Ferrara. After examining these he proceeded to Florence, the prisons, hospitals and workhouses of which city he inspected under special orders from the Grand Duke, obtained for him by the friendly act of our minister, Sir Horace Mann. A simple incident occurred in one of the prisons, characteristic of the man and of the country. According to his usual

custom, when he considered the allowance of food rather too low, Howard, on his first visit to the gaol called *Delle Stinche*, left a small sum of money to buy beef and mutton for the men, and tea and sugar for the women. He thought no more of it; but on paying a second visit to the prison two or three days later, he was greeted at his entrance with hymns and choruses of thanks from the grateful recipients of his bounty. The motive of his liberality—to them, outcasts of society, shut off from all the charities of life, so very unusual—they could ill comprehend; and they referred it to a supernatural cause. As he walked in, they fell down at his feet, and would have worshipped him, had he not taken pains to convince them that he was only a poor mortal creature, like themselves, whose object was to do them good, but not to receive their homage.

By way of Leghorn and Loretto, our traveller continued his journey from Florence to Rome, where he found much to approve, but still more to condemn, in the criminal institutions of the States of the Church. He desired to inspect the dungeons of the Inquisition, and all his influence, personal and other, was exerted to that end. But in vain. The gloomy portals of the Holy Office could not be opened to a heretic—unless to close on him for ever. Baffled in this earnest wish, he haunted the ominous building for hours, as he had formerly done the Bastille in Paris; until his appearance began to excite the suspicions of its janitors, and he was warned of the peril which he ran.

All the dungeons of the castle of San Angelo—the Spandau of Rome—were empty, except one, in which a bishop had been confined for twenty years, and had now become insane from the effects of his punishment. Convicts were sent from Rome to work in the galleys of Civita Vecchia: for simple theft the term was never less than seven years, for forgery the sentence was invariably for life; and if the forgery was of a bank note, or of an instrument by which a large sum of money had been lost, the offender was compelled to wear, in addition to his other punishments, an iron glove. Prisoners

condemned for life were chained two and two together; those for shorter terms worked separately. All of them wore fetters, the weight of which was gradually diminished as time wore on, until a ring round the leg—like that now worn by convicts in our dockyards—was all that remained. Juvenile offenders were sent, not to the galleys, but to the great hospital of San Michele; an institution which, in some respects, may be considered as the original of our present Penitentiary at Parkhurst, in the Isle of Wight. It is thus described by its inspector: "The Hospital of San Michele is a large and noble edifice. The back front is nearly 300 yards long. It consists of several courts with buildings round them. In the apartments on three sides of one of the most spacious of these courts, are rooms for various manufactures and arts, in which boys who are orphans, or destitute, are educated and instructed. When I was there, the number was about 200, all learning different trades, according to their different abilities and genius. Some were educated for printers, some for bookbinders, designers, smiths, tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, and barbers, and some for weavers and dyers—a cloth manufactory being carried on there in all its branches. When boys arrive at the age of twenty, they are completely clothed, and a certain sum of money is given to set them up in the business they have learned."

Public executions in Rome, as in all other parts of Italy, were rare; a curious circumstance when it is considered how much more passionate and sanguinary is the temperament of the Italian people than our own. When they did take place, however, they were conducted with pomp and solemnity. The ceremonies on such occasions were served by the *Confraternita della Misericordia*, or Brotherhood of Mercy, of the order of San Giovanni di Fiorentini, composed of about seventy members, selected from the first families in Rome. This institution was of ancient standing; the church of San Gio Battista Decollato had belonged to the order so long ago as 1450. Whenever a malefactor was condemned to suffer death, one of the heads of this order—sometimes two of them—

would go to him at midnight, inform him of his sentence, serve him with the choicest viands, exhort him to confession, and remain with him until the appointed hour. When the moment of death approached, the whole order, robed in white, would repair in solemn procession to the place of execution, and there they would stay until the wretch expired. Then they departed, leaving him hanging until night, when they returned, and one of their order—generally a prince—cut down the body, which was conveyed to a handsome cemetery appropriated to the purpose of such burials. Such a ceremony must be impressive; but a doubt may fairly arise whether, in the very solemnity of such a scene, there is not a dangerous element—an air of grandeur and importance—being cast about the culprit, seductive to the imaginations of the young, and consoling to the mind of the hardened wretch.

In Naples, to which city Howard next proceeded, he found the crime of assassination startlingly common. He asserts, as the result of his observation, that more murders and attempts at murder take place annually in the city of Naples than in the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. The common people, as he found, thought nothing of murder; and some of the prisoners boasted to him that they had never committed theft, though they owned to murder. The hospitals were crowded with the victims of the secret stiletto, and the prisons and sanctuaries (churches) full of the culprits. The criminal statistics of all countries prove that the frequency of the atrocious crime of murder bears no relation to the nature of the penalty, but depends rather on the genius and education of the people. Howard urged that as English people have a deeper repugnance to blood than any other nation, the Government might safely soften the dreadful severity of our penal code. From Naples he returned towards Northern Italy, by way of Civita Vecchia, where he embarked in a Neapolitan vessel bound from that port to Leghorn. In this voyage, incidents occurred which had an important influence on the course of his life.

As they were running pleasantly along the Tuscan shore, on the evening of the second day of their voyage, the captain

put into a small creek, as was the custom in those days of leisurely travelling ; and, the night being fine, he pitched a tent on the land for his voyager, who was only too grateful for the opportunity of quietly enjoying the beauty of the summer night on shore. In the midst of one of the most beautiful scenes in nature—at his feet the blue waters of the Tuscan Sea—above him the balmy and delicious air of the sweet South—he lay down to sleep in his little tent, lulled by the music of winds and waters. On awaking in the morning all was changed. The delicious beauty of the scene had vanished. The air was hot, the sky clouded, the water angry. They put to sea, however, in their little boat, but had scarcely got under sail, when a sudden squall arose. The thunders rolled and crashed above their heads, and the lightnings burst and blazed before their eyes, and wind and water raged with a fierceness only known in southern countries. Every hour the excitement of the elements increased. The sea ran high, and the frail bark was dashed in the tempest like a piece of wreck. The boat was at the mercy of the storm. For that whole day the mariners were tossed hither and thither, the sport of every wave and gust of wind, with no power to help themselves, and dreading the approach of darkness as of almost certain death. To their infinite joy, however, just as night was falling, they found that the storm had carried them into a harbour of one of the small islands lying off the Tuscan coast. Soaking wet, and exhausted with their life and death struggle, they were anxiously preparing to land, when a fresh difficulty beset them. The inhabitants refused them permission to go on shore ! A report had spread through the island that the plague had made its appearance at the port from which this vessel had sailed before it put in at Civita Vecchia, and, so great was their terror of the pest, that notwithstanding prayers and supplications, neither sailors nor passengers could obtain leave to quit the boat. Refusal on such a ground must have been doubly trying to Howard, to whom it revealed a new and to him unknown danger.

Whether the ship were infected or not infected, he was obliged to remain in her with the rest ; so, making the best

of their misfortunes, they anchored for the night in a sheltered nook under the walls of the town, and next morning put out again into the storm.

No change of fortune came that day. The violence of the storm went on increasing hour by hour. Finding it useless to contend any longer against a force so overwhelming, the bark was at length given up to the wind, and drifted on before it at a tremendous pace, till it was thrown on the African coast, where they were again doomed to be cast off. Even the piratical Algerines, more afraid of infection than fond of booty, refused them permission to enter their harbour. So, resting at a short distance from the shore for the night, they again departed at daybreak, and were soon out on the wide waste of waters once more. For three more dreadful days and nights they were now at sea. The toils, and perils, and privations then undergone, were never afterwards forgotten. Never before had Howard suspected the terrible influence of that word—PLAGUE. By merely raising a doubt, it had caused them to be twice rejected by their fellow-creatures in their need; they had been cast out in Europe and in Africa, by Christian and by Moslem. When, hereafter, we find him undertaking a special mission to the East, in order to discover the causes of Plague, and the best methods of treating it, we shall do well to trace its first suggestion to the personal suffering now endured. After three days of sleepless anxiety and exhausting suffering, they sighted the small island of Gorgona, lying off Leghorn to the north-west; but, on account of the strength of the current, they did not succeed in making port that night, and were obliged to cast out the anchor until dawn. The weather had now calmed a little, but the sea was still too rough for the exhausted sailors to manage their craft. As soon as it was light, however, the governor of the island, apprised of their danger, sent his long-boat with four-and-twenty men, who took Howard and his servant Thomasson on shore,—and with their assistance the vessel was got round in the course of the day to a good and convenient anchorage in front of the island. In this hospitable place, the guests of the governor, the

voyagers remained about a week, reposing after their severe toils, and recovering their worn-out strength. As soon as it was prudent, our countryman took leave of his courteous host, and sailed for Leghorn, which he reached in safety and without further peril.

From this city he passed through Lucca, Lerice, and Genoa, to Milan. To give a trait of character in this city curiously distinct from one already exhibited on the other side of the Swiss Alps, it was the custom in the capital of Lombardy, when a person broke prison and was afterwards re-captured, to renew his sentence, with the addition of half the original term: thus, if a convict sentenced to fourteen years escaped at the end of ten, he would receive as punishment for obeying what the magistrates of Berne considered a natural and noble instinct, twenty-one years more. Milan was ruled by Austrians. Much of the prison discipline of Milan met with the approval of the inspector. The Casa di Correzione—then building—was precisely such an institution as he was desirous of seeing introduced into England; and in its chief ideas it was not materially unlike our present establishment in Coldbath-Fields, blending the two great features of labour and instruction. Being deeply interested in the working of this Casa di Correzione, Howard visited it very frequently, entered into conversation with its inmates, and always made them happy on retiring by a small present, the amount of which was measured by his opinion of their deserts. Some remarkably fine and skilful work was turned out by these prisoners. One prisoner whom he particularly noticed was a youth of five-and-twenty, a gold brocade worker, of superior talents. Howard spoke with him, and found him highly accomplished, being able to speak four or five different languages with fluency and correctness. His crime was bigamy, an offence redeemable in Italy by a fine; and as Howard considered, both from his conversation and from the reports of others as to his habits, that he was a person of some worth, and seeing that he had already suffered a severe penalty, he purchased his release, gave him some fatherly counsel, together with sufficient money to carry him to his native place, and set him at liberty.

On leaving Milan, our traveller passed into Piedmont, and thence through Savoy once more into Switzerland, where he assiduously prosecuted his examinations, and on their completion re-entered Germany. We have before traced his footsteps through that country, and noted the general character of the criminal institutions there prevailing. In his account of the prisons of Liège—then an ecclesiastical city—he says: “The two prisons near La Porte de St. Leonard, in Liège, are on the ramparts. In two rooms of the Old Prison I saw six cages made very strong with iron hoops, four of which were empty. These were dismal places of confinement, but I soon found much worse. In descending deep below ground from the gaoler’s apartments, I heard the moans of the miserable wretches in the dark dungeons. The sides and roof were all stone. In wet weather, water from the fosses gets into them, and has greatly damaged the floors. Each of them had two small apertures, one for admitting air, and another, with a shutter strongly bolted, for putting in food to the prisoners. One dungeon larger than the rest was appropriated to the sick. In looking into this with a candle, I discovered a stove, and felt some surprise at this little escape of humanity from the men who constructed these cells. The dungeons in the New Prison are abodes of misery still more shocking, and confinement in them so overpowers human nature as sometimes irrecoverably to take away the senses. I heard the cries of the distracted as I went down to them. The cries of the sufferers in the torture chamber may be heard by passengers without, and guards are placed to prevent them from stopping and listening!” The Bishop of Liège outdid the Bishop of Ely.

Towards the end of the year Howard arrived in England, having travelled on this Continental tour 4,600 miles. As he came homeward through France, his attention was again arrested by the sufferings inflicted on prisoners of war, and in making complaints on the subject to persons in authority in that country, he was told that French prisoners in England suffered greater hardships than any there witnessed. On reaching London, therefore, his first care was to call on

the Commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen, as well to report what he had seen and heard, as to inform them that he had determined to go round the country to every town where war-prisoners were kept, to get at the truth or falsehood of the statements which had been made to him in France. The Commissioners received him with courtesy, and expressed their desire to assist him in his inquiries : to that end they furnished him with letters to their agents throughout the country. Thus prepared, he went down to Cardington to spend the Christmas with his boy ; and as soon as the holidays were over, he set out on this new tour of inspection, re-visiting as he went along, gaols, bridewells, and houses of correction ; noticing, in particular, the effect of the new laws, and completing the collection of materials for an appendix to his great work.

This home-journey was, in fact, one of the longest and most laborious which he had yet undertaken—occupying from January to the end of November of the year 1779, in the course of which he traversed almost every county in England, Ireland, and Scotland—travelling to and fro no less than 6,990 miles. The results of all these labours were given to the world at the end of the year.

On the whole, notwithstanding that many bad practices still obtained in our gaols, this new inspection satisfied him as to the utility of his labours. Some of the worst abuses which he had formerly noted had been removed ; the spirit of reform was roused ; the gaols were almost universally cleaner, more orderly, more healthy. One person only did he find ill of the gaol-fever ; he was in Newgate, lying under sentence of death. That disgusting den at Knaresborough had been so far improved that the open sewer—up which the rats were wont to come and go—was now boarded over. A few other outrageous matters of this kind were remedied ; but still the work of improvement went on slowly, especially in the episcopal gaols of Ely, Durham, and other places. At Ely things had grown so much worse since his last visit, that they had actually placed debtors and felons together, though formerly they had always been kept separate !

In the course of this year, 1779, Howard made his first call at the Tower of London. Hitherto he had passed it by, as he went to and fro among the lock-ups and sponging-houses of Tower Hamlets. It had no inmates ; and the attraction of its past fame—of its historical associations—had no power over him, for he had no leisure, and little imagination. There were the cells in which the wise and fair had been confined—the towers in which youth and age had been alike cut off—the green on which the noblest blood of England had been poured like rain—the rooms in which engines of infernal ingenuity had been used to extort confession—the little church of St. Peter ad Vincula, in which the headless trunks of royal, noble, and illustrious men and women had been buried by torch-light in archers' boxes ; but the woe, the horror, and the crime were of the past—gone from us for ever under our new lights and higher feelings. He had no sentimental sympathies. Probably, however, his foreign experiences of great state-prisons—his intrusion into Spandau, Magdeburg, Venice, and others of their class—had excited in his mind a desire to inspect the Tower. None of these could vie with it in interest. No other building in the world—not the Bastille, with its many memories—not the Tower of Nesle—not the Castle of St. Angelo—not the Burg Palace at Vienna—not the Alhambra at Granada—not St. Sophia—not the Cathedral of Aachen—is the visible witness of so many striking scenes and stirring crimes as the Tower of London, or can pretend to an interest so direct and human—so closely knitted up with social, literary, and romantic story. The very multitude of its associations has become an embarrassment. A Kenilworth is kept alive by the fame of Leicester ; but Leicester himself, though he lay in its dungeons many a long year, is lost in the story of the Tower. In the long line of Howards, Sydneys, Poles, Stanleys, Beauchamps, and Plantagenets—in the group of Russells, Eliots, Mores, Bacons, Vanes, and Straffords—the eye picks out with difficulty from the crowd even the striking figures of a Lady Jane Grey, a Princess Elizabeth, a Queen Anne Boleyn. Every stone here has its story ; every wall has heard the prayer of the good, or the anger of the great. Here Raleigh wrote ; there, if Godwin

may be trusted, Chaucer sung. In one place Penn composed "No Cross, No Crown;" in another, Eliot drew his "Monarchy of Man." But all these illustrations of the Tower seem to have knocked in vain at Howard's heart. The last person who had been confined in the Tower was Wilkes; this was in 1763. The inspector's note on the prison is rather brief. "The Tower," he says, "is a strong fortress, and the only prison in England for state delinquents of rank. The care of it is committed to an officer called the Constable of the Tower, who has under him a deputy-lieutenant, called the Governor, and many other officers, among whom are forty warders. Nineteen of these warders have separate houses, well-furnished, in any of which, as the governor is pleased to order, the state delinquents may be confined; and the custom has been to assign them two of the best rooms on the first-floor. Then iron bars are put to their windows by the Board of Works. Sometimes they are committed to close confinement, but in general they are at liberty to walk in the area of the Tower, attended always by a warder. Six shillings and eight pence a-day are allowed by Government for their subsistence; but they seldom accept the allowance."

Whilst the Philanthropist was thus employed, his fellow-labourers in the work were not idle in the legislature. An Act (19 Geo. III. cap. 74) had been obtained for building two penitentiary houses in either Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, or Essex, to try the great experiment of Home Correctional Discipline. Government named Howard first supervisor of this undertaking; but there were difficulties in the way of his acceptance of office. In the first place, it was an official appointment, and Howard was conscious that he would lose rather than gain influence by it. On this point his objections were overruled by his friend Sir William Blackstone, who showed him that its success depended on his acceptance of the post. Then there was the selection of his two colleagues; to ensure his devotion to the plan, he was himself allowed to name one of them. He chose Dr. Fothergill; the minister nominated Mr. Whatley, treasurer of the Foundling Hospital, as the other. Still there was an obstacle

—the officers were *salaried*; and he was resolved in no way ever to receive *money* in exchange for his services. These points were at length arranged to his satisfaction, and the three commissioners commenced their labours. The fact of this appointment was made known to the public in his second publication, which he concludes by saying that he had formerly determined, as soon as he had brought the inquiries in which he was then engaged to a close, to retire from public life; but that he had been induced by the urgent requests of others to accept a new series of labours, and it only remained now to see whether the humane intentions of the legislature could really be carried out. With these labours began a fresh chapter in his history.

CHAPTER X.

AN EUROPEAN PILGRIMAGE.

WHEN he accepted his ministerial appointment, Howard felt that it would bring him trouble. It did so. After a minute investigation of every part of London and its neighbourhood, Dr. Fothergill and he decided on a spot of ground in Islington for the site of one of the new buildings; but their colleague, Mr. Whatley, fixed on a site at Limehouse. His reasons for such a choice were unsatisfactory. Nothing, however, would induce him to give it up, and a long, intricate, and tiresome dispute arose on the point. The referees in the matter were the twelve judges. Sir William Blackstone strongly supported Howard's proposition; others were inclined to take the opposite view. There was no end of running to and fro, of weighing and comparing evidence, of agitation and diplomacy; until the Philanthropist, seeing that no progress could be made in the work, and that his own time was being wasted in disputes which promised to end in nothing, grew tired of it altogether, and threatened to give up his post. While the controversy was at its height, his friend and chief supporter, Sir William Blackstone, died. Dr. Fothergill had waited on the great jurist only a few days before his death. Though ill, he found him keenly interested in the affair, and anxious to know the exact position in which it then stood. The Doctor explained that every attention having been paid to the question of site, and opinions being still divided, recourse must of necessity be had to the judges for a decision. "Be firm in your own opinion," was all that the dying jurist was able to reply. Howard was at Warrington when these words were reported to him, and he instantly wrote to his colleague thus: "Mr. Justice Blackstone's dying words,

Be firm in your own opinion, seem to me to be the most important direction for our conduct. We are fixed upon as the proper persons to determine upon a plan, situation, &c. of a penitentiary house. Why then transfer the office to other persons, whose station in life and other engagements must render them very unfit for entering into such a matter? Let us, when we meet, *absolutely* fix upon *one* situation, as the best on the whole, according to our ideas; and specifying our reasons, let us submit the approbation or rejection of this *one* plan to those in whom the law has invested such a power; but not give *them* the unnecessary trouble, nor *us* the improper degradation, of determining in our stead the respective advantages of several different plans. I am sensible that many amendments will occur in the execution of every part of this plan; but these must be the result of experience as we go on. At any rate, *we* are the proper judges of that part which the law has committed to us, and ought to follow our *own ideas* with firmness, without depending upon the superior judgment of others." Whatley could not, however, be brought to concur in this, and so nothing was done. Time, meanwhile, passed on; and towards the end of the year death removed another actor from the scene, in the person of Dr. Fothergill. This second warning determined Howard to give up his post; and his resolution was thus signified to Earl Bathurst, Lord President of the Council: "January, 1781. My Lord,—When Sir William Blackstone prevailed upon me to act as a supervisor of the buildings intended for the confinement of certain criminals, I was persuaded to think that my observations upon similar institutions in foreign countries would in some degree qualify me to assist in the execution of the statute of the 19th year of his present Majesty. With this hope, and the prospect of being associated with my late worthy friend Dr. Fothergill, whose wishes and ideas on the subject I knew corresponded exactly with my own, I cheerfully accepted his Majesty's appointment, and have since earnestly endeavoured to answer the purpose of it; but, at the end of two years, I have the mortification to see that not even a preliminary has been settled. The *situation* of the intended buildings has

been made a matter of obstinate contention, and is at this moment undecided. Judging therefore from what is past, that the further sacrifice of my time is not likely to contribute to the success of the plan; and being now deprived, by the death of Dr. Fothergill, of the assistance of an able colleague, I beg leave to signify to your Lordship my determination to decline all further concern in the business; and to desire that your Lordship will be so good as to lay before the King my humble request that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to accept my resignation." So ended Howard's official career. With his retirement, the project, which had probably never been seriously entertained by the ministry, was abandoned. In its stead, the Botany Bay transportation scheme was adopted, and another of the fairest portions of the earth was given up to be defiled. More than seventy precious years more were to be consumed in re-enacting former failures, until in our own day, as the diabolical machinery will work no longer, we have come to a dead set; and so having, at infinite cost and mischief, bought for ourselves the knowledge which the Philanthropist had at his own expense procured for us, we are now compelled to revert to his ideas—then ignorantly spurned—and build up our Pentonvilles and Parkhursts, turn to our Portland Islands and Portsmouths, and resume the work of reform exactly at the point where he left it off.

Fairly freed from these embarrassing and fruitless engagements, Howard's thoughts again turned towards the Continent of Europe. There were still vast regions unexplored—some lessons, it might fairly be presumed, still unlearned—certainly much suffering yet to be relieved. But the war lighted in America had now spread into Europe; and the danger of crossing over to the Continent had been one chief reason for his long devotion to the penitentiary scheme. France had declared war; Spain had joined its old rival; Holland also threw itself into the scale. England had to meet this host of enemies in all parts of the world at once; never had she fought more gloriously, or in a worse cause. Central Europe was closed against her tourists, but Denmark, Norway, Russia,

Poland, Turkey, Egypt, Sicily, and Portugal were open to his researches; and when he thought of the good he might be the means of doing to their suffering or sinful children, and of the additional experience which his visits would supply—there is little reason to wonder that he should grow impatient at the dilatory proceedings of the penitentiary commission, and earnestly wish to resign his share in it.

In May 1781, Howard departed for Ostend, and in spite of the war, he immediately proceeded thence into Holland. In one of the prisons of Rotterdam, a number of Englishmen were at the time confined; a few weeks previously they had been treated to a public whipping for an attempt to escape in a body. To provide themselves with instruments, they had melted their pewter spoons, and by means of a mixture obtained from a chemist as a cure for tooth-ache, hardened the metal sufficiently to enable them to form it into keys. In all probability they would have succeeded in their attempt, had not their intention been treacherously revealed by a Jew who was in the secret, and who expected to receive his own pardon as a reward for his baseness. They were seized and carried to the whipping-post, where, in sight of all the prisoners, they received a severe flogging; while the rascally Jew was set at liberty, although he had been condemned for thirty years for a very serious offence.

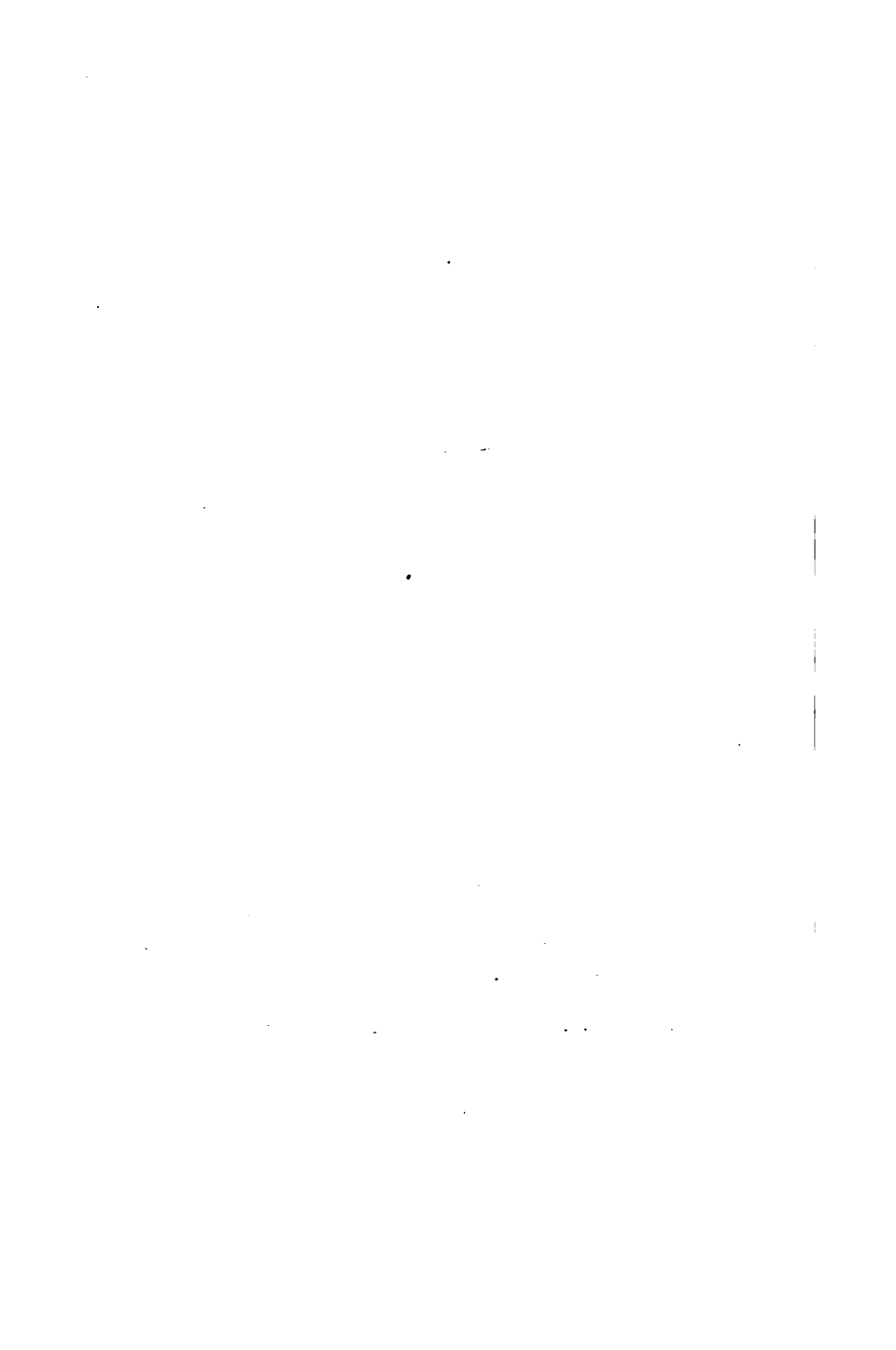
At the free city of Bremen, the first place at which he rested in Germany, he found no debtors confined; and there had been no execution for five-and-twenty years. The gaols were certainly horrid places, but they had the merit of being almost empty. In one of them there were six close dungeons, miserably small and dark; these had only had one recent inmate, and he had dashed his brains out against the wall, which was still spattered with his blood. An institution had been established in this city that much pleased the Philanthropist—a workhouse for children found begging or idling about the streets. The appearance of the city was by this means quite altered. Formerly the streets had been crowded by dirty and riotous urchins; now there was hardly one to be seen. At the workhouse Howard saw nearly 200

of these children—otherwise doomed to grow up into the future bandits of society—averaging from six to nine years old, clean, cheerful, and happy, whilst busily engaged in spinning under the care of proper instructors. The experiment had so far been eminently successful, and many other cities were beginning to look on it with interest. Whilst in Bremen, Howard spent an afternoon with Dr. Duntze, a medical gentleman who had once been in England; and although forty years had elapsed since his return to Germany, he still remembered that visit with horror. A German friend was with him at the time in London, and being desirous of seeing Newgate, they procured an order for admission and went; but in one of the rooms they encountered a smell so offensive, that they were obliged to retire. Not soon enough, however; for next day they were both very ill. The Doctor's complaint assumed the form of jaundice, from which he recovered; his friend grew worse from hour to hour, and in a few days died, with every symptom of the gaol-fever. This incident, as Dr. Duntze said, had put an end to his desire to see prisons.

Through Hamburg, Holstein, and Schleswig, Howard proceeded to Copenhagen. At the entrance of many Danish towns, he noticed that a whipping-post was conspicuously placed, on the top of which stood an emblematic figure, holding in one hand a whip, in the other a sword. Gibbets and wheels were also erected on eminences; and on these the bodies of malefactors were sometimes left after execution to rot, in order that the sight of them might infuse terror into the souls of their associates. Executions, however, were rare in Denmark. The idea of the Danes was, to excite terror by the public exhibition of the suffering and ignominy poured out upon those who had once broken the laws. One of the most curious shapes which it assumed, was that of wearing the Spanish mantle—a vestment more readily described pictorially than in words. The reader has seen one of those tubs, made of unbent staves, narrowing towards the end, in which our grandmothers were wont to churn their butter—just such a thing was the mantle worn by the felons of Denmark. A hole was made in the narrow end, through



A CRIMINAL LED ABOUT IN A SPANISH MANTLE.



which the culprit's head was thrust ; the bottom of the barrel came down to his knees—entirely covering his arms—and the weight of the whole rested on his shoulders. The head put through the aperture, a simple contrivance prevented the mantle from being thrown off ; escape from it was therefore impossible. The face was completely bare and visible. In this way the felon was paraded about the city, attended by two officers. On the whole, it was a severe punishment, as well as an indelible disgrace, and so much was it dreaded, that night robberies—for which offence it was especially inflicted—were almost unknown.

Beheading was the usual mode of capital punishment then in use in Denmark ; but, for heinous crimes, the wheel was still used. Persons confined in the state prison were very rigorously guarded. There was only one there at the period of Howard's visit, yet an officer and a soldier were in the same room with him, and another soldier was on duty at the door—although the guard-house was just below. In the room in which Counts Struensee and Brandt had been immured, in consequence of the charges which the king of Denmark had made against the unfortunate Queen Caroline, sister to our George III., he noticed that chains were riveted in the wall, to which these celebrated prisoners had been bound, in order to render their confinement more irksome. When the first of these unhappy noblemen was brought out of his dungeon, after rather more than three months' captivity—although in presence of a terrible death—he exclaimed, "Oh, what a blessing is fresh air !"

In the prison in which the slaves and criminals from the garrison were kept, there were two rooms which, though only ten feet high, contained a double tier of beds, all of them dirty beyond description. Here there were 143 slaves confined, who were not allowed to take their clothes off, night or day ; and as they were provided with a fresh suit only once in two years, many of them were entirely naked. All wore chains, and one was fastened to a wheelbarrow—the punishment in Copenhagen for any attempt to escape. The place was dirty and disgraceful to the officers in charge ; a fact

which the Philanthropist did not fail to impress on those functionaries in good round terms. His remonstrance had almost the effect of a royal command; for when, two or three days later, he went again, he found that the rooms had been put in order, and the floors well swept.

Crossing the Sound at Elsinore, our traveller was delighted with the clean and cheerful aspect of the towns and villages of Sweden; and from their pleasant appearance, he hoped to find a striking contrast to the gaols of Denmark in Stockholm. In this, however, he was disappointed. The dwelling of the peasant proved to be no type of the condition of the prison. All the gaols were filthy. No irons were used in them. After condemnation, the culprit, as in Denmark, could appeal to the parliament against his sentence; and without the special sanction of this high court of justice, no man could be legally put to death. The general mode of execution was by the axe. Women were beheaded on a scaffold, which was afterwards set on fire and consumed with the body—a striking and impressive addition to the ceremony. In the course of his researches at Stockholm, Howard discovered one of those practical falsehoods which his experience had taught him to believe not uncommon, and against which he warns all those who may wish to tread in his own footsteps. Gustavus III., the reigning king of Sweden, following the general example of enlightened Europe, had decreed the abolition of *torture* throughout his states,—and the dark and terrible dungeon, that had once been used for this purpose in one of the prisons of the capital, had been ordered to be built up. When our countryman visited the prison, he asked to see the cell. He was told that it was built up. Very well, then, he wished to see the brickwork. The gaoler, pressed to extremity, was forced to confess that it was still open!

The prisons of Stockholm showed the common vices of our English gaols,—much more so than any others on the Continent,—the severest thing that can be said of them. Everywhere Howard found idleness, drunkenness, and uncleanness on the part of the inmates; filth, insecurity, closeness, dampness, and darkness on the side of the gaol.

In the courts of law open to the public, Howard observed some customs which pleased him greatly. In a prosecution of a man for beating his wife, one of the senior magistrates pleaded the cause of the woman; and when his statement was completed, he withdrew from the court, with the other parties concerned in the trial. The judge then consulted a book of laws, and having satisfied himself of the legal bearings of the point at issue, he called them in again; and, after causing the law to be read to them aloud, passed sentence; whereupon the parties bowed and retired. Domestic disputes among the poor were almost invariably settled in this way, to mutual satisfaction of the parties—man and wife not unfrequently shaking hands in court, and going off together, crying for joy.

Personally, Howard had no reason to like Sweden. To say little of the cold,—to his constitution a severe punishment,—he could obtain nothing to eat. The bread of the country was coarse and sour; the milk was also sour; fruit and garden-stuff—the staples of his diet—could seldom be procured. He was reduced to a diet of tea. A supply of this plant, together with the means of cooking it, he carried with him on his travels; and it was now his chief support.

Russia, ruled by the iron will of Catherine, was the next country which he visited. The reputation of Howard had now spread so widely, and public attention had so riveted itself on his movements, that his visits came to be in some sort recognised by monarchs and governments. This fact, while it added to the glory of the individual, sometimes acted as a drawback on the usefulness of his labours. Wherever his presence was known or expected, preparations were made to receive him; prisons, hospitals, and houses of correction were turned the sunny side without, were cleaned up for review. As an occasional good, this was in itself a point gained; but, at the same time, it was calculated to throw the inspector off his guard, and produce a report not warranted by the real character of the place described. Against this source of error he took all possible precautions. In his earlier tours, it had been necessary to obtain letters of introduction

to men high in authority in the countries through which he had to pass ; but having now become universally known, his own card presented at the gate of a prison was generally a sufficient authorization. He therefore carried no papers. Pushing this policy of precaution still further, he began to keep his intended movements secret. Wishing to see the forms of criminal police exactly as they were—not tricked out and dressed up for the occasion—it was indispensable that some of his visits should be made unexpectedly. This was especially necessary in the case of Russia, the country of tricks, pretension, pantomime, and imposture, where paste-board villages spring up in imperial routes, and picturesque peasants are made to order by a Muscovite showman. Howard had grave misgivings as to the claim of Russia to the glorification which was so industriously diffused in Europe by a few writers, who, being dazzled and deceived by the material splendours and factitious airs of civilization which a succession of able statesmen had bestowed on the capital, had accepted, without criticism or question, the imperial government's version of its own good works.

In this spirit of doubt and hope, he approached St. Petersburg. Anxious to avoid recognition, he alighted from his carriage at some distance from the city, kept back his equipage, and entered the Russian capital alone and on foot. But, as may be supposed, this simple strategy was useless. The imperial police were well aware of his coming, and he had no sooner taken up his abode at an hotel than a messenger arrived from the Empress, inviting him to appear at court. Catherine was not the sort of woman that Howard cared to see, puritan and republican as he was in every fibre of his frame ; and with his usual frankness he refused the invitation, and told the courtier who waited on him, that he had come to the Neva to visit the dungeon of the captive and the abode of the wretched, not the palaces and courts of kings and empresses ; and that the limited time which he had to stay in St. Petersburg would not allow him to visit her imperial majesty. He saw much, however, of that strange Muscovite genius, Prince Potemkin :—and that man of vast

ideas and mean habits, of vigorous brain and indolent body, formed, or affected, a deep interest in his labours. Potemkin encouraged Howard to proceed, offered him facilities, and assured him that his book, when it appeared in London, should be immediately translated into Russian.

Howard found St. Petersburg abounding with prisons and hospitals, full of inmates of various kinds—the criminal discipline of the country being greatly complicated by the system of serfdom or slavery, universally prevailing. So inveterately had this institution of serfdom—though not of ancient date in Russia—become incorporated with the ideas of the people, that *debtors* were considered in much the same light as slaves, and were often employed as such by the government; in which case they were allowed as wages twelve roubles (about forty-eight shillings in English money) per annum, which went in liquidation of their debts. Private persons undertaking to pay this sum, and to produce the person of the debtor whenever it should be required, were allowed to hire these unhappy wretches. All the Russian gaols were held and guarded by the military; they had no regular governors, and little or no attention was paid to the health or moral improvement of the prisoners. Most of the rooms were so overcrowded as to render them unbearably hot and offensive; persons confined in them had no regular allowance of food; and they were generally in irons.

One of the great boasts of the literary admirers of the Russian system was, that capital punishments for all civil crimes had been abolished in the country. Our traveller had always suspected the truth of this statement, and being on the spot, he resolved to ascertain the facts. The governor of the police at St. Petersburg—probably in obedience to orders—displayed before him all the engines of torture formerly in use in that country, as well as those still employed; the former consisting of the axe and block, a machine for breaking arms and legs, an instrument for slitting and lacerating noses, another for branding, and so forth. The latter were simply the knout and the cat. The inference intended to be raised by this exhibition was, that from being a barbarous

nation, Russia had suddenly become humane and civilized. The care taken, however, defeated the end in view. Howard saw through the intention, and he stood on his guard against a false impression. He suspected that these Russian tortures had only been abolished on paper. It struck him that the wheel was exchanged for the knout, and that the work of the branding-iron could be done as effectively by the cat or the stick. He therefore sought an opportunity to see the ordinary punishment of the knout inflicted, and he thus describes the scene :

"August 10th, 1781, I saw two criminals, a man and a woman, suffer the punishment of the knout. They were conducted from prison by about fifteen hussars and ten soldiers. When they arrived at the place of punishment, the hussars formed themselves into a ring round the whipping-post ; the drum beat a minute or two, and then some prayers were repeated—the populace taking off their hats. The woman was taken first, and after being roughly stripped to the waist, her hands and feet were bound with cords to a post made for the purpose, a man standing before the post to keep the cords tight. A servant attended the executioner, and both were stout men. The servant first marked his ground, and struck the woman five times on the back. Every stroke seemed to penetrate deep into the flesh. But his master thinking him too gentle, pushed him aside, took his place, and gave all the remaining strokes himself, which were evidently more severe. The woman received twenty-five, and the man sixty. I pressed through the hussars, and counted the number as they were chalked on a board. Both seemed but just alive, especially the man, who had yet strength enough to receive a small donation with some signs of gratitude. They were conducted back to prison in a little wagon. I saw the *woman* in a very weak condition some days after, *but could not find the man any more !*"

This latter circumstance confirmed his previous suspicion that the knout was in reality the Russian gallows, and that, under cover of a mere whipping, death was sometimes, if not frequently, inflicted ; while Western Europe was abused with

idle boasts of the superior clemency of Russian laws. It was useless, however, to think of making any inquiries on the subject among the courtiers of Catherine, or even among the ministers of justice. In order to get further information, Howard took his own characteristic course. Having ascertained the address of the executioner, he got into a coach and drove off to his house. The poor fellow was alarmed. Seeing a person having the appearance of an official enter his humble dwelling, he imagined something very terrible was about to happen. Howard had calculated on the man being surprised and thrown off his guard, and he endeavoured to increase the poor fellow's confusion by his air and manner. Assuming an official tone, he desired the man to answer the questions put to him simply, and without equivocation; adding, that if his replies were found conformable to truth, he had nothing to fear. The executioner meekly declared his readiness to answer any questions that should be put to him. "Can you inflict the knout in such a manner as to occasion death in a very short time?" "Yes I can," was the prompt reply. "In how short a time?" continued Howard. "In a day or two." "Have you ever so inflicted it?" "I have." "Have you lately?" asked our countryman, going to the point. "Yes, the last man who was punished by my hands with the knout died of the punishment." No wonder that the Philanthropist had not been able to find him. "In what manner do you thus render it mortal?" "By one or two strokes on the sides, which carry off large pieces of the flesh."—Hum! "Do you receive orders thus to inflict the punishment?" "I do." Thus were Howard's doubts resolved.

The hospitals and educational establishments of St. Petersburg afforded Howard far more pleasure than the prisons. With one of the latter he was particularly struck. It was a stately pile, situate on a rising ground on the southern side of the Neva, at a short distance from the city. The house had been originally designed for a convent, but had been converted by the reigning Empress into an institution for the education of a certain number of girls, the daughters of nobles and commoners, in about equal proportions. About

five hundred pupils, of rank or wealthy, lived in the establishment; and we may add, that they showed their appreciation of the merits of their visitor by presenting him with an elegant piece of their own work in ivory, which was long preserved in his hermitage at Cardington. This creditable institution owed its existence and prosperity to General De Betskoi. This good man was the soul of Catherine's charitable undertakings; our countryman has borne high testimony to his liberality and enlightenment; and, on his side, De Betskoi entertained the most profound veneration for his visitor. Nor was he the only soldier of that military empire who felt esteem for our countryman. His fine character, his frank bearing, his apostolic undertaking, revived in those who came in contact with him—especially in the men whose lives had been spent in the camp and on the field of battle—something of that by-gone chivalry which, in the olden time, kings and knights were wont to display towards the acknowledged servants of God and mankind. A pleasing instance of this fine feeling—honourable alike to its subject and its object—is recorded of this present visit to St. Petersburg. One of the most distinguished men of that day in Russia was General Bulgarkow. With a princely liberality, this soldier had endowed, or enlarged, a great number of noble charities. His benevolence attracted the attention of his countrymen, who, desirous of honouring themselves by honouring him, sent to him a gold medal, as "one who had deserved well of his country." High proof of modesty and merit was given in his reply. He said, "*his* services to mankind reached his own country only; but there *was* a man whose extraordinary philanthropy took in all the world,—who had already, with infinite toil and peril, extended his humanity to all nations, and who was therefore alone worthy of such a distinction; to him, his master in benevolence, he should send the medal." And he sent it to Howard.

During his stay near the Russian capital, Howard made a trip to Cronstadt, to see the galleys. The slaves, who were employed in emptying ships of ballast, were healthy and robust. The hospital of the island, built by Peter the Great

for a palace, was a magnificent structure, the cleanliness and comfort of which—unlike most of the public establishments in Russia—were in some measure worthy of its exterior splendour. On his return to St. Petersburg, Howard was attacked by a fit of ague; but having no time to waste on personal affairs, he treated it with as little ceremony as he had done the message of Catherine, and set out immediately on his journey to Moscow. A letter, bearing date Moscow, September 7, 1781, contains nearly all that is known of this trip. It begins in a tone of solemn pleasantry:—"I am persuaded a line will not be unacceptable, even from such a vagrant as I am. I have unremittingly pursued the object of my journey; but having looked into no palaces, nor seen any curiosities, my letters can afford little entertainment to my friends. I stayed above three weeks in St. Petersburg. I declined every honour that was offered me, and when pressed to have a soldier to accompany me [to Moscow], I declined that also. Yet I fought my way pretty well 500 miles, over bad roads, in less than five days. I have a strong, yet light and easy carriage, which I bought for fifty roubles—about ten guineas. This city is situated in a fine plain, totally different from all others. Each house has a garden, which extends the city eight or ten miles; so that four and six horses are common in the streets. I content myself with a pair—though I think I have driven to-day near twenty miles to see one prison and one hospital. I am told sad stories of what I am to suffer from the cold; yet I will not leave this city till I have made repeated visits to the prisons and hospitals, as the first man in the kingdom assured me that my book would be translated into Russian. My next step is for Warsaw, about seven or eight hundred miles; but every step being homeward, I have spirit to encounter it, though through the worst country in Europe. I bless God I am well, with calm, easy spirits. I had a fit of the ague before I left St. Petersburg, but I *travelled it off*, the nights last week being warm. I thought I could live where any men did live; but in this northern journey—especially in Sweden, where there was no fruit, no garden stuff, and only sour bread and sour milk—I have been

pinched. But in this city there is every luxury, even pine-apples and potatoes."

In the course of this rapid transit—500 miles in five days—though Howard never once paused to procure repose or refreshment, he found time to inspect the prisons of Wyshnei and Tver, both of which were in a fearful state: into the latter the medical attendant refused to follow him. Howard's mode of dealing with English postilions has been noticed; an incident on this road may be added to the subject. On one of the stages between St. Petersburg and Moscow, he was so much pleased with his two drivers that he wished to mark his approbation by a rather larger donation than usual—about half-a-crown English money. The poor fellows had never before obtained so large a sum, and feared to take it. For similar services they were in the habit of receiving only a few copecs, of the value of two or three pence; and not until Howard had taken some trouble to explain to them that inasmuch as he had entrusted his life into their hands, as they had obeyed all his wishes, and saved some of his time, they were well entitled to his little gift, could they be brought to accept it. Such ideas were quite new to them; it had never struck them before that they were of the slightest importance to anybody. The awakening of such thoughts in the mind of a peasant may be the commencement of a revolution. Howard was fond of stirring such emotions—of impressing on high and low the dignity of our common nature.

Passing rapidly through Poland—in the capital of which, Warsaw, he encountered some of the most miserable objects he had ever seen—and through Silesia, which presented a favourable contrast to the neighbouring country—Howard soon re-entered Prussia. The criminal police of Berlin had been much improved since his former visit; the streets were cleared of the beggars and thieves by which they had formerly been infested. The Orphan House was well regulated; and the children, being kept employed, were industrious and contented. On the way from this capital to Hanover an incident occurred. Frederick the Great, aware of the importance of rapid communications from place to place, had established

a system of couriers, who traversed the kingdom in every direction on the king's business with matchless celerity; a celerity, however, procured at the price of much inconvenience to the king's subjects. These fleet messengers, wearing the royal colours, commanded and compelled the assistance of all persons whom they met on the highways. The will of the monarch was known, and a Prussian would as soon have thought of offending heaven as of throwing an obstacle in the way of one of Frederick's fleet couriers. But Howard was not a subject of Frederick, nor had he any fear of kings before his eyes. Somewhere on the great road from Berlin to Hanover, he came to a very narrow part of the highway. The road was only wide enough for a single carriage; and to prevent the narrow gorge from being blocked up, it was enjoined on all postilions entering at each end to blow their horns by way of notice. Howard's post-boy blew his horn; there was no answer, and they went on. When they had penetrated a considerable distance, they met one of the couriers travelling on the king's business, who had failed to blow his horn on entering. The royal courier ordered Howard's postilion to turn back. Howard answered that he had complied with the rule, and should insist on going forwards. The royal messenger used high words; he showed his colours. Howard merely leaned back in his carriage. He would not stir for the king himself, except as a courtesy. As neither would yield, they sat still a long time; at length the royal courier—not knowing what else to do—gave up the point. He backed out of the narrow road, and Howard continued his journey.

During a short stay at Hanover, Howard was presented to the boy prince-bishop of Osnaburg, afterwards created Duke of York. This boy was father to the man. He was very anxious to hear about the torture—how many kinds were there—how were they inflicted—with the particular results of each. He heard with seeming interest that his own peculiar bishopric was famous in the annals of this infernal art. He was anxious to know more of it. Howard told him it would only shock his feelings to hear the terrible detail;

but he begged that an inquiry might be instituted by the competent authorities. On the subject of the torture the Philanthropist was loth to speak; he feared to pander to the morbid love of horror. He one day told a friend that, had he pleased, he could have filled a volume with an account of the infinite varieties of torture then practised in Europe. Such recitals, he was told, would sell his book. "Yes," he answered; "and they would also make many persons, who knew nothing of torture but the name, acquainted with the devilish details, and might excite some ferocious natures to introduce them where they were previously unknown." He therefore chose to bury his sad knowledge in his own heart. The prince-bishop promised to have the matter examined, and to abolish the use of torture within his diocese as soon as he came of age. Unhappily for Osnaburg, he forgot his promise. Between his mistresses and his marriage, his debts and his delinquencies, Prince Frederick had little time and less thought for such subjects; and some years after the vain promise had been given, his royal highness was delicately reminded of his breach of faith by receiving a copy of 'The State of Prisons' from Howard, with a blue riband drawn over the page in which the Osnaburg torture is described.

From Hanover, by way of Holland and the Austrian Netherlands, our traveller returned once more to England, from one of the longest tours on which he had yet been absent. Arriving in London about the middle of December, his first care was to carry his son from school down to Cardington to pass the holidays. The future course of young Howard's education occupied much of his thought. His idea was to send him to Eton; and he had made preparations for his removal, when learning that at that institution no efficient moral and religious control could be exercised over him, he changed his plan, and on the advice of several friends, he placed him under the charge of a reverend gentlemen of Notts. This matter for the present set at rest, he commenced, in January 1782, a new series of prison inspections in England, Ireland, and Scotland—in which labour he was arduously employed the entire twelve months, with scarcely a day's

intermission—concluding for the year with a visit to the Fleet on the 30th of December.

When in Ireland, the University of Dublin marked its appreciation of his services by conferring on him the honorary degree of a Doctor of Civil Law ; an honour of which he was duly sensible, though he had not sought it.

In an earlier part of this story, the circumstance of Howard's captivity in France led to some remarks on the treatment of prisoners of war ; this subject was now present to the traveller's thoughts wherever he went, and many were the opportunities which he found of alleviating sufferings like those of which he had himself had bitter experience. During the war then raging in America, before the rock of Gibraltar, and on the high seas, European governments tried by every means in their power to corrupt the fidelity of their prisoners, with a view to induce them to enter their services—wickedly regardless of the peril to which they would thereby expose their victims. Howard set himself to oppose these base seductions. In France, in Holland, in England, in Spain, his counsel was ever the same. He reminded the captives of their allegiance to the country of their birth—of the baseness of all renegades—of the danger in case of re-capture. He appealed to their fears as well as to their principles ; and in some cases he threatened to become himself the means of their punishment, should they succumb to the guilty arts practised against them. By his remonstrances he saved many a poor fellow from the traitor's fate, but not without peril to himself. Governments did not like this interference. Certain proceedings of this kind were remembered against him in France with great bitterness—and did not tend to mitigate the offence of the Bastille pamphlet. An incident of the same sort now happened to him in England ; and he stepped between his own Government and its perfidious intention, as fearlessly as he had before done in the case of France. A body of 338 Dutch prisoners of war, who were confined in a building on the banks of the Severn, were almost naked and starving, when their privations coming to the knowledge of certain benevolent individuals, a subscription was made to purchase

for them some necessary articles of clothing—shoes, stockings, shirts, and so forth. The Government commissary thought proper to prohibit this donation. He had already practised on their distress, to induce them to enter the English service, and fight against their native land ; he even had an officer on the spot, ready to enlist them the moment his arts and their privations had procured their consent. As soon as Howard heard of these proceedings, he repaired to the spot—found the statement true in all its particulars—and learned that an order had been issued to prevent any person having communication with the prisoners. He at once added his name and ten guineas to the subscription list in favour of the prisoners, and requested that all the articles which had been bought might be sent to the prison at nine o'clock next morning. He knew that no prison gates in England could now be closed against him ; and beyond this, he bore with him the old warrant from the central authority to inspect every place where prisoners of war were detained. He accordingly went to the prison early in the morning ; and the commissary, awed and uncertain how to act, suffered him to take his course. This was very simple and very effective. He called the poor Hollanders together, and after distributing amongst them the various articles of clothing of which each man stood in need, he charged them on no account to listen to any one who should propose to them to become traitors ; as, if they did so, he would take care to transmit their names to Holland, that they might be hung as soon as ever they were retaken. This settled the matter. The poor fellows had no desire to commit the crime into which they had been almost forced, and were only too glad to find an enemy generous enough to protect them against such artifices as were practised on them by the agents of power. Howard left the commissary and his officer to make the best of their defeat.

In one of the hospital-ships then stationed at Portsmouth, in which there happened to be more than ordinary sickness, Howard was told that the surgeon very culpably neglected his duty to the sufferers. Seeing in the countenances of the patients, as well as learning from their oral complaints, that

such was really the case, he sent for the surgeon, and spoke to him very strongly. The man confessed his neglect, and said, he thought the great danger of going on board was a sufficient excuse for it. "Then," said Howard, "you ought not to take government wages for doing that which you are afraid to do; and I assure you, that when I return to London I shall represent your conduct to the Admiralty, and have you dismissed from a station whose duties you do not choose to perform." And he was as good as his word. To be surgeon to an hospital ship is, no doubt, to be in a post of peril; but when a man solicits or accepts an appointment of the sort, he must be aware of the danger, and prepared to take the consequences which it may entail. As the prisoners' friend, Howard was resolved to have justice done to them. Facts of this kind flew about the world—got into prisons and camps, as well as into clubs and courts. In time, one of the simplest of men became invested by the imagination of the multitude with a halo of sanctity and heroism. Over soldiers, felons, debtors—over all unholy, passionate, and erring men—he came to exercise a power like that of priesthood.

At the time of one of his visits to London, an alarming riot took place among the soldiers at the Savoy, during which the infuriated prisoners broke loose, killed two of their keepers, and committed various other excesses. The mutineers were 200 strong. Having got possession of the building, no one dared to approach them—until the intelligence reached Howard, when he instantly repaired to the spot, and trusting to his own singleness of soul for protection, undertook to encounter the wrath of the excited men, who had broken through every trammel of authority, and cast away every fear of the law. Unarmed and alone, he entered the prison. In vain his friends attempted to dissuade him from his purpose—in vain the gaolers pointed to the murdered officers, and warned him of the peril; he went in, and effected his purpose. We know only the result. How he induced the furious mutineers to listen to his remonstrance—how he charmed their savage passions into submission—must be imagined by the reader. They presented to him their list of grievances;

and—on his giving *his* word that it should be carefully looked into—they suffered themselves to be quietly conducted back to their cells.

Thus passed the year 1782. Another Christmas spent at Cardington ushered in new enterprises. Spain was unvisited; Portugal beckoned him to its shores. Spain and England were still at war; Gibraltar was besieged by the armies and fleets of France and Spain, and General Elliott held out. He had learned, however, to look lightly on the dangers of war; and thitherward his course was now directed. Leaving Falmouth on the 31st of January, he sailed direct for Lisbon, where he arrived in safety. The city had recovered from its great calamity, and he had now no reason to turn aside from his line of inquiry. In some respects the prisons of Portugal were superior to those of England; they contained only criminals—imprisonment for debt having been abolished since 1772. The sexes were completely separated: no garnish was allowed to be extorted. The bad custom of detaining men for fees prevailed; but even these were generally discharged by a charitable order, composed of some of the chief personages of the kingdom—an order somewhat resembling the Confraternita della Misericordia at Rome. One of the most glaring faults of the criminal policy of Portugal, was the custom of keeping persons immured in gaol for months, or even years, without bringing them to trial; a custom which had perhaps crept into the civil courts from the practice of the neighbouring tribunal of the Inquisition. Sometimes, after trial and condemnation, convicts were allowed to lie in gaol, or even to go out on parole for several years, before their execution. Until the vigorous administration of the Marquis de Pombal, it was not uncommon for gaolers to allow their prisoners to leave the gaols, on giving their word to return when summoned to do so. Howard tells of a man who had been condemned to death in the usual manner, leaving his place of confinement on these terms, and resuming his usual employments in the country. Years passed on, and the poor fellow fancied his offence had been forgotten or forgiven. But not so: when about seven years had elapsed, he learned with

horror that an order had at length been issued for his execution. He at once returned to prison, and redeemed his word. A man who would do this, could not be unworthy to live; and it is pleasant to know that the magistrates, either struck with his honesty, or influenced by a sense of the cruelty of punishment under such circumstances, obtained for him a free pardon.

The dungeons of the prison of the Inquisition in Lisbon, notwithstanding all his endeavours, Howard could not obtain permission to inspect. Through Evora and Elvas, he continued his journey from Lisbon towards the frontier of Spain—which country he soon hoped to enter, as the negotiations for a general peace had already begun. At Elvas, the Marshal de Valleré did the honours of the place—carrying his guest over the barracks, round the ramparts, and to the other sights of the city. Howard did not fail to observe that the troops of the garrison were sick and pallid; and he told the Marshal that he was persuaded it arose from the dampness and closeness of their rooms. A fountain, with a grand inscription in honour of the chief magistrate of the town, was being erected at the time; and Marshal de Valleré exhibited this piece of magnificence to his guest with a great deal of pride. Howard bluntly observed that had he not already seen, at Elvas, several poor wretches who had been waiting three or four years to be put on their trials, he might have entertained a more favourable opinion of the civic dignity; but as it was — ! And he shrugged his shoulders.

Entering Spain at Badajoz, on the 9th of March, six weeks after the treaty of peace was signed at Versailles between Spain, France, and England, he travelled through Toledo to Madrid, carefully inspecting all the prisons and hospitals on his route. He found the country abounding in charitable institutions, and containing few beggars. The regulations of the gaols much resembled those of Portugal. In some places, the rack and wheel were still in use; irons were also common; and, except in the capital, the prisons were fearfully dirty. From Count Fernan Nunez, Spanish Ambassador at Lisbon, Howard carried letters to Count Campomanes at Madrid,

who received him with honour, and furnished him with warrants to enter every prison in the kingdom, except those spiritual dungeons which he was most desirous to see, but which the mandate of a minister of state could not then reach. He was more successful, however, in Spain, in his attempts to obtain a glimpse of the Holy Office than he had been in Italy and Portugal. "At Madrid," he says, "by the kind assistance of Count Campomanes, I got access to the inquisitor-general; but the day on which I applied to him being a great holiday, he appointed me seven o'clock the next morning. On this holiday, I saw the inquisitor, several of the nobility, and others, go in procession to church, carrying the insignia of the order,—which are, a cross between a palm and a sword. The next morning, the Inquisitor received me at prayers, and in a few minutes conducted me to the tribunal, which was hung with red. Over the inquisitor's seat there was a crucifix, and before it a table with seats for the two secretaries, and a stool for the prisoner. I could not prevail on him to show me any other part of the prison; but he told me he went round once a month with a secretary, and asked every prisoner if he had any complaints to make. . . . The letters of the same kind friend, Count Campomanes, procured my admission at Valladolid. I was received at the Inquisition prison by the two inquisitors, their secretaries, and two magistrates, and conducted into several rooms. On the side of one room was the picture of an *Auto-da-fé* in 1667, when ninety-seven persons were burnt in presence of the Spanish court, then residing at Valladolid. The tribunal-room is like that at Madrid, but has an altar, and a door (with three locks) into the secretary's room, over which was inscribed, that the greater excommunication was denounced against all strangers who presume to enter. In two other tribunal-rooms were the insignia of the Inquisition. In a large room, I saw on the floor and shelves many prohibited books, some of which were English; in another room I saw multitudes of crosses, beads, and small pictures. The painted cap was also showed me, and the vestments for the unhappy victims. After several consultations, I was permitted to go up a private staircase, by

which prisoners were brought to the tribunal; this leads to a passage with several doors in it, which I was not permitted to enter. On one of the secretaries telling me, 'none but prisoners enter those rooms,' I answered I would be confined for a month to satisfy my curiosity: he replied, 'None come out under three years, and they take the oath of secrecy.' . . . It is well known that from this court there is *no appeal*. I need not say how horrid the secrecy and severity of it appear. I could not but observe, that even the sight struck terror into the common people as they passed. It is styled, by a monstrous abuse of words, the Holy and Apostolic Court of Inquisition."

From Valladolid, Howard went through Burgos to Pampeluna. Before crossing the Pyrenees to Bordeaux, he wrote the following letter, dated Pampeluna, April 17th, 1783, to his Cardington pastor:—"I am still in Spain. The manner of travelling with mules is very slow; I was fourteen days betwixt Lisbon and Madrid (400 miles). You carry all your provisions: the luxury of milk with my tea I very seldom could get; but I bless God I am well, and enjoy calm spirits. I received the greatest kindness from Count Fernan Nunez, the Spanish ambassador at Lisbon, through whose recommendation to Count Campomanes, every prison has been flung open to me. I have a letter to one of the magistrates of every city that I pass. I have been here three days; but must stay a few days longer, before I cross the mountains. The Spaniards are very sober and very honest;—and, if he can live sparingly and lay on the floor, the traveller may pass tolerably well through their country. I have come into many an inn, and paid only fivepence for *the noise I have made* (as they term it) in the house; as no bread, eggs, milk, or wine do they sell. Peace has not been declared. Many will hardly believe it. They talk of General Elliot with a spirit of enthusiasm; never were two nations so often at war, and yet individuals have such esteem and complacency one towards another. . . . I go through Bayonne—stopping only one day; and shall pitch my tent at Bordeaux, where I have much business, there being some horrid dungeons."

He now travelled leisurely homewards through the heart of France. While in Paris, he noticed with great satisfaction the growth of a more kindly and humane spirit in that capital. Two of the worst prisons in France, the Petit Châtelet and the For l'Évêque, had been utterly demolished. A new prison, the Hotel de la Force, had been erected for the use of debtors,—and a royal ordonnance had set the whole scheme of prison administration on a better basis. At Lille he caught a violent fever by visiting some sick debtors in a noisome cell; it threatened at first to be fatal—but again he recovered. His expressions in his private memoranda are full of piety and gratefulness; the spirit being the same as pervaded the former extracts:—"God, do my soul good by this affliction. Make me more sensible of my entire dependence on Thee; more humble, more watchful, more abstracted from this world, and better prepared to leave it." In about ten days he was able to continue his journey and his labours. His course lay through Amsterdam, Antwerp, and Brussels, where the rack and wheel were still in use, to Ghent. Here a sad spectacle awaited him. The Maison de Force of this city had, in former years, merited and obtained his highest approbation; it was a model of correctional discipline for all Europe. When Howard waited on the burgomaster of Ghent to obtain the usual authority to visit it, he was told that the emperor had given orders for no one to be admitted. "But you, Sir," added the magistrate, "are above all rules; you must not however impute to me the unhappy changes which you will notice." When our countryman entered the building, which scarcely two years before he had seen full of clean, orderly, industrious workmen—all employed and instructed, and thus undergoing preparation for a return to the world—he found filth where he had left cleanness, idleness where he had seen industry, sickness where he had known health. The word of one man had done it all.

Under an impression that the works conducted in this famous establishment were injurious to the manufactures of the empire, Joseph II., the eccentric reformer had ordered them to be discontinued. The prisoners were thrown into

idleness—and with that came disease, disorder and other gaol vices. As if these proceedings could not work their disastrous ends quickly enough, the emperor declared that less care must be taken to keep the rooms clean and healthy; in the ignorant hope that by rendering them more disagreeable, he would thereby add to their terrors. No mistake could have been greater, as experience soon proved. The work was ruined. The looms were sold; the diet was reduced; and an entire quarter of the building had soon to be fitted up as an infirmary!

Returning to England in June, our countryman found the public mind excited by one of those crimes of cultivated men which now and then occur as if to humble the mere pride of intellectual eminence. Six years before this time, in spite of gigantic efforts, Dr. Dodd had been hung for forgery. A still more eminent man, Wynne Ryland, the Engraver, was now lying in Newgate, charged with the same capital crime. Ryland was an artist of whom England might have been proud. He had had the best of masters, Boucher and Le Bas. When he returned to England from his foreign studies, he was made engraver to the king, with a salary of two hundred pounds a-year. He executed two plates of George III., after Romney; a portrait of the Queen, after Cotes; and a whole series of Angelica Kaufman's works. His motive to commit the crime for which he suffered death is a mystery. He was not in debt. His style of living was splendid and extravagant; and besides his family, which was large, he kept several mistresses, some of them in almost princely luxury. His gallantries were indeed as notorious as his genius. But his income was considerable, and he was much in advance of the world. On his trial, he confessed in open court that he had two hundred pounds a-year from the King—that he had seven thousand pounds in the Liverpool waterworks—that his stock was worth ten thousand pounds—and that his business as a printseller alone brought him in two thousand a year. It would almost seem as if he had been fascinated by the idea of the crime which his skill as an engraver made so perilously easy. He forged a bill on the East India Company for 7,114/.

Of course the forgery was discovered; but so absolutely alike were the spurious and the genuine bills, that it was impossible for experienced clerks to say which was the true one. It was thought at first that under such circumstances conviction was impossible. But every crime, however carefully planned, has its weak point. Ryland's lay in the paper. Not that he had forged a bill on paper unlike the original. It was the same paper, made by the same man; but it was newer. The paper-maker swore that he had made that piece within a date which rendered it impossible that it could have been to the East Indies and back. A warrant was then issued for his apprehension. The officers went to his house; he had received intelligence and had disappeared. No one knew of his whereabouts. A man whose face was known to thousands vanished from before men's eyes in a day; 300*l.* was offered for his body, but a fortnight elapsed before he was apprehended, and then he was only discovered by an accident. A poor man, dressed in an old brown coat and green apron, and giving the name of Thomson, had taken a lodging in a small house near Stepney. The ground floor of this house was let to a cobbler and his wife. Before Thomson had been in the house many days, one of his shoes burst out at the heel, and, having no change, he got the cobbler, Freeman, to come up-stairs and mend it. Freeman said he must take the shoe into his own room. Thomson objected to let it go out of his sight, and proposed that Freeman should make him a new pair. Either way Freeman said he must have the shoe. Thomson's hesitation excited his curiosity. After a few hours, the shoe was sent down stairs, when Freeman's wife observed that a piece of paper had been neatly pasted on a part of the leather, and being very much excited by the manner of her fellow-lodger, she removed the paper, and found that it covered the name, stamped on the leather—RYLAND.

She got into a coach, drove to the India House in Leaden-hall-street, told the secretary that she had the forger in her power, and demanded to have a promissory note for the reward of 300*l.* made over to her, fearing lest others would come in and claim their share for the capture. She then drove to

Bow Street, told her story, got three of Sir Sampson Wright's men, and returned to Stepney. When he heard these officers on the stairs Ryland cut his throat; but the gash was not deep, and he was sent to Newgate to be tried.

Among the many young girls whom he had seduced and spirited from their homes, was a lady who had been companion to his good and noble wife. She was a favourite mistress, and was kept in splendour. Others he hid away in obscure lodgings. A servant girl, living in a house opposite to that occupied by Ryland, had suddenly disappeared. Some scraps of writing found in her room led to a suspicion that she had been carried off by him; and when her friends taxed him with the outrage, he laughed in their faces, and told them she was doing very well. They had no remedy against a man like Ryland; and so long as his sun shone brightly, they were compelled to rest in their discontent.

Time went on. The great man forged his bill—was sent to gaol—was sentenced to death. The poor girl's friends repaired to Newgate: they found that the libertine's spirit was not yet broken; they could get no answer. At length they thought of Howard. Tales of his influence over criminals were then on every tongue; and one day, when in town, just after his return to England, a gentleman called at his house in Great Ormond Street, told him the story of the girl's sudden disappearance, and of Ryland's obstinate refusal to state her hiding-place. The story touched his heart. He said he would bring them news of her in four-and-twenty hours; and taking up his hat, went straight to Newgate. What he said to this proud and lost man of genius is not known; but he knocked at his heart, and not in vain. Ryland confessed his crime, and gave up the girl's address. She had been kept at a suburban village; and her friends found her in the place where she had received his visits.

Ryland was one of the last persons executed at Tyburn. The custom of carrying offenders in a sort of rogues' procession from Newgate to the western suburb, was as old as the time of Henry IV. The gallows itself—a modern triangle—is quite a figure in our literature. It is celebrated by Fuller,

—it is glanced at by Taylor, the water-poet—Shirley refers to it in "The Wedding," and Shakespere, in "Love's Labour Lost,"—Minshew has it in his "Dictionary," and Ingleton in his "Book of Jests,"—Dryden inscribed to it a vigorous poem—Skelton ran to it for an illustration—Pope gave it a niche in the "Dunciad." On it had been hung a long succession of men and women, famous and infamous: the Holy Maid of Kent; Southwell the poet; Felton, the assassin of Buckingham; the regicides, Corbet, Barkstead, Axtell, Hacker, and Okey; Jack Sheppard and Jonathan Wild; Lord Ferrars and Mrs. Brownrigg and Sixteen String Jack; Dr. Dodd, the Rev. James Hackman, and Ryland. Nor were even some illustrious victims wanting. There had swung the dead bodies of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw; there their heads had been struck off; there, it is said, the headless trunks were buried. Sustained by old memories and popular approval, the march to Tyburn Tree had something like the strength of an institution,—the many liked it for its riot and its incident, the few because it was one of the ancient ways. "The age is running mad after innovation," shouted Johnson, "and all the business of the world is to be done in a new way. Men are to be hanged in a new way: Tyburn itself is not safe." Sir William Scott replied, that the proposal—a proposal made by Howard—to remove the place of execution to the front of Newgate, was an improvement. "No, Sir," said Johnson, "it is not an improvement. They object that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they do not answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties; the public was gratified by a procession, the criminal was supported by it. Why is all this to be swept away?" Howard had no respect for the ancient ways. He saw in the march to Tyburn—in the gathering of loose women at St. Sepulchre's—in the crowd of halberdiers to guard the cart—in the customary drinking by the road, often ending in the beastly drunkenness of the offender—in the riotous songs and brutal excitement of the mob—neither an example for society nor a consolation for the criminal. He urged the

abolition of Tyburn Tree, and it was abolished. Ryland was executed August 29. In November the gallows was removed to Newgate, and the first execution there was on the 9th of December.

Howard had scarcely arrived in London before he commenced another series of home inspections, which occupied him until the end of the year, when, his labours being completed, he gave the entire results to the public in a second appendix to his great work :—and then, full of years and honours, and conscious that he had done his duty, he retired to his favourite Cardington, to look after his schools and cottages, to enjoy the society of his friends, to assist in forming the character of his son, now growing up to manhood, as a fiery and somewhat irregular youth, and to repose both mind and body after his many years of unparalleled labour. Being domestic in his habits, some of his friends expected he would again marry; but the grounds for this idea were far from being conclusive. Once only does he seem to have been touched with a chance shaft from the quiver; and then the wound could hardly have been deep. He himself related the pleasant anecdote to Dr. Aikin. He was travelling in Holland from one town to another, on a common packet-boat, when he saw a young lady—very like the deceased Harriet, as it seemed to him—under the protection of an elderly gentleman, apparently her father. Whether it was her own beauty, or the likeness to his buried love, which so powerfully attracted his attention, he hardly knew. He continued, however, to watch her; and we all know how beauty grows on the eye. He noted her manners and her movements with increasing interest, and when the boat reached its destination, sent his servant to watch her home and inquire who she was. Was he really touched? If not, what had the sage to do with such a trick? Thomasson returned with the intelligence that the elderly gentleman was an eminent merchant, and that the young lady was—his wife!

While residing in London, in a house in Great Ormond Street, bequeathed to him by his sister, a lady, whose admiration had been powerfully excited by the fame of his great

labours, called on him several times without finding him at home. At length, however, the worshipper of benevolence found admission, and was ushered into the library. On her entry, Howard was rather puzzled by her appearance. Her immense height, her ill looks, and her masculine bearing, suggested to his mind the idea of some species of trick. He suspected his pertinacious visitor to be a man in female clothes, and he stood upon his guard. But his fears were quite groundless; the poor enthusiast poured a flood of veneration and respect at his feet; and having completely tired out his patience—for he did not like scenes—with her inflated praises, she very meekly and quietly took her leave, declaring that she could then go home and die in peace!

CHAPTER XI.

THE CITIES OF THE PLAGUE.

WITH the publication of the last additions to his great work on prisons, Howard's labours seemed brought to a termination. Any other man would have been content with what he had now done, and content to repose under his laurels, would have given up his remaining years to dignity and rest. At first such seems to have been his intention. Thirty years had elapsed since he first became acquainted with the sufferings of prisoners in the military dungeons of France; and twelve had passed since he had commenced, in the cell of John Bunyan, those more active labours which he had subsequently carried on in every part of civilized Europe. During these twelve years his energies had been addressed to the one great object; he had traversed every country on the Continent, excepting only Turkey; he had visited and minutely inspected the gaols of all the capitals and principal cities; he had travelled upwards of 42,000 miles, and had expended on these travels, and in relieving the sick and in giving freedom to the captive, more than 30,000*l*. These labours were now closed, so far as the collection of knowledge and experience from other countries was concerned; the further progress of the work depended wholly upon the developments of time and the issues of new experiments to be tried at home.

His public career thus apparently ended, Howard retired to his estates at Cardington in the spring of 1784; but he soon became aware that to an active temperament ease and rest are more irksome than privation and fatigue. Man must fulfil the destiny imposed on him by his organization. The sentiment of duty grew with Howard. With time, wealth,

experience at his disposal, there could be no repose for him in the comparative idleness of ordinary life. The more he did for the temporal or eternal good of mankind, the more he felt he had always still to do.

In the calm of his present retirement at Cardington, it is probable that he would review the various scenes and incidents of his career, while deeply pondering on his schemes of future usefulness. At such moments of retrospection, no picture of his past life could recur to his mind more forcibly than that fearful incident of the frail Italian boat, driven alternately from shore to shore, from Italy to Africa, from Africa back again to Europe; the sport of the storm and the victim of the plague; and finding Christians and Moslems, men from whose hearts all human sentiments had been expelled by fear. This event would keep that enemy of mankind—the Plague—perpetually in his thoughts; and the idea of undertaking a journey with a special view to some more full and methodical investigation of the terror than it had yet received, took shape and character in his mind. In his later tours his attention had been incidentally attracted, in connexion with his hospital researches, to the subject of lazarettos, and he had expressed in his book a hope that some future traveller would obtain drawings of those of Leghorn and Ancona, with an account of their regulations. This hope remained ungratified, and he now resolved to obtain them himself. To render his journey still more useful, he got his friends, Dr. Aikin, Dr. Jeb, and others, to draw up a set of queries respecting the plague, which he undertook to submit to those medical men who had had direct experience of the pest on the Continent.

Thus prepared, he set out towards the end of November, 1785—this time alone. He knew the gravity of the peril he was about to brave, and he would not suffer even Thomasson to share it.

Mind of man cannot conceive a sublimer spectacle than is afforded by the Apostle thus going forth to encounter perils from which other men are eager to flee; for the good of strangers, to confront that deadly pest in its chosen seats,

and at the imminent risk of his life, to win, if possible, the secrets of its causes, mode of propagation, and remedy.

His plan was to repair in the first instance to all those cities in which it had been found necessary to adopt precautions against Plague; Marseilles, Leghorn, Venice, Valletta, and some others; and having obtained drawings and plans of their quarantine establishments, and collected all the information respecting the nature and treatment of this dreadful contagion which their experience afforded, to proceed to encounter it bodily in Smyrna and Constantinople, and so obtain, if possible, such a knowledge of its nature as would enable him on his return to England to suggest measures for rendering the intercourse of his countrymen with the Levantine cities less perilous to the health and safety of Western Europe.

It might be supposed that a mission like this—so dangerous to its subject—so important to the rest of mankind—would have met with universal sympathy and assistance. But the ministers of France had nourished an unsleeping resentment against Howard, and now the time had come for them to show it. At that period, the most important quarantine establishment in Europe was at Marseilles, and it was deemed essential to the success of Howard's inquiries, that they should commence at this port. The object which he had in view being neither political nor commercial, he thought it impossible for the court of Versailles to refuse him the necessary authorization to inspect it; and Lord Carmarthen, our minister for Foreign Affairs, undertook to apply for it on his behalf. While the matter was pending, Howard passed over to Holland to be nearer the scene, and after waiting some time at the Hague, in expectation of hearing from Lord Carmarthen, he went to Utrecht, to see his friend Dr. Brown, at whose house he received the expected letters; but instead of a permission to proceed on his tour, he was refused not only an authorization to inspect the Lazaretto of Marseilles, but was peremptorily forbidden to enter France, on pain of being sent to that Bastille about which he had been so curious. This reply seems to have embarrassed him for a moment, and no

more. Marseilles was his chief point of inquiry, and to abandon that visit would be to abandon the whole scheme. On the other hand, to pass through France and attempt to see it without permission from the government, would be to run the risk of imprisonment for life. He had only a choice of difficulties. Danger stood upright in his path, and tried to scare him back; but Duty rose beyond, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Dr. Brown, he chose the path of peril and of usefulness.

He had to deal with the most vigilant police in Europe. Disguise, secrecy, and swiftness were therefore needful. Returning to the Hague, he procured a disguise, and then made the best of his way by a rapid journey to Brussels, where he instantly took a place in the diligence for Paris. It was a dark wintry night when he arrived in the capital of France. Descending from the diligence,—as soon as his passport was examined by the officer on duty, he carried his small trunk to an obscure inn, where he hired a bed, and paid his bill. A diligence was to start for Lyons from a neighbouring street early in the morning; and having taken his place in this conveyance, he retired to rest, flattering himself that he had completely baffled the vigilance of the police. Fatigued with travelling two whole days and nights in a jolting coach, he was soon asleep. But he was not left to enjoy his slumbers. An hour or two had scarcely passed, ere he was suddenly roused by a loud knocking at his bedroom door, quickly followed by a threat of breaking in if it were not opened. He was too well aware that a visit from the agents of M. Le Noir was among the chances of his adventure, to be much surprised; yet the gravity of his situation was enough to make a bold man pause. But the mischief, whatsoever it might prove to be, was now inevitable, and he resolved to meet it as became himself. He got up, unfastened the bolts, bade them come in if they wished, and then coolly returned to bed. The chamber maid, with a lighted candle in each hand, entered, followed by a tall fellow in black, with a sword dangling at his side, and his hands enveloped in a huge muff. Howard at once recognised an agent of

the police, and waited in silence for his interrogatories. The midnight visitor first asked if his name was not Howard. His passport bore another name; but policy and honour alike bade him reply promptly—"Yes; what of that?" The agent took no notice of the question; but asked him rather sternly if he had not come from Brussels in the diligence, in company with a man in a black wig. Howard answered sharply to the effect that he had come to Paris in the Brussels diligence; but as to a man in a black wig, he neither knew nor cared anything about it. Without saying another word, the agent then withdrew. Our countryman already knew enough of France, and of its police system, to guess the purport of this nocturnal visit; he felt that the police had been on his traces, but had probably been baffled by his disguise—he travelled as a physician—and by his assumed name. He saw that he had only a moment for escape; so, dressing hastily, and shouldering his trunk, he left the house. It was about one o'clock of a dark and piercing night. So far as he could see beneath the dim glare of the lamps, the street was clear, and he made a quick sortie from the hotel, knowing very well that in a few minutes it would be placed under strict surveillance. Keeping himself well out of sight for an hour or two, he then repaired to the diligence office, and long before daybreak, was rattling over the stony pavements of the suburbs of Paris towards the great southern highway—being now, for the first time since he had left the capital of Holland, free from the company of a spy.

His position had been more critical than he was aware of at the time; and his escape from Paris was entirely owing to an accident. His stubborn will was not unknown to the French authorities; and when the refusal of a pass was sent to Lord Carmarthen, it was believed that he would disregard the threat held out, and enter France. The French ambassador at the Hague was therefore ordered to watch his movements; and when he left that city the gentleman in a black wig was sent to bear him company to Paris. Being clearly brought to the capital, why was he not at once arrested? An accident prevented it. It had recently happened—just at the outbreak, it

will be remembered, of the revolution,—that a great number of arrests had been made, as afterwards proved on false or very frivolous grounds, and a vast amount of odium had thereby been cast on the prefect of Paris, and on the government. This made them chary of using their unpopular power. Fortunately, too, it happened on the very day when Howard arrived in Paris, that M. Le Noir, the prefect, had gone over to Versailles, after leaving word with his subordinates that no new arrest should, on any account, be made until his return on the morrow. In this interval Howard escaped towards the South; and though the bloodhounds of the police were soon on his trail again, he succeeded in eluding their vigilance.

His physician's disguise no doubt contributed to his safety; but other dangers would have connected themselves with his assumption, had his previous studies not given him some acquaintance with physic. A lady in the diligence was suddenly taken ill, and as a doctor he was called on to prescribe for her. The remedy given was entirely successful, which circumstance, while it confirmed his disguise, and lessened the dangers of detection, brought him a very troublesome accession of practice. Patients presented themselves at every stopping-place,—and altogether he had a critical part to play as a follower of Esculapius; but, as he afterwards remarked, while one of the empirics, he perhaps did as little harm as the rest. In Lyons he remained a few days, his presence there being known only to M. Froissart, and one or two other Protestant clergymen—nevertheless he ventured to visit the principal gaols and hospitals. From Lyons he went through Avignon to Marseilles, where he repaired to the house of his friend, M. Durand—who, being already aware that the agents of the police were in search of him in that city, met him on the threshold with a very dispiriting welcome. "Ha! Mr. Howard," said he, "I have always been happy to see you until now. Leave France as fast as you can. I know they are searching for you in all directions." But his visitor had not traversed the whole length of France, and run such imminent risks, to be frightened from his purpose at last. Captured, or not cap-

tured, he was resolved to remain in Marseilles until he had achieved his end. His inflexible will overcame all contrary counsels; the services of his trusty friends were put into requisition; and, with great tact, he got into the Lazaretto—though even natives were denied such a favour—obtained plans and drawings of it, and a minute account of the practical working of its every department, all of which may be seen in his work on the Lazarettos of Europe.

Having now, to his own satisfaction, fulfilled the intention which had brought him into France, his next anxiety was how to get safely out of it. A council of his friends—trusty men who were in the secret—was called. By land it was considered impossible for him to escape; but the water frontier offered greater facilities. That way then it was resolved to make the attempt. Dressed in the extreme of French fashion, and passing as a Parisian gentleman, he remained four days at Toulon, in the midst of perils, before he could succeed in bribing the captain of a wind-bound vessel to put to sea and carry him to Nice. For some hours after they sailed, it blew a hurricane, and the frail bark was forced to take shelter under the small island of Port Crosce, near the mouth of the harbour. After quitting this haven they were tossed about at sea for several days, but ultimately reached their destination in safety. A letter, dated Nice, January 30th, 1786, contains a few notes on his recent adventures: "I persuade myself that a line to acquaint you that I am safe and well out of France, will give you pleasure. I had a nice part to act. I travelled as an English doctor: and perhaps among the number of empirics I did as little mischief as most of them. I never dined or supped in public; the secret was only trusted to the French Protestant minister. I was five days at Marseilles, and four at Toulon. It was thought I could not get out of France by land, so I forced out a Genoese ship, and have been many days striving against wind and tide—three days in an almost desolate island, overgrown with myrtle, rosemary and thyme. Last Sunday fortnight I was at the meeting at Toulon. Though the door was locked and the curtain drawn, one coming in late put the assembly in fear, even to inquiry

before the door was opened. I was twice over the arsenal, though it is strictly prohibited to our countrymen. . . . I am bound this week for Genoa, and thence to Leghorn, where a lazaretto has been built within these few years. I know that *you* will not treat my new attempt as wild and chimerical ; yet I confess it requires a steadiness of resolution not to be shaken, to pursue it."

After visiting the prisons and hospitals of Nice, our countryman proceeded to Genoa, where he added considerably to his store of information, and passed thence to Leghorn by sea. Frederigo Barbolani, governor of the city, accompanied Howard on his visits to the lazarettos of San Rocco and San Leopoldo, then considered as the best models in Europe, and presented him with plans and ample descriptions of them. The Grand Duke Leopold, whose enlightened administration of his country was an honour to Italy, happened at the time to be in Leghorn, and he sent an invitation to Howard to come and dine with him ; a courtesy which the latter politely declined on the ground that without forwarding the chief object of his journey, it would detain him at least three hours, then of more than ordinary importance to him, as he was anxious to proceed by the next diligence on his way to Florence. These original men therefore did not meet ; the Englishman, however, not only thought highly of the Italian reformer, but acknowledged it in ample terms. "The rapid visits," he remarks in a letter, "which I have paid to his prisons, hospitals, &c., have given me the fullest conviction that he is the true Father of his country."

From Leghorn our countryman proceeded through Florence to Rome, where he was grieved to find the noble hospital of San Michele suffering great neglect from the cardinals under whose care it was placed. The flourishing condition in which he found a charitable institution for the education of young females, patronised and protected by the reigning pontiff, the unfortunate Pius VI., did something, however, to redeem the character of the Eternal City. At the earnest request of the venerable pope, Howard waited on his Holiness at the Vatican,—but only after stipulating that that absurd

mark of homage, kissing the foot, and indeed every other species of ceremonial, be dispensed with. The Christian Philanthropist and the Christian Priest spent some time together in friendly and familiar conversation; a nearer acquaintance more profoundly impressing each with respect for the distinguishing virtues of the other. At parting, the pious pontiff laid his hand on the head of the distinguished heretic, saying good-humouredly, "I know you Englishmen care nothing for these things; but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm."

A fortnight spent in Rome, and about the same period in Naples, enabled Howard to collect all the information necessary to his purpose which those cities afforded. Sailing thence to Malta, while the vessel coasted slowly along the Sicilian shore he had a fine view of the Lazaretto of Messina; but as a terrific earthquake had recently overwhelmed that city, buried or driven away its inhabitants, and suspended its traffic, he did not attempt to land.

On the 19th of March, 1786, the vessel ran into the harbour of Valetta, the city and citadel of Malta, then the headquarters and sovereign domain of the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the residence of its Grand Master. This guild of priestly warriors had already fallen from the splendour of their ancient state; but, even in their decline, they still constituted a power in the Mediterranean,—a power, however, which was wielded more for evil than for good. The Knights were sworn to make eternal war on the Turks; to recognise no truce, no cessation of hostilities with the infidels, on any pretext; and in the course of many centuries of armed conflict with the rival race and creed, they had contracted the intolerant spirit of the Moor, without catching any portion of his splendid virtues. In fact, by their interpretation, the religion of the Nazarene had become more vindictive than that of the Arab. Safe in their impregnable fortress, they carried fire and sword into the Mohammedan settlements of the Barbary coasts. The usages of war did not bind these self-constituted soldiers of the cross. In fulfilment of their vows, they made descents on the shores of Africa, seized the natives—sailors, peasants, fishermen, all

who fell in their way—and after having burnt their houses, and destroyed their fruit-trees, they carried them bodily into captivity. They were in fact a body of chartered pirates, more dangerous than the Algerines, because doing their work of infamy in the name and under the supposed sanctions of religion. Well might Howard exclaim, on becoming personally acquainted with their doings, “How dreadful! that those who glory in bearing on their breasts the sign of the Prince of Peace, should harbour such malignant dispositions against their fellow-creatures, and by their own example encourage piracy in the states of Barbary.” And well, indeed, might he suggest the inquiry—“Do not these Knights make themselves the *worst enemies* of the cross of Christ, under the pretence of friendship?” In the face of history, it would be difficult to answer this question otherwise than in the affirmative. Every department of this dark-age institution bore the sign and impress of an order of things which had long passed away with the rest of the world. Every church in the island where a sacrament was administered, was a sanctuary for criminals; and, although the worst offences were awfully frequent, the churches were so numerous, that the most abandoned culprits could easily escape the sword of justice, though Europe was on the eve of the French Revolution, and the spirit of the crusaders still floated above it. Altogether Malta exhibited the most perfect specimen then existing of the splendid barbarism of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Next to the Lazaretto, the special object of his visit, the institution which most attracted the notice of our countryman in Malta was the Great Hospital of the Order, the noble hall of which, with its marble pavement deeply worn—its lofty ceiling, black with time—its tall narrow windows—its sombre walls, darkened by the dusky forms of pictured priest and soldier—the vanishing traces of the Order’s ancient glories, had an air of dim and fading magnificence well con-sorting with the spirit of the spot. In this hospital the traveller found five or six hundred patients; but their condition was little creditable to the Knights Hospitallers. He says, the sick were served by the most dirty, ragged, unfeeling,

and inhuman wretches he had ever met with, notwithstanding that his experience had furnished him with strange specimens of that class of men. Once he saw eight or nine of these servants of the sick amusing themselves with the delirium of a dying patient. In the days of their prosperity and glory, the Knights were required to attend in person to the relief of pilgrims and sick wayfarers: this was, in fact, the fundamental idea in the institution, and the condition on which it had been endowed, by Godfrey de Bouillon and other Christian princes, with lands and lordships. But since the Order had taken to soldiering and piracy, these militant priests had left their hospital duties to the lowest menials; and it was difficult to induce one of the body to act as governor of the hospital, though the term of service was for two years only, and this important office was therefore generally filled by a young and inexperienced person. The food was bad, the rooms and wards were insufferably filthy, and the number of attendants was insufficient. The governor told Howard that for the entire establishment they had only twenty-two servants, and most of these were either debtors or criminals who had fled thither for refuge.

In the stables of the Grand Master of the Order were twenty-six horses and as many mules: to attend on these there were forty well-paid servants. The hospital contained nearly six hundred patients: these had twenty-two fugitives from justice to attend them. The contrast did not fail to strike our countryman. The quadrupeds were sumptuously fed, their dwellings were scrupulously clean; the sick wayfarers were ill-fed, worse lodged. In the centre of the pile of stables, a noble fountain threw up a column of fresh water to cool the air for the Master's brutes; in the court of the hospital there was likewise a fountain—but no water! Twelve years after Howard's visit, the island was captured by Napoleon, and the Order was extinct as a political power.

After Howard had made his first series of visits, he presented his letters of introduction to the Grand Master, by whom he was received with distinction, and offered permission to inspect whatever he should think worthy of his notice

in the island. At a subsequent interview, his highness desired to know his visitor's opinion of the Great Hospital. With his customary frankness, Howard detailed the more striking faults which he had observed in it, and added, that if the Grand Master wished to have the various abuses rectified, he must undertake the duty of supervision in person. This language was thought too bold,—the petty potentate took offence. Nevertheless, before our countryman quitted the island, he found that some of his suggestions had been adopted. On the 9th of April, 1786, we have a letter dated Malta, giving a number of particulars as to his past, present, and future movements :—"As the French minister thought proper to deny Lord Carmarthen's request for me, I travelled *incog.*, as on a physician's tour, and did my business both at Marseilles and Toulon. In the latter place . . . I was informed that no stranger could enter the arsenal, but particularly no Englishman. However, I passed several hours there on two days, but was advised to get off by shipping as soon as possible At Genoa and at Leghorn I was received in the most generous manner—was allowed to visit the lazarettos, the plans of which were sent to my lodgings to copy. I visited Florence, Rome, and Naples—about a fortnight in each place—to review the places in my line. I then took shipping for this island. We lay, by contrary winds, several days close to Messina, Catania, Syracuse, &c., and saw the dreadful effect of the earthquake which happened about two years ago in Sicily. Soon after, we met a sad storm, but happily for us it lasted only four hours, and we arrived here about ten days ago. I have paid two visits to the Grand Master: every place is flung open to me. He has sent me—what is thought a great present—a pound of nice butter, as we are all burnt up here; yet peas and beans are in plenty, melons are ripe, roses and flowers are in abundance; but at night one is tormented with millions of fleas, gnats, &c. We have here many Turks. I am bound for Zante, Smyrna, and Constantinople; the accounts from thence are not favourable. A ship arrived to-day from Tripoli; the plague now ravages that city. The crew, &c., went into strict quarantine. One effect I find during my

visits to the lazarettos, viz. a heavy headache—a pain across my forehead ; but it has always left me about an hour after I have come from these places. As I am quite alone, I have need to summon all my courage and resolution. You will say it is a great design, and so liable to a fatal miscarriage. I must adopt the motto of a Maltese baron, '*Non nisi per ardua.*' "

Having now obtained the plans and other information necessary as the bases for more dangerous inquiries, he set sail from Malta for the real cities of the plague—calling on his way at Zante, where he was struck with the fact, afterwards fully confirmed by a larger knowledge, that, of all people in Europe, the Turks have never descended to the wickedness and folly of confounding *detention* with *imprisonment*. Debtors and criminals were carefully kept separate. The gaol at Zante stood at the back of the guardhouse ; the poor wretches confined in it were abominably filthy—though not more so than the Venetian soldiers who had them in charge. Somewhat more than three years before this time, a daring pirate had been captured and executed for an attack upon the Grand Duchess, a vessel bound from Leghorn to London. Three volleys of shot were fired into him without killing him—and he was only dispatched at length by a pistol being placed in his ear and fired. The heads of the gang were raised on poles, and exposed to the public view, and to the action of the atmosphere. In two months, the ruffian's companions were undistinguishable—the skulls only were left ; but the chieftain kept his proud pre-eminence even in death. Even at the end of three years the features were still quite perfect, and the superstitious Greeks of the island still looked up at the dark and frowning face with trepidation.

The quarantine regulations of Zante, like those of Malta, were strictly enforced.

From this island Howard sailed for Smyrna—one of the old plague cities—and for the first time trod on Asiatic earth, about the middle of May, 1786. When our countryman arrived, no case of the more virulent kind had been known for some weeks ; but the destroyer was still sufficiently active

for the purposes of the inquirer, who at once took a dragoman into his service, and began his inspections. At the gate of the principal prison of the town sat three grave Turks, smoking their long chibouques, of whom he demanded permission to enter, a request which they treated with a surly, silent contempt, until the dragoman told them he was a physician, on hearing which they greeted him with respect, and allowed him to pass. His professional skill was soon called into requisition. A young man was brought forward who had been so severely beaten at a bastinado, that his feet were two enormous swellings, beneath which the human forms could hardly be distinguished: this person he was requested, with Moslem peremptoriness, to cure. It was not a little dangerous either to refuse the task imposed on him, or to fail in it; but the assumed doctor examined the case, and prescribed bathing in the sea, and the application of plasters made of salt and vinegar to the soles of the offender's feet. These remedies, assisted by two doses of Glauber's salts, soon brought the patient round—and the fame of the physician spread far and wide, and caused him to be courted by all classes of society,—until the sudden breaking out of a fatal form of the ever-present disease, warned all prudent people to shrink from the company of a man who daringly intruded into the dwellings of the stricken, the dying, and the dead. How, with all his precautions, he himself escaped contagion is marvellous.

The reputation which Howard had thus acquired in Smyrna preceded, or at least accompanied, him to Constantinople, in which city he remained upwards of a month, visiting pest-houses, prisons, and hospitals. The plague was then raging with some virulence in the capital. On his arrival, Sir Robert Ainslie, our ambassador at the Ottoman Porte, kindly offered our countryman a home at his palace; but, knowing the many perils which he had come to brave—perils which he had not allowed even his favourite servant to share with him—he felt that he had no right to subject the lives of others to the risks which he himself was willing to run for the attainment of his object, and therefore firmly declined to avail himself of the offered courtesy. On many accounts, he thought it desirable

to take up his abode in the house of a physician—a man of courage, and of some experience of the pest, to whom he could communicate the general nature of his daily explorations—at once to put him on his guard, and to prepare him to act promptly in case of any fatal contingency arising. On commencing his visits, however, the scenes of horror which he witnessed, and the awful dangers into which he ran, suggested to him the prudence of keeping some of the more perilous of his visits secret. For himself, he seemed as if conscious that he bore a charmed life. He sometimes saw the smitten fall dead at his side. He penetrated into pest-houses and infected caravanserais,—whither physician, guide, and dragoman alike refused to follow. He did not, however, come out entirely scatheless. From these fearful visits he always returned with that scorching pain across the temples, which he had first experienced in the Lazaretto of Malta—though an hour's fresh air and exercise invariably carried it away.

At the commencement of his sojourn in the Turkish capital, an incident had occurred which not only added vastly to his medical fame, but greatly facilitated his researches in the city. The favourite daughter of a powerful Mussulman, high in rank and office about the court, had been seized with an illness which baffled the celebrities in the healing art at Constantinople; and the father was vainly struggling to reconcile himself to her loss, when he heard of the wonderful cures performed by the Frankish physician. Howard was immediately implored to come and cure the great man's daughter. He went, and seeing at once that her malady was not so desperate as to defy the science of the West, he prescribed some medicines which gave her instant relief—the crisis of her malady passed over—and she soon afterwards recovered. The old Turk set no bounds to his gratitude. He pressed on the saviour of his child a purse containing 2,000 sequins—about 900*l.*—which was, of course, absolutely refused. Howard told him that he never took money for his services, but would not object to receive a handful of grapes from his sumptuous garden. The fee requested astonished the Turk not less than the skill exhibited; he evidently could not com-

prehend it; but, with a pious ejaculation, he commanded his servants to furnish the Frank with a supply of the choicest fruits so long as he should remain in the country. This incident, and the impunity with which he visited the plague-stricken, served to invest the simple character of our countryman with an air of mystery and interest. No human motive for his acts could be imagined by a race, which from a sentiment of fatalism abandoned the infected to their fate without help or counsel, while they regarded as sacred the ravenous dogs of the capital, and close to the splendid Mosque of Saint Sophia supported an asylum for cats!

In most of the Turkish prisons there were few prisoners—a circumstance which at first rather puzzled the inspector, until he found how brief was the interval in that country between the detection of an offence and its punishment. A crime being committed, the bastinado or the bowstring settled the matter—and large penal establishments were unnecessary.

Omitting nothing connected with the circle of his inquiries, in whatever place he found himself, Howard paid particular attention to the regulations of the assize of bread in Turkey. He obtained permission to attend the *cadi* and the officers of police, when they went their usual rounds to inspect the weight and quality of the bread at the various bakers. Any delinquents in these matters were punished by the bastinado on the spot, or sent off to prison for a still severer punishment. The penalty, as he could see, was often unjustly inflicted; the *cadi*, generally a young, inexperienced man, having a discretionary power to inflict any number of stripes. The superior officers of this department were held responsible for the quantity and quality of the loaf; and whenever a popular discontent arose, the grand chamberlain was sacrificed to appease the vengeance of the mob—just as a grand vizier fell the victim of a political catastrophe. While Howard was in the Dardanelles, on his way to Constantinople, an instance of this kind occurred, and formed one of the topics of conversation for some time after his arrival. One day the grand chamberlain—the functionary charged with the supply

of bread to the capital, received a summons to attend the grand vizier; and surrounding himself with all the pomp and circumstance of his office, he repaired to the vizier's palace. "Why is the bread so bad?" asked the great Turk, with the laconism of his race. "Because the harvest has been bad," was the prompt reply. Apparently satisfied with this answer, the first speaker continued—"Why is the weight so short?" On this point the answer was not so ready—indeed, a good excuse was out of the question. The minister did not dare to deny the fact. "That," he said, "may have happened in one or two instances out of the immense number of loaves required for so large a city; but care shall be taken that it does not occur again." No more was said. The grand chamberlain, dismissed, left the palace with his train, and was returning home in state, when an executioner, sent after him from the vizier, overtook him in the street, and without a word struck off his head in the midst of his followers. For three days his body lay in the public thoroughfare where it had fallen, to satisfy the people of his death—and three light loaves were placed beside it, to denote the crime for which he had suffered.

On the completion of his labours in Constantinople, it had originally been Howard's intention to return overland to Vienna—that route being shorter and more expeditious, since the discontinuance of quarantine at Semlin, formerly enforced on all persons entering the Austrian dominions from the East, than the way back by sea. While he was making preparation for his departure for the Danube, it suddenly struck him, as he reviewed the scenes which he had witnessed on this important tour, and the accessions of knowledge which he had made, that all his information respecting the arrangement and discipline of the lazaretto was only second-hand; that he had not seen and experienced them himself; and, consequently, that many things had probably escaped his notice, which, should his inquiries lead to the formation of a great Quarantine Establishment in England, would be of essential import. The thought determined him to alter all his plans, and instead of returning homewards over the Balkan mountains, he set

sail again for Asia Minor. This step was perhaps the boldest—all things considered—which had ever entered into the mind of man to conceive for a purely philanthropic purpose, and threw even his own previous adventures into the shade; for he purposed deliberately to go back to Smyrna, where the plague was raging, and return to the Adriatic in a vessel with a foul bill of health, in order that he might be personally put under the strictest quarantine at Venice, and thus become acquainted with the minutest details of a great lazaretto.

It was a dread experiment. On every side it presented a front of danger. There was the plague city; there was the foul ship; there was the quarantine; everywhere death looked him in the face. In the lazaretto itself, the mortality was frightful. An English ambassador coming home from Constantinople, Mr. Murray, had just died in it of putrid fever. In addition to these perils, ordinary and extraordinary, Venice was at war with the Dey of Tunis, whose power it had alternately purchased and punished; and the Barbary corsairs swept the seas from the Grecian archipelago to Lido and Chiozzo. To get to Venice, it was necessary to sail in a Venetian boat—and a boat with the flag of the Republic would be open to assault by those fearless rovers. There was, however, no choice; the danger must be met, or the journey abandoned. Howard did not hesitate.

The design was no sooner formed than it was put into act. He took his passage in a vessel bound for Salonica, where were two famous hospitals to be visited; they had hardly quitted the Bosphorus, however, when the captain of the light Greek craft in which he sailed came to him, believing him to be a physician, and asked him to see a man in the fore-castle who had suddenly fallen ill. He complied, and on feeling the poor fellow's pulse, knew by its motion, and by the rank odour of his breath, that he had been seized with a contagious disorder; and then looking behind his ear, he found the black spot, the certain sign of plague. Convinced of the peril of all who were on board—especially if the morbid fears of the Greek sailors should be excited—Howard instantly resolved not to exhibit any sign of uneasiness, and only to communicate his

discovery to a French officer who shared the cabin with him, whom he cautioned to abstain from animal food, and not to approach the sick man. He placed the infected person in a separate cabin. Fortunately the crew never suspected that the pest was near; and the ship arrived at Salonica without further cause of fear. The day after they landed, the poor fellow died.

In a letter written from Salonica, Howard says he visited all the prisons there, though his interpreter was very angry at being carried into such dangerous places. He expresses his intention to call at Scio, where was the most celebrated hospital in the Levant, on his way to Smyrna, and his wish to pass his forty days of quarantine in Venice—in which city were the oldest lazarettos in Europe—having, in that hope, obtained letters from the ambassador of the Republic at Constantinople to the authorities at home, to facilitate his observations. He blesses God for the continued enjoyment of health and unflagging spirits—noting how much he needs, at times, a determined resolution, as he is quite alone; not having travelled a single mile with any of his countrymen since he quitted Helvoetsluys, or even seen an English ship. “At Smyrna,” he remarks, “the Franks’, or foreigners’ houses, are shut up; every thing they receive is fumigated, and their provisions pass through water; but in Constantinople, where many of the natives drop down dead, the houses of the Franks are still kept open. I there conversed with an Italian merchant on Thursday, and had observed to a gentleman how sprightly he was. He replied, he had a fine trade and was in the prime of life; but, alas! on Saturday he died and was buried—having every sign of the plague.”

Visiting the rocky island on his way, our countryman next went on to Smyrna, where he soon found a vessel with a foul bill of health bound for Venice, and in her he took his passage. The voyage was long, and would have been tedious had it not been also attended by the gravest perils. Howard had already had several near escapes—none, perhaps, nearer than the present. After leaving the port of Modon in the Morea, where the vessel had put in for fresh water, they were suddenly borne

down by a Barbary privateer—the Venetian republic being then at war with Tunis—which fired into them with great fury. For a while the Venetian sailors defended themselves with desperate courage, as it was a question of victory or slavery; but their numbers were limited, their arms indifferent, and the contest seemed too unequal to last long. It was the first actual fighting in which Howard had been present; but the imminency of the danger, and the sight of conflict appealing to the strong instincts of the Saxon, he fought on deck with the courage of an old warrior. His coolness and self-possession saved the crew. There was only one gun of large calibre on board—and of this he assumed the direction—though we are not aware that he had ever fired a gun before. In the hour of danger, the art of war seemed to come to him—as it does to most of his countrymen—by nature. This gun he rammed almost to the muzzle with nails, spikes, and similar charge, and then steadily waiting his opportunity, until the privateer bore down on them with all her crew on deck, expecting to see the exhausted Venetians strike their flag, he sent the contents in among them with such murderous effect, that, after a moment or two of consternation, the corsairs hoisted sail and made off. The danger had been great—and it was not until the enemy was beaten off that Howard knew how great; for he then learned that the captain, determined not to fall into the hands of the Tunisians, had made preparation to blow up his vessel as soon as it should have been boarded by the pirates!

Howard frequently refers in his private letters to this sea-fight, and he mentions his own part in the affair with singular modesty. He does not, however, speak of his act of bloody heroism with regret; on the contrary, he speaks like a man, who, in a proper cause, would have rushed to the field of battle, as readily as he did to the prison and the pest-house. There is no devotion in man where there is not also valour.

After touching at Corfu, and at Castel-Novo in Dalmatia, at neither of which ports were they permitted to land, on account of their foul bill of health, the passengers came to anchor in the roadstead of Venice—having been sixty days on the voyage.

Then came the pain, the languor, and the passive sufferings, which no adventure beguiled, and danger only made more dismal. Howard was placed in rigorous quarantine for forty days, the daily experience of which he has put on record in a minute and interesting chapter of his work on Lazarettos. Being in the worst class of the suspected, the miseries, privations, and perils of the confinement were beyond expectation.

Whilst undergoing this self-accepted but severe punishment, letters reached him from England which went like arrows into his heart—and one of them left a wound there which never healed again. One letter brought him word that a number of well-meaning persons in London had commenced a public subscription, for the purpose of erecting a statue to his honour. The project originated with a gentleman who had met with Howard some months before in Rome, and had seen the distinguished honours paid to him in every part of Italy. Thinking it a disgrace to England that no public recognition had yet been made of the virtues and services of such a man, as soon as he returned to London he made a proposal in the newspapers for a public memorial, and found a warm response to his appeal. A committee was formed, and money poured in upon them from all quarters. The press busied itself with the project. Every day some new design was started; a hospital, a service of plate, an almshouse, a statue, and many other forms of honour were suggested; and as soon as a statue was found to receive the meed of general approval, the site came in for discussion—St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the Parks, being most in favour. The affair was got up in a day. The very first intimation which the man whom it most nearly concerned received of the scheme, was in the Lazaretto of Venice; and chained as he was to a spot so far from home, it occasioned him the utmost distress.

Other letters spoke of the misconduct of his son, and darkly hinted at the true cause thereof—the unsoundness of his intellect. Had Howard been free to move, his first movement would have been towards home, to put an end at once to the first subject of annoyance, and to ascertain the reality of the

second. But he was a prisoner, and had forty days to lie in the Lazaretto. Confined to his apartment by a rigorous keeper—consumed by a fever, brought on by the intolerable, gaol-like stench of the establishment—that burning of the temples growing perpetual—and wasting with heart-sickness at the idea of the interval of dull, blank, motionless existence which must intervene ere he could know the worst of his dearly-loved boy, Howard now felt in the bitterest form the horrors of a prisoner's cell. He could only write to his friends to desire them to put a stop to the progress of the Howard Fund—as the committee called it—and to beg that they would tell him, at once and without reserve, the simple truth with regard to his son. His letters of this date are filled with the most mournful ideas; the iron had entered deeply into his soul. In one of them, after describing the horrors of his place of confinement, he says that neither there in the Lazaretto—nor once when, in a tempest at sea, his cabin had filled with water—nor during the perilous encounter with the pirates—had his spirits or his resolution forsaken him; but he acknowledges that the contents of these letters from England were almost beyond his strength, and put his fortitude to the severest trial.

It is interesting to know the manner in which Howard spent these dreary days, "sick and in prison." Part of the time he passed in translating into English the regulations of the Venetian Lazaretto—part in spiritual exercises—part in writing letters. Among the latter, dated from his prison-room, is a characteristic note to his bailiff, Prole, which runs as follows:—"It is with great concern that I hear the account of my son's behaviour. I fear he gives you, as well as others, a great deal of trouble. A great loss to children is their mother, who would check and form their minds, curbing the corrupt passions of pride and self-will, which are seen very early in children. I must leave it to Him, in whom are all hearts; trusting that the blessing of such an excellent mother is laid up in store for him. As to another affair [the projected statue], it distresses my mind. Whoever set it on foot I know not; but sure I am, they were totally unacquainted with my

temper and disposition. Once before, on an application to sit for my picture to be placed in public, I hesitated not a moment in showing my aversion to it. . . . Now, as to our Cardington affairs; I hope everything goes smoothly on, and the cottagers do not get behind in their rent. When Rubin leaves his farm, if you choose, it shall not be raised; if otherwise, should it not be nearly the same as Smith's? I wish you to give a look on my garden, the hedge in Close-lane, and clumps; I hope the sheep are prevented from jumping over. Walker's close and my closes I hope are neat; the latter were very indifferent when I last returned; there were many nettles and weeds. Take in John Nottingham, or William Wiltshire, for a month to keep them down by spading them up. After Christmas, desire Mr. Lilburn to settle your accounts to the two Christmases, as it will be easier for me—separating the school bills, donations, taxes, &c. from other things. Samuel Preston, I hope, is well; if not, I will do anything for the two widows. Mrs. Morgan, I hope, is well; tell her, if Nottingham's girl continues good, she shall lay out two guineas for her in any way she thinks proper. Some fine currants will, I hope, soon come, as I was about six weeks ago at Zante; and they are finer this year than usual. They are for my tenants, widows, and poor families at Cardington—about three pounds each. . . . At Christmas, give Mrs. Thompson and Beccles each 1*l.* 1*s.*; Rayner, what I usually give him, 10*s.* 6*d.*—if not given last Christmas, then 1*l.* 1*s.*; Dolly Basset, 1*l.* 1*s.*; the blind man's widow, 10*s.* 6*d.*; five guineas to ten poor widows,—that is, to each half-a-guinea, where you think it will be most acceptable—one of which widows must be Mrs. Tingey, in memory of Joseph Tingey, whom I promised to excuse one year's rent; five guineas also to ten families that you think proper objects, one of which must be Richard Ward's. I think you said Abraham Stevens left a girl and a boy, one of which is dead; privately inquire the character, disposition, and circumstances of the other. *You* will accept of coat, waistcoat, and breeches. . . . Is my chaise-horse gone blind, or spoiled? Duke is well; he must have his range when past his labour; not doing such a cruel

thing as I did with the old mare—I have a thousand times repented it. . . . When my confinement is finished, I have a long journey, over bad roads and snow; but, through mercy, my calm spirits and steady resolution do not forsake me—as the sailors observed during the action with the Barbary pirates; and I well remember I had a good night, one evening when my cabin baskets floated in water.” Referring to the proposed memorial, he says in another letter:—“Why could not my friends, who know how much I detest such parade, have stopped such a hasty measure! As a private man, with some peculiarities, I wished to retire into obscurity and silence. Indeed, my friend, I cannot bear the thought of being thus dragged out. I wrote immediately—and hope something may be done to stop it. My best friends *must* disapprove of it. It deranges and confounds all my schemes. My exaltation is my misfortune—my fall.”

When Howard came out of his confinement, he was greatly debilitated and ill of a strong intermittent fever; he was consequently obliged to remain in Venice for a few days, until he recovered strength enough to bear the fatigue of travelling. On making his appearance in society, he found that he had become a lion, and his labours the general theme of conversation. During this forced stay in Venice—now running rapidly to ruin—he paid a good deal of attention to its criminal police, illustrative of which two recent cases came to his knowledge, which he afterwards related to the following effect. A German merchant, who was staying for a short time in Venice on business, supped in the evening at a small inn, in company with a few other miscellaneous persons. One night an officer of the State inquisition came to him at his lodgings, and desired him to seal his trunk, deliver it up, and then follow without a word. The merchant wished to know why he was to do this; the officer only put his hand to his lip in sign of silence, and muffling the head of his prisoner in a huge cloak, guided him through a number of streets to a low gate, which he was made to enter, and was then forced along several underground galleries to a small dark apartment, where he was left alone for the night. The next day, he was conducted

into a larger room, hung with black, adorned with a crucifix, and lighted with a single wax taper. Here he was again left alone. After remaining in anxious suspense for two more days and nights, a curtain was suddenly withdrawn before him, without apparent agency, and the voice of an invisible personage questioned him as to his name, birth, business, the company he kept, and particularly as to whether on a certain day he had not been in the society of persons whose names were mentioned, and whether he had not heard an Abbé, also named, make use of expressions which were now accurately repeated. To these questions the simple German gave the best answers he could. At length he was asked if he should know the Abbé again; and on his replying in the affirmative, another curtain was withdrawn, and the Abbé was discovered hanging on a gibbet—quite dead. He was then dismissed.

The other incident happened only a few days before Howard's arrival in the city, and in the family of a distinguished senator of the republic. An officer of the State inquisition had roused the senator in the dead of night, and ordering him to step into a gondola which was waiting for him at the door of his palace, had him rowed out of the harbour to a lonely spot, where another gondola was moored to a post, into which second gondola he was commanded to step. There he was shown a dead body, with a rope still about its neck; and asked if he recognised it. He did, and trembled with horror as he gazed on a well-known countenance, now distorted with the agony of a violent death. He was then rowed back to his house, and not another word was ever said to him on the subject. The corpse was that of a young man of amiable manner and great abilities, who had been his intimate friend and the tutor of his children. In moments of familiar conversation, the senator had incautiously spoken to the teacher of certain political matters of no great moment, which his friend had afterwards repeated. That night he had been seized and strangled, and his protector was thus warned of his own indiscretion.

Having now obtained drawings, plans, and sections of the lazarettos of Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Spezia, Naples,

Messina, Trieste, and Venice, together with all the rules and regulations of the last named, and a minute and accurate account of the whole process of performing quarantine ; and having also procured, by paying handsome fees, replies to the series of questions with which he had been furnished in England, from the most competent physicians of Marseilles, Leghorn, Malta, Venice, Trieste, and Smyrna, Howard had done all that was possible, under the circumstances, to enlighten the West of Europe. He therefore turned his face towards home. As soon as he was able to bear removal, he crossed the Adriatic to Trieste, and going thence to Vienna, entered the imperial city with all the precautions which he had formerly observed at St. Petersburg. He continued in a state of great debility, and was unable to continue his homeward journey. Letters reached him in Vienna, which confirmed the suspicions entertained as to the failing of his son's reason, and reported the further progress of the Howard Fund. He at once wrote to the committee, thanking them for their good opinion, peremptorily refusing to sanction their scheme, and praying that it might be at once abandoned. In another letter, dated Vienna, December 17th, 1786, he says :—"I stayed a week after I left the lazaretto, at Venice, and in three days crossed the sea to Trieste. I found at the former, as at this place, the slow hospital fever creeping over me by my long confinement—the whole air of the lazaretto being infected. Mr. Murray, our last ambassador from Constantinople, died there of the putrid fever. But the subgovernor of Trieste spared me his good and easy carriage, and I came hither last Tuesday, in four nights and five days ; three of the former I travelled, but one night I was forced to stop. I am much reduced by fatigue of body and mind ; I have great reason to bless God that my steadiness of resolution does not forsake me in so many solitary hours. If my night-fever keep off, I will go the long stride to Amsterdam. Pray let me there receive a letter from you : give me your advice, fully and freely. Is my son distracted ? Is it from the probability of his vice and folly at Edinburgh ? . . . What I suffered in the lazaretto I am persuaded I should have disregarded, as I gained

useful information; the regulations are admirable, if better kept: Venice is the mother of all lazarettos—but oh! my son, my son! . . . P.S. The post not going out till this evening, the 19th, I just add, that I had a poor night and much of my fever, though it is quite off now—six o'clock; yet I must stop two or three days longer. The mountain air, I hope, will take it off, and I shall get on by the light nights. I only want a month's rest; for indeed nobody knows what I have suffered this journey; many weeks having only had dry biscuits and tea: often have I wished for a little of my skimmed milk."

Howard was obliged to stay longer in Vienna than he wished. Under a reforming Emperor the prisons had not improved. The inspector's notes on them are brief and terrible. "In the great prison at Vienna," he writes, "I found very few of the dungeons empty. Some had three prisoners in each dungeon, and three horrid cells I saw crowded with twelve women. All the men live in total *darkness*, and are not permitted to make any savings from their daily allowance (of four creutzers) for the purpose of buying light. They are chained to the walls of their cells, though so strong and so defended by double doors as to render such a security needless. No *priest* or *clergyman* had been near them for eight or nine months; and this is reckoned, even by these criminals, so great a *punishment*, that they complained to me of it with *tears* in the presence of their keepers."

Howard felt an attraction towards the Emperor, and refers with pleasure to his desire to do good and to strike into new paths. He had not been a month on the throne, says our countryman, before he saw with his own eyes every hospital and prison in Vienna. He went about the streets like a private person, or drove out in his drosky with a single servant. He looked into everything for himself. His desire was to know everything. "I think he means well," says Howard, who regarded him as a sort of disciple.

On Christmas-day he had an interview with the Emperor, at whose earnest desire it was brought about. On his side, our countryman, after seeing his majesty in his residentiary city, where he threw off much of the state and ceremony

common to royalty, was disposed to think better of him ; while the Emperor's interest in the subject of hospitals and prisons could not fail to create a certain sympathy between them. Of this singular interview many interesting particulars are preserved in Howard's letters, and in his verbal communications to private friends—being in substance as follows.

On his arrival in Vienna, Howard, wishing to remain unknown, had taken up his abode in a small lodging in a by-street of the inner city, up three pair of stairs ; and in this humble apartment he received a visit from Prince Kaunitz, the vain and wily minister of Maria Theresa, who brought a message from the Emperor, to the effect that he would be pleased with a visit from our countryman. Howard replied that he would have waited on his majesty, had not his arrangements for leaving Vienna early on the following morning prevented it. Kaunitz could not prevail on him to alter his refusal ; even though, in order to smooth the way, he was prepared to waive every ceremony that could be offensive to the Englishman. Recourse was then had to Sir Robert Murray Keith, our ambassador to the imperial court, and a friend of whom Howard always spoke with gratitude and affection. Sir Robert was further empowered to state that the Emperor would receive his visitor at any hour—even early in the morning ; so as not to interfere with the arrangements for his intended departure. The strong desire of Joseph to see and speak with him, as indicated by these concessions, must have been flattering to Howard. "Can I do any good by going ?" he asked Sir Robert ; adding, "for I will not accept the invitation unless it can be made to answer some useful purpose ; and as I have some objections to the arrangements of the Emperor's pet hospitals and prisons, I shall freely speak my mind if interrogated concerning them." Joseph was building a new prison : "it consists of forty rooms," says Howard, in his Notes, "and also twenty dungeons, at the depth of twenty-two steps below the surface of the ground, boarded with thick planks, in which are strong iron rings, for the purpose of chaining the prisoners : these dungeons are larger, and in other respects (though horrid enough) *less* horrid than those in the old prison." On

the ambassador's assuring him that good must result from the interview, Howard consented to wait on his majesty, and named nine o'clock next morning for the purpose.

Ever scrupulously exact in his appointments, just as the clock struck nine our countryman was announced at the imperial palace. The Emperor was waiting for him, attended by a single secretary. He received his visitor with every mark of personal respect in a small cabinet fitted up like a merchant's office. At that period, it was customary at the Austrian court for all persons, whatever their rank, to approach the sovereign on bended knee, a piece of servile etiquette which Howard had peremptorily refused to comply with, and which had therefore been waived. Prince Kaunitz, a man of infinite tact, probably suggested the manner of the interview; and it was so arranged, that while the Emperor of Germany did not appear to sacrifice his dignity, there was nothing to offend the stern principles of the English democrat. On being introduced, Howard was requested to step into an inner cabinet, in which was neither chair nor stool. The Emperor immediately followed him. Both were compelled to stand the whole of the two hours their interview lasted; and this act of imperial delicacy and condescension took place in order that the Philanthropist might not feel how impossible it was for a subject to sit in the imperial presence.

His majesty opened the conversation, after some preliminary small-talk, by asking his visitor's opinion of his new Military Hospital. Before he replied to this question, Howard desired to know whether he might speak freely what he thought; and on that assurance being given, went on to say: "Then I must take the liberty of saying, that your Majesty's Military Hospital is loaded with defects. The allowance of bread is too small; the apartments are not kept clean, and they are in many respects ill constructed. One defect particularly struck me: the care of the sick is committed to *men*—and men who are very unfit for their office, especially when it is imposed upon them as a punishment, as I understand to be the case here." Joseph observed that the allowance of bread in the hospital was the same as to every other soldier—

a pound a-day. To which Howard replied, that a pound a-day was not sufficient for a man who was expected to work, or was recovering from sickness, being barely adequate to the support of life. They next spoke of the Great Hospital of Vienna, and afterwards of the Lunatic Asylum; the defects of both of which establishments the Philanthropist pointed out very copiously and freely, going into various details, for which purpose he had carried his notes with him. On these points he spoke so strongly and plainly, that when his Majesty directed the conversation to the subject of his prisons, his fearless monitor paused for a moment, as if to indicate that what he had to say about them might prove still less palatable. Comprehending the sign, the Emperor pressed his hand cordially, and desired him to go on, and speak without fear. "I saw in them," resumed the Friend of the Prisoner, "many things that filled me with astonishment and grief. They have all dungeons. The torture is said to have been abolished in your Majesty's dominions; but it is only so in appearance, for what is now practised is in reality worse than any other torture. Poor wretches are confined twenty feet below the ground, in places just fitted to receive their dead bodies, and some of them are kept there for eighteen months. Others are in dungeons, chained so closely to the walls that they can hardly breathe. All of them are deprived of proper consolation and religious support——" Here the Emperor, annoyed at this severe censorship on his darling institutions, abruptly exclaimed: "Why, Sir! in your country they *hang* men for the slightest offences!" "Yes," said Howard; "but even death is more desirable than the misery such wretches endure—in total darkness—chained to the wall—with no visitor allowed—no priest even for two years together! It is a punishment too great for human nature to bear. Many have lost their rational faculties by it." After a moment's pause, he also added: "I grant that the multiplicity of her punishments is a disgrace to England; but as one fault does not excuse another, so neither in this case is the parallel just; for I declare that I would rather be hanged, if it were possible, ten times over, than undergo such a continuance of punishment as the un-

happy beings endure who have the misfortune to be confined in your majesty's prisons." The Emperor remained silent; and our countryman resumed his observations at the point at which they had been interrupted. "Many of these men," he said, "have not yet been brought to trial, and should they be found innocent of the crimes laid to their charge, it is out of your Majesty's power to make them a reparation for the injuries you have done them; for it is now too late to do them justice, weakened in their health and deranged in their faculties as they are by their long confinement." Joseph admired the honesty and fearlessness of these remarks, even where he could not bring himself to admit their justice. He asked his visitor's opinion of his workhouses. "In them too," was the spirited answer, "there are many defects. In the first place, the people are compelled to lie in their clothes, a practice which in the end never fails to produce distempers. Secondly, little or no attention is paid to cleanliness; and, thirdly, the allowance of bread is too small." "Where," asked his imperial Majesty, with an air of conscious triumph, knowing the miserable state of all such institutions at that time existing in Europe,—“Where did you ever see better institutions of the kind?” “There *was* one better,” said Howard, significantly, and the thrust went home—“There was one better at Ghent; but not so now! not so now!” The Emperor winced, as well he might; but his stern monitor had not come to flatter his vainglory, already too vast, but to lay before him the naked truth—perhaps for the first and last time in his life—and to speak to him of his doings with the impartiality of history. It is but seldom that words like these are addressed to kings; still less rarely are they listened to and understood. At parting, the Emperor of Germany pressed the hand of the English gentleman with much cordiality, and thanked him repeatedly for his visit and his counsels. Joseph told Prince Kaunitz afterwards that he had been much pleased with his visitor; for he was not one of those who pleaded for prisoners with soft and flattering words that meant nothing. The next day he also told Sir Robert Keith that his countryman was not much given to ceremony or compliment, but

that he liked him all the better for the plainness of his speech; adding, that in some particulars he should certainly follow his advice, in others he should not.

The length of this interview prevented Howard from leaving Vienna that morning, as he had originally intended; and he was induced to remain a few days longer, to see if any effect would be produced by his appeals on behalf of the suffering. His gracious reception at court rendered him an object of interest to a swarm of parasites. All who wished to be in fashion found their way, as Prince Kaunitz had done before them, up the three pair of stairs, to offer our disdainful countryman their fulsome or impertinent attentions. One day he received a visit from a newly appointed governor of Upper Austria, and his vain and pompous countess. These courtly personages surveyed the humble lodging in which, to their astonishment, they found the man whom the Emperor and Prince Kaunitz had delighted to honour, with profound contempt, and evidently looked on its occupier only as an interesting part of the furniture. Among other things, the gentleman condescended to inquire what was the condition of the prisons in his province. Howard, half amused, half provoked at their impertinence, replied: "The very worst in all Germany, particularly in the condition of the female prisoners; and I recommend your countess here to visit them personally, as the best means of rectifying the abuses in their management." "I!" exclaimed the lady, with a toss of the head,—*"I go into prisons!"* Burning under this insult to her state and dignity, she bounced out of the room, followed quickly by her lord. "Remember, Madam," said Howard, with solemn pleasantry, as she descended the stairs, "that you are yourself but a woman, and must soon, like the most miserable female prisoner in a dungeon, inhabit only a small space of that earth from which you are equally sprung!"

In a few days our traveller quitted Vienna, and making a rapid journey through the heart of Europe, reached England early in February, 1787. He at once went down to Cardington,—where he found his son a raving maniac! It would be vain to attempt to describe the agony of this sight to the

devoted parent. There are emotions which are too profound for words—feelings which sympathy can alone communicate. Everything which affection could conceive or skill suggest, had been done for the unhappy youth from the moment when his malady had first shown itself; but to no purpose. He no longer knew his father, and exhibited a malicious longing to rush upon and tear to pieces his friends and dearest relatives. The house was given up to the maniac boy and his keepers, and the afflicted father returned to his now desolate home in London.

The committee to the Testimonial Fund still persisted in their design, urging that Howard had no right to quash the project, and that he would be brought sooner or later to respect a decision which he found himself unable to control. He thought otherwise. He appealed to the press. He threw himself on the good sense and kindly feeling of the public. He wrote to the subscribers, through the public papers, a strong letter, thanking them for their kind intention, but declaring his fixed repugnance to the proposed scheme, and prohibiting the use of his name for the fund collected. This produced the desired effect. The money, amounting to 1,533*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, was advertised to be returned, and about a third of it was refunded. The other contributors refused to receive back their donations; consequently, 200*l.* of the residue was expended in the liberation from gaol of fifty-five poor debtors; the remainder of the fund was invested in stock, and was used after his death for the purchase of the noble statue that now adorns St. Paul's cathedral.

This source of annoyance off his hands, Howard applied himself to his old duties. He sent a copy of his book on Prisons to Emperor Joseph, and other copies to Sir Robert Keith, Count Pergen, and other friends at Vienna. He then entered on a new, and, as it proved, a final inspection of all the gaols of the British islands, which task was not completed until the end of September the following year—occupying more than eighteen months, though he was employed on it with hardly an hour's intermission. When completed, the results were given to the world together with his recent

observations on the plague and its provisions in his great work on the Lazarettos of Europe. Of his final observations on the prisons and prison-system of England, only one emphatic remark requires to be given. Some of the vices of the newly adopted transportation scheme had begun to appear. After describing the horrors of a prison where convicts were kept, waiting deportation, he says :—"Such dreadful nurseries have been a principal cause of the increased number of crimes, and the shocking destruction of our fellow-creatures. I am persuaded that this would have been in a great measure prevented, if penitentiary houses had been built on the salutary spot at Islington, fixed on by Dr. Fothergill and myself. The gentlemen whose continued opposition defeated the design, and adopted the expensive, dangerous, and destructive scheme of transportation to Botany Bay, I leave to their own reflections upon their conduct."

CHAPTER XII.

MARTYRDOM.

IN a former part of this story, the unfortunate issue of young Howard's education was pointed out, and the fact that his father had been charged with contributing, by his severity, to that deplorable result, was noticed. Sufficient evidence was then adduced to show the groundlessness of such a charge; it now remains to give some account of the real causes of this dreadful malady. This duty is painful; but truth must be told—all real history is streaked with vice and folly. It is a melancholy task to follow the career of this last representative of Howard's name; but his fate is a solemn warning to those whom opportunity and fiery passions tempt into courses of profligacy, of the dangers which beset their paths. There is now no doubt that this ill-starred youth fell a victim to his own excesses. The care which his father had bestowed on his education was thrown away. Thomasson, Howard's favourite servant, had obtained his notice by his love of the little child: and from playing with his young master, as a child, he had grown up with him more as a friend than as a servant. Whenever Howard was at Cardington, or in London, they were left very much together. Thomasson was a restless, roving fellow, anxious to see *life*. A country lad, with strong animal passions, to whom dissipation had the inexpressible charms of novelty and excitement, he was a very dangerous playmate for a young man of fortune, strictly reared, and with money at command. Whether the man seduced his master, or the master seduced his man, we do not know; this is certain, that together, and in secret, they frequented some of the worst places of resort in London—while the unsuspecting parent was engaged in his philanthropic labours. Howard's habits of

order made this easy. All day long, when in London, he was absent from home on his errands of mercy; and his custom was always to retire to bed at an early hour. With his 'Good Night' began their day. As soon as all was quiet in the house, the youths would leave their bed-rooms—steal down stairs—and sally out to the theatres; whence, in due time, they would adjourn to cyder cellars, gaming-places, hells, and night-houses of the most infamous kind—in which they would pass the greater part of the night in the midst of smoke, drink, dice, and dancing—in the company of vagabonds and black-legs, and in the embraces of abandoned women. This they called seeing life!

Before Howard's son was seventeen, he had grown familiar with every scene of licentiousness which a great metropolis like London affords, and had contracted that habit of vice which subsequently ruined his health, shattered his intellect, helped to bring his noble parent to a premature grave, and led to the extinction of his family.

At the age of eighteen, when he was sent to study at Edinburgh, under the charge of Dr. Blacklock, his vicious habits were confirmed, and his dissipations were continued. There the fatal effects of his indulgence first began to appear in the shape of a loathsome disease; but, as the youth was not yet lost to shame, he attempted to conceal from his friends the consequences of his folly—and, finding himself growing worse from day to day, in his despair he took a large dose of powerful medicine, which, acting on a frame already rendered susceptible, affected the brain and the whole nervous system. A physician, who lodged in the same house, was the first to observe the symptoms of the terrible disease which prostrated his mind and carried him to the grave. He at that time exhibited an hypochondriacal humour; was easily excited or depressed; and to the discerning eye showed marks of undoubted mental aberration.

With the seeds of this incurable malady planted in his frame, he went to Cambridge, where he gradually lost the power of controlling his erratic fancies. His passions so overcame him at times, as to render his company disagreeable and

dangerous to his fellow students. When his father departed for the Cities of the Plague, he was left sole master of the house at Cardington; and being uncontrolled, his disease only the more rapidly developed itself. The tricks which he played on the villagers soon alarmed the neighbourhood—the more so as no person except the Rev. Thomas Smith could exercise the slightest influence over him. He began to entertain the most absurd notions. While at Cambridge, he had charged more than one person with attempting to poison him; he now conceived a ferocious hatred to his old friend Thomasson, and began to revile his father. At length his conduct became so outrageous, that his relatives, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Tatnall, and the Messrs. Leeds, his maternal uncles, judged it necessary to place him under restraint. Two keepers from a private lunatic asylum in London were engaged, and under their charge he remained at Cardington until his father's return.

On Howard's arrival from Vienna, it was proposed to remove him to a regular asylum; but this the father would not hear of. He thought it possible that familiar scenes, the home of his infancy, would have a more tranquillizing effect on his mind—which still had its bright moments, though they occurred only at long intervals—and he therefore resolved to give the house up to him; himself, in the meanwhile—as a relief from the harassing anxiety of that interval in which his chance of recovery must of necessity be doubtful—entering upon a long and final inspection of the prisons and hospitals of Great Britain and Ireland. In these labours, and in preparing his last publication for the press, Howard consumed nearly two years; but at the end of that long period of heart-sickness and hope deferred, no sign of his son's amendment appeared; and at the earnest solicitation of the medical men, he at length consented to his removal to a celebrated asylum for lunatics at Leicester, under the care of Dr. Arnold. And here this sad recital may be closed; for he never left the asylum again until he left it for the churchyard. Dead to himself and to the world, he lingered on, an incurable maniac, until April 24th, 1799, when he expired,—but gave no sign.

After the removal of the maniac to Leicester, Howard went

down to Cardington, a broken-hearted man. He wished to see the pleasant places once again, and to shake hands with the poor people he had known and loved, and to say farewell to the little children of his friends, and the boys and girls for whom he had built and supported schools. His hair was grown grey and his step feeble. As he tottered past them, absorbed in his great sorrows, the villagers gazed on the brave and suffering man, whose face was now so rigid, but whose words, when he spake, were as mild as ever, thinking of his strange gentleness towards them and of his mindfulness of them when far away; of the toys which he sent home from Naples and the Tyrol; of the packages of currants from the Isles of Greece; of the Christmas presents to widows and poor families, remembered in the midst of sickness and despair in a Venetian prison; and the tears came into many eyes as they thought of these things, and knew that they now saw the good man for the last time, and would never more hear his kindly voice again.

He went down to take his leave of Cardington. With a mournful tenderness the old man paced the walks which he had made—the gardens he had planted in his youth. He could not but remember how his wife had helped him to arrange the house—to lay out ground, shrubbery, and lawn—to train the roses and the honeysuckles on the wall—how she had lightened and brightened the whole place for him in those years when they were all in all to one another, and their thoughts never strayed beyond the summer trip to Bath or London—how she had planned the little homesteads that rose on every side among the trees, and laboured in the schools among the peasant girls, and believed in the good to come of it when none but he would smile on her and help her. And as he dwelt on these things, he remembered also with what hope, what pride, what love he had then reared up a future for himself—a future in which he had pictured to himself a quiet, pastoral home, in which he should grow old in peace—unknown and unknown, his young wife whitening at his side, and a son, if it were the Lord's will, rising up to manhood in the house—to close their eyes when all was over, and to occupy the pleasant places they had made when they were gone.

And there he stood, in his old age, homeless and a wanderer—a man—so different to his old fancies—familiar with strange lands—and with his own human ties all broken! And there was the old house, and the pleasant gardens, and the fields beyond, all bright and green, and cheerful in the spring sunshine; but the mistress who had planned it all slept the long sleep in the church close by, and the youth who should have been its master, on whom he had lavished the affection of his heart, his son and *her* son, was a helpless maniac!

In such a scene lie some of the most mournful morals of human life. The best of men are still a little lower than the angels. Duties conflict; and devotion itself cannot do all things. It is profitless to ignore the truth at any time; and the morals of a life like Howard's are too precious to be lost. The failing of the best affords a salutary warning to our pride, and our vanity needs to be checked even more than our zeal requires to be inflamed. The life of an apostle is of necessity a life of sacrifice. When Howard looked round him on the ruin of his domestic hopes, he felt that before God and man he stood acquitted of any guilty share in the deplorable result—so far as any act or thought of his was in question, his conscience was at rest—but there was something still beyond. There are sins of neglect, as well as of actual deed. Nature would whisper to him in his silent hours that had he not been what he was, he might have been a happier father. Had all the care been centred on his son which he had lavished on the multitudinous outcasts of the world—had all the energies of his active mind been solely given to his parental duties—perhaps the paths of vice, in which his son had found his ruin, more rigidly guarded, might have been closed against him, and his life and reason saved!

Howard was a man of such simple mind, that it had very likely never before occurred to him that life's duties may, and often do, conflict—the higher with the lower—the public with the private. He had not indulged in the habit of regarding himself as a hero or an apostle. He never thought of what he did as a sacrifice. It was his duty. Not until the end did he know at what a price such a work as his

may be achieved! It is well that martyrs are not as other men. Devotion is the spirit of their life. Not every benefactor of mankind is called to such a sacrifice as Howard. But He who knew all things, and suffered all things, has plainly told us that every one who assumes the cross must be prepared to forsake father and mother, and give up house and lands, to bear it worthily.

He had already arranged the plan of another continental tour, and he came amongst his Bedfordshire friends and dependents, deeply impressed with the idea that it was the last time he and they would ever meet on earth. On every ground it was wise for him again to travel and to act. Busy he must be; and, having done all that man could do in his own country, he resolved to go abroad again and visit some lands, especially in the east and south, which as yet he had not seen, and extend his inquiries on the subject of the plague. The proposed route now lay through Holland, Germany, Russia, Poland, Hungary, Turkey, Anatolia, Egypt, and the States of Barbary: if he lived, this journey was calculated to occupy from two to three years; at the end of which time it was thought that his son's malady would either have abated or proved itself a case of confirmed and hopeless insanity. Such was his programme—such his hope!

By this time, Howard's experience had shown him, that his tours in foreign countries could be made quite as useful to their inhabitants as to his own countrymen; and, although the wish to be employed as a refuge from his domestic miseries, and the hope of gathering knowledge of importance to Western Europe, had their influence in causing this last journey to be undertaken, it was nevertheless chiefly prompted by the hope of being able to carry the light of science and civilization into lands where they were as yet but little known. This resolution had been taken before the "Lazar-ettos of Europe" was given to the world, and was thus announced at the conclusion of that work, in the last words which Howard formally addressed to the public:—"To my country I commit the result of my past labours. It is my intention again to quit it for the purpose of revisiting Russia,

Turkey, and some other countries, and extending my tour into the East. I am not insensible of the dangers that must attend such a journey. Trusting, however, in the protection of that kind Providence which has hitherto preserved me, I calmly and cheerfully commit myself to the disposal of unerring Wisdom. Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of *duty*; and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life."

The indulgence of these sweet and troubled memories did not divert him from his more active duties. There were many calls upon his attention at the moment of separation for ever. He carefully inspected all his schools and model cottages—and took such means as he thought most likely to perpetuate a provision for the education of the villagers of Cardington. By his will, which bears date the 24th of May, 1787, he bequeathed the whole of his real estate in trust to his son, in case of his recovery; failing which, it was to descend to the next heir, Howard Channing, son of his maternal uncle; but as he also died without issue, the property then devolved upon C. Whitbread, Esq., second son of the well-known politician, who still resides upon the estate of his illustrious relative. A considerable portion of the personal property was left (1) to the poor of Cardington and Croxton, the latter the place where he was married to Henrietta—a delicate instance of his affection for his wife—and (2) in trust for the benefit of a certain number of poor debtors and prisoners confined in houses of correction. The elder Whitbread was made chief executor of the will: and to him, and to his family, Howard confidently committed the sacred charge of maintaining his schools and other charitable institutions in vigorous life.

His parting with those humble friends who, as we have seen, were never absent from his thoughts, however far away, and however deeply involved in his own private troubles, was

extremely pathetic and interesting. It was like the parting of a father from his children. He visited every family separately, made some kind present to each, and gave to all his last counsel and advice. And long and proudly were those parting words remembered by the simple-hearted creatures to whom they were addressed. John Prole he settled in a farm, and made his wife—Harriet's favourite maid—a present of a handsome tea-caddy and his own miniature of her former mistress. At first, he intended to have gone this tour alone, as he had done the last, but the strong entreaties of Thomasson moved him at length to accept his services on the road. It was long before he tore himself away from Cardington. Again and again he returned to every friend, to the old chamber, and the old lawn, and the old oratory, and the old walk. He seemed as he could never tire of gazing at the things which his wife had loved—of standing in the silent eve by her grave, lost in his own thoughts. One of the last nights of his stay at Cardington, he was standing in the ground behind the house and talking with his old gardener of past times, and of those who were gone, with an affectionate familiarity which most men would imitate at such a time, and after a long silence of the heart, he said in a low and quivering voice that he had now brought all his wife's plans to perfection, and had made the place exactly what she wished it to be—and he was now to quit it for ever!

Howard's farewell interviews with his private friends were solemn and affecting. The last words spoken by him on many of these occasions have been religiously preserved. To one he said:—"I am going to the Mediterranean and elsewhere (naming some other places). I have had several malignant disorders: yet I am persuaded that I shall not return and be permitted to lay my bones in my native land. If, however, I should, I think I shall then have done all that duty can require of me; and I shall most probably seek a peaceful retirement for the rest of my days." To another he said:—"You will probably never see me again; but, be that as it may, it is not matter of serious concern to me, whether I lay down my life in Turkey, in Egypt, in Asia Minor, or elsewhere.

My whole endeavour is to fulfil, according to the ability of so weak an instrument, the will of that gracious Providence who has condescended to raise in me a firm persuasion that I am employed in what is consonant to his Divine will." In parting with one friend, he observed:—"We shall soon meet again in heaven;" and as he thought it most likely that he would fall a victim to the heat or the plague in Egypt, added, after a pause, "The way to heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London." Such was the grave and tender serenity of mind with which he bade his friends farewell—such the temper in which he walked to his appointed martyrdom!

On the 5th of July, 1789, he quitted England to return no more. Arriving at Amsterdam on the 7th, he proceeded by slow stages through Germany and Prussia into the empire of the Czar, which he entered at Riga. At this town we find him making the following memoranda:—"I am firmly persuaded, that as to the health of our bodies, herbs and fruits will sustain nature in every respect far beyond the best flesh meat. . . . The Lord planted a garden for mankind in the beginning, and replenished it with all manner of fruit and herbs. This was the place ordained for man. If these still had been the food of man, he would not have contracted so many diseases in his body, nor cruel vices in his soul. The taste of most sorts of flesh is disagreeable to those who for any time abstain from it, and none can be competent judges of what I say but those who have made trial of it." His friend, Sir Robert Keith, had given him letters to the various officers of the consular and diplomatic circles in Russia. While at Riga, as again at Moscow, whither he went directly from St. Petersburg, he reviewed his life, and read over and renewed that solemn covenant which he had made at Naples three-and-twenty years before. At St. Petersburg he laid the basis of his journey: as war was then raging between Empress Catherine and the Sultan of Turkey, all access to Constantinople by way of the Black Sea was cut off. He determined, therefore, to start for Moscow, remain there a fortnight, then turn westward to Warsaw, and continue thence his journey south through Cracow, Presburg, and Grätz to Trieste, where he meant to ship

himself for the plague countries. At every turn, the war crossed his plans and embarrassed his movements. Alarmed at the boastful march of Catherine to the south, at the rise of Cherson, at the proud inscription placed on its gate by Prince Potemkin, "The way to Constantinople," the Turks had seized their arms. Fortune smiled; but intrigue favoured the Muscovites. On the Black Sea the fleets of Turkey were triumphant but the strong fortress of Otschakow fell under the assaults of the Russian land forces. Bender was now in a state of siege. Plague was daily thinning the Moslem ranks; camp fever and neglect the Muscovites. Many voices called him to the seat of war; but even after his arrival in Moscow, he still thought of reaching it on the Turkish side. From Moscow he sent a letter to his friend Dr. Price, dated September 22d; and as it is the last he wrote to his old friend, and contains several particulars of his journey, it must be given entire:—"My dear friend: Your kind desire of hearing from me engages me to write. When I left England, I first stopped at Amsterdam. I proceeded to Osnaburg, Hanover, Brunswick, and Berlin; then to Königsberg, Riga, and St. Petersburg; at all of which places I visited the prisons and hospitals, which were all flung open to me, and in some the burgomasters accompanied me into the dungeons, as well as into the other rooms of confinement. I arrived here a few days ago, and have begun my rounds. The hospitals are in a sad state; upwards of 70,000 sailors and recruits died in them last year. I labour to convey the torch of philanthropy into these distant regions, as in God's hands no instrument is weak. I go through Poland into Hungary. I hope to have a few nights of this moon in my journey to Warsaw, which is about 1,000 miles. I am pure well—the weather clear—the mornings fresh—thermometer 48°, but we have not yet begun fires. I wish for a mild winter, and shall then make some progress in my European expedition. My medical acquaintance give me but little hope of escaping the plague in Turkey; but my spirits do not fail me; and, indeed, I do not look back, but would readily endure any hardships and encounter any dangers to be an honour to my Christian profession. I long to hear from my friend, yet

I know not where he can direct to me, unless at Sir Robert Ainslie's Constantinople. I will hope all things. Remember me, &c."

Doubts are already in his mind. When seventy thousand men are left to perish in a few hospitals during one winter—to perish miserably of want and negligence in a Christian country—there was surely work for such a man to do as pressing as could well be found even in the plague-land. Inquiry strengthened his suspicions, that even this terrible recital was but half the truth. Further south, he learned, where the tide of war swayed to and fro, and left no time for sympathy to act its part, the waste of life was more appalling still. The tremendous destruction of human life, to which the military system of Russia gives rise, had not then, as it has since, become a recognised fact in Western Europe; and the inconceivable miseries to which Howard found recruits and soldiers exposed in Moscow, induced him to turn aside for a moment from his main design, and devote his attention to them and to their cause. Quitting Moscow with a courier's pass, he crossed the great steppes to the shores of the Black Sea. In the investigations made by the way, horrors turned up of which he had never dreamt, and which impressed him still more profoundly with a sense of the hollowness of the Russian pretence of civilization. In the forced marches of recruits to the armies over horrid roads, being ill-clothed and worse fed, he found that thousands fell sick by the way, dropped at the way-sides, and were either left there to die of starvation, or sent to miserable hospitals, where fever soon finished what famine and fatigue had begun. This waste of life, he found, was reduced to a system. In all military calculations it was known and allowed. Only in a few places was there even a rude kind of provision made to meet it. An hospital for the reception of these poor wretches had been built at Krementshuk, a town on the Dnieper, which was said to contain 400 patients in its unwholesome wards; and thither Howard repaired to prosecute his new inquiries. The rooms he found much too full; many of the soldiers were dreadfully ill of the scurvy; yet they were all dieted alike, on sour bread and still

sourer quass, alternated with a sort of water-gruel, which if eaten one day was carefully served up again the next. From this place Howard went down the Dnieper to Cherson. On the road to this city, while sleeping from fatigue, the baggage was stolen from behind his carriage, by some of the poor wretches for whose good he was now hazarding his life. Turning back, as soon as he discovered his loss, to the nearest village, he came upon a party of recruits, and knowing of their pilfering habits—habits caught from their superior officers—he rode into the midst of them, charged them boldly with the theft, and sent his servant for the nearest magistrate. After some shuffling and talking, the stolen things were brought out one by one—first a hat-box, then a trunk, the latter having been hastily buried in the road. When the magistrate arrived, Howard opened his boxes, and found his money, clothes, papers, and other property complete. Nothing had been taken; the magistrate, however, went to work, heard the facts, and very summarily condemned seven of the recruits to Siberia.

At the new and much lauded city of Cherson, Howard examined all the prisons and hospitals, and made many excursions in the neighbourhood for the same purpose. Built, like so many other Muscovite towns, in a morass, Cherson could not escape being unhealthy. In one of his letters—“Many are here shivering with ague. A morass of twenty miles is before my window.” A fatal morass! The hospitals were worthy of the evil which they were designed in part to alleviate. Many of the wounded men from Otschakow had been carried to the hospital at Witowka, a new town on the river Boug; and thither Howard drove to see into their condition. It was terrible even for Russia. The men were dying daily of neglect; out of fifteen hundred, two hundred and sixty-five died in one month. Their suffering made a deep impression on his mind. “When I saw so many brave fellows,” he wrote in his note-book, “who had fought so well for their country before Otschakow, suffered to perish here of filth, neglect, and vermin, how did my heart melt within me!”

Near to Nitanka, on the opposite shore of the Boug, rose the

pires and roofs of the new town, St. Nicholas, which also contained an hospital for sick and wounded men. Here, also, lay some of the heroes of Otschakow, to the number of five hundred. Prince Potemkin, however, had become alarmed at the free speeches of our countryman, and at the nature of the discoveries which he would have to carry back to England ; and the same genius which had raised canvas villages along the route of the Empress Catherine, and got up shows of prosperous loyalty at every resting-place of her long journey, had no scruples about getting up a case for this very inconvenient inspector. When Howard expressed his desire to visit St. Nicholas, Brigadier-General Falajef said he was going over, and offered him a seat in his coach, a courtesy he could not well refuse. When he entered the hospital, his experienced eye at once perceived the trick that had been played. That very morning the sick men had been shifted ; the rooms had all been swept clean ; the dungeons were all inviting ; and some of the patients had been provided with coverlets for their beds. All was snug and bright, as for a review. The food was bad, and the rooms were crowded ; beyond these evils, Howard had seen no Russian hospital to compare with this at St. Nicholas. One circumstance, however, betrayed the whole deception. Howard was very exact ; he had a great trick of weighing, measuring, and counting. If a gaoler doubted that his cell was so much below ground, out came his tapes—if he fancied the allowance of bread was under legal weight, out came his hand-scales. Before he rode off to St. Nicholas, he had heard, from a safe authority, that the sick and wounded numbered five hundred men : he counted those before him, and found them only three hundred. Where were the rest ? For the moment he held his peace, as General Falajef was gone to inspect some works. But when the party came back, Howard bluntly demanded to be shown the other patients. What others ? Had he not seen all ? No : he was certain not. On growing urgent in the matter, Potemkin's physician and several officers rode back into town, and beat up other quarters. Howard soon found that his sagacity was not at fault. " Here," he says in his notes, " I found about fifty such objects of

wretchedness as I had never seen together." Most of the were recruits in the prime of life. Many of them were in the last stage of existence. They were lying on hard beds; they had no linen and no coverlets; they were filthy beyond bearing, and a few dirty rags hung about their bodies. The scene became quite dramatic. "I turned to the officers," says Howard, "and told them to look on their fellow-creatures. He told them plainly that he had never in his life seen such horrors. "In no country that I have visited," he adds, "is so little attention paid to the soldiers as in Russia." They might think him an enthusiast if they pleased; but he assured them that he should make known to the civilized world the things that he had witnessed with so much indignation. The officers turned on their heels and went away.

Our countryman thus sums up his observations on these Russian hospitals:—"The primary objects in all hospitals seem here neglected—namely, cleanliness, air, diet, separation, and attention. These are such essentials, that humanity and good policy equally demand that no expense should be spared to procure them. Care in this respect, I am persuaded, would save many more lives than the parade of medicines in the adjoining apothecary's shop."

While at Cherson, Howard had the gratification to read of the capture and fall of the Bastille; and he talked with delight of visiting its ruins and moralizing on its site, should he again be spared to return to the West of Europe. But, however moved by that great event, so important for all Europe, he did not allow it to divert him from his own more especial work; the sufferings of poor Russian soldiers in the hospitals of Cherson, Witowka, and St. Nicholas, had higher claim on his notice at that moment than even the great revolution-making in the faubourg St. Antoine at Paris. In one of the papers brought to England after his death, he says:—"Let but a contemplative mind reflect a moment upon the condition of these poor destitute wretches, forced from their homes and all their dearest connexions, and compare them with those one has seen, cheerful, clean, and happy at a wedding or village festival; let them be viewed quitting their birthplace, with all their

little wardrobe, and their pockets stored with roubles, the lifts of their relations who never expect to see them more; now joining their corps in a long march of one or two thousand versts; their money gone to the officer who conducts them, and defrauds them of the government allowance; arriving, fatigued and half naked, in a distant, dreary country, and exposed immediately to military hardships, with harassed bodies and dejected spirits; and who can wonder that so many droop and die in a short time, without any apparent illness? The devastations I have seen made by war among so many innocent people, and this in a country where there are such immense tracts of land unoccupied, are shocking to human nature!"

A fortnight after this affecting picture was drawn, the hand which painted it was stiff and cold; the heart which had so long throbbed for the woes of others, had ceased to throb at all—the troubled soul had found its everlasting rest.

Howard was full of plans. Drawn away from his line of plague inquiries, to a consideration of the curse of camp-fever, he determined to put his investigations on this latter subject to a useful conclusion before he crossed into Turkey. To this end he proposed to make a tour of the Crimea, and to spend some weeks at Sebastopol, where the marine hospital had been lately built. After this he meant to cross the Black Sea, in any boat that offered him a passage, and so make his way once more to the Bosphorus. But this was not to be. The strong fortress of Bender had just fallen into the power of Russia; and as the winter was too far advanced to allow the army to push forward, the commander of the imperial forces gave permission to his officers to spend the Christmas with their friends in Cherson. That city was consequently crowded with rank and fashion.

All were high in spirits: the victories of the imperial troops had produced a general state of gaiety. Rejoicing was the order of the day, dancing and revelry the business of the night. But in the midst of these festivities, a virulent and infectious fever broke out—brought, as Howard believed, by the military from the camp. One of the sufferers from this disorder was a young lady who resided about twenty-four

miles from Cherson, but who had been a constant attendant at the recent balls and routs. Her fever very soon assumed an alarming form ; and, as a last resource, her friends waited on Howard, whose reputation as a doctor was as great in Russia as in Turkey, and implored him to ride over and see her. At first he refused, on the ground that he was a physician to the poor only ; but their importunities increasing, and reports arriving that she was getting worse and worse, he at length acceded to their wish—being also pressed by his friend, Admiral Mordvinoff, Chief Admiral of the Black Sea fleet—and he went with them. He prescribed for the lady's case ; and then leaving word that if she improved they must send to him again, but if she did not, it would be useless, he went to make some visits to the sick of an hospital in the neighbourhood. The lady gradually improved under the change of treatment, and in a day or two a letter was written to Howard to acquaint him with the fact, and to request that he would come again without delay. This letter miscarried, and was not delivered until eight days had elapsed—when it was brought to him at Mordvinoff's house. When he noticed the date, Howard was greatly alarmed—for he had become interested in the case of his fair patient, and thought himself in a manner responsible for her safety.

It was a cold, wintry, tempestuous night. The rain fell in torrents, yet he did not hesitate for a moment. No post-horses could be had ; but rather than not go to her relief, he was content to mount a dray-horse used in the Admiral's family for carrying water, whose slow pace protracted the journey, until he was saturated with wet and benumbed with cold. He arrived to find his patient dying ; yet, not willing to see her expire without a struggle to save her, he administered some medicines to excite perspiration, and remained for some hours at her bedside in his wet clothes to watch the first signs of the effect which he hoped might be produced. After a time, he thought the dose was beginning to operate, and wishing to avoid exposing her to the risk of cold by uncovering her arms, he placed his hands under the coverlet to feel her pulse. On raising the corner a little, a most offensive smell escaped from beneath the clothes ; and Howard after-

ward believed that the infection was then communicated. Next day she died.

For a day or two Howard remained unconscious of his danger; feeling only a slight indisposition, easily accounted for by his recent exertions; which he nevertheless so far humoured as to keep within doors; until, finding himself one day rather better than usual, he went out to dine with Admiral Mordvinoff. There was a large, gay party, and he stayed later than usual. On reaching his lodgings he felt unwell, and fancied he was about to have an attack of gout. Taking a dose of *sal volatile* in a little tea, he went to bed. About four in the morning he awoke, and feeling no better, took another dose. During the day he grew worse, and found himself unable to take his customary exercise; towards night a violent fever seized him, and he had recourse to a favourite medicine, "James's powder." On the 12th of January, he fell down suddenly in a fit—his face flushed black, his breathing became difficult, his eyes closed firmly, and he remained insensible for half-an-hour. From that day he became weaker and weaker; though few even then suspected that his end was near. Acting as his own physician, he continued at intervals to take his favourite powder; notwithstanding which his friends at Cherson—for he was universally loved and respected in that city, though his residence in it had been so short—surrounded him with the highest medical skill which the province supplied. As soon as his illness became known, Prince Potemkin sent his own physician to attend him; and no effort was spared to preserve a life so valuable to the world. Still he grew worse and worse.

In one of his intervals from pain, probably on the 15th or 16th of the month, he wrote the following pious reflections:—"May I not look on present difficulties, or think of future ones in this world, as I am only a pilgrim and wayfaring man that tarries but a night. This is not my home; but may I think what God has done for me, and rely on his power and grace—for his promise, his mercy endureth for ever. I am faint and low, yet I trust in the right way—pursuing, though too apt to forget, my Almighty Friend and God. O! my soul, remember and record how often God has sent an answer

of peace—mercies in the most seasonable times; how often, better than thy fears, exceeded thy expectations. Why should I distrust this good and faithful God? In his Word He hath said—‘In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy path.’ Lord, leave me not to my own wisdom, which is folly; nor to my own strength, which is weakness. Help me to glorify Thee on earth, and finish the work Thou givest me to do; and to thy name alone be all the praise!”

On the 17th, that alarming fit recurred; and although, as on the former occasion, the state of complete insensibility lasted only a short time, it evidently affected his brain—and from that moment the gravity of his peril was understood by himself, if not by those about him. On the 18th, he rapidly grew worse. A violent hiccuping came on attended with considerable pain, which continued until the middle of the following day, when it was allayed by means of copious mustard fumes.

Early on the morning of the 20th, came to see him his most intimate friend, Admiral Priestman—an Englishman in the service of the Empress. During his sojourn at Cherson, Howard had been in the habit of almost daily intercourse with his gallant countryman. When taken ill, not himself considering it at first serious, no notice had been sent out to his acquaintance; but when he had not seen his friend for several days, Priestman began to feel uneasy, and went to his lodgings to learn the cause. He found Howard sitting at a small stove in his bedroom—the winter being excessively severe—very weak and low. The Admiral thought he was labouring under depression of spirits, and he tried to rouse him by lively, rattling conversation. But Howard was fully conscious that his end was nigh. He knew now that he was *not* to die in Egypt: and, in spite of his friend’s cheerfulness, his mind still reverted to the solemn thought of his approaching death. Priestman told him not to give way to such gloomy fancies, and they would soon leave him. “Priestman,” said Howard, in his mild and serious voice, “you style this a dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling on the thought of death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me; it is an

event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and, be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other." And then he went on to say—"I am well aware that I have but a short time to live; my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by altering my diet, have been able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to live upon vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea? I have no method of lowering my nourishment—and therefore I must die." And then turning round to his friend, he added, smiling—"It is only such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers." This melancholy pleasantry was more than the gallant sailor could bear; he turned away to conceal his emotion; his heart was full, and he remained silent; whilst Howard, with no despondency in his tone, but with a calm and settled serenity of manner, as if the death-pangs were already past, went on to speak of his end, and of his wishes as to his funeral. "There is a spot," said he, "near the village of Dauphiney—this would suit me nicely; you know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there. And let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor let any monument nor monumental inscription whatsoever be made to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

In this strain of true Christian philosophy did Howard speak of his departure from a world in which he felt that he had done his work. The ground which he had selected as his earthly resting place, about two miles from Cherson, on the edge of the great highway to St. Nicholas, belonged to a French gentleman, who had treated him with distinguished attention and kindness during his stay in the vicinity; and having made his choice, he was very anxious to know whether permission could be obtained for the purpose, and begged his gallant friend to ride over at once and ask for a space. Priestman was not willing to leave his friend at such a time and on so gloomy an errand; he fancied people would think him crazy

in asking permission to make a grave for a man still alive, and whom few as yet knew to be ill; but the earnestness of the dying man at length overcame his reluctance, and he set forth.

Scarcely had he departed on this strange mission, when a letter arrived from England, written by a gentleman who had just been down to Leicester, to see young Howard, giving a highly favourable account of the progress of his recovery, and expressing a belief that when the Philanthropist returned to his native land, he would find his son greatly improved. This intelligence came to the deathbed of the pious Christian like a ray of light from heaven. His eye brightened; a heavy load seemed lifted from his heart; and he spoke of his boy with the tenderness and affection of a mother. He called Thomasson to his bed-side, and bade him tell his son, when he went home, how long and how fervently he had prayed for his recovery, and especially during this last illness.

Towards evening, Admiral Priestman returned; his errand had been successful; with this result Howard appeared gratified, and soon after his arrival he retired to rest. Priestman, conscious now of the danger of his friend, would leave him alone no more, but resolutely remained and sat at the bed-side. Although still sensible, Howard had grown too weak to talk. After a long silence, during which he seemed lost in profound meditation, he recovered for a moment his presence of mind, and taking the letter which had just before come to hand—evidently the subject of his thoughts—out of his bosom, he gave it to the Admiral to read; and when the latter had glanced it through, said tenderly,—“Is not this comfort for a dying father?” These were almost the last words he uttered. Soon after, he fell into a state of unconsciousness, the calm of sleep, of an unbroken rest—but even then the insensibility was more apparent than real, for on Admiral Mordvinoff, who arrived just in time to see the last of his illustrious friend, asking permission to send for a certain doctor, in whom he had great faith, the patient gave a sign which implied consent; but before this person could arrive he had fallen off:—

Howard was dead.

This event took place about eight o'clock on the morning of the 20th of January, 1790,—1,500 miles from his native land, with few except strangers about his bed ; strangers, not to his heart, though their acquaintance with his virtues had been brief—but to his race, his language, and his creed. He, however, who was the friend of all, found friends in all. And never perhaps had mortal man such funeral honours as awaited Howard. His death was not a national—it was a European event. The cry of grief which arose on the Dnieper, was echoed from the Thames, and there were moistened eyes on the Tagus, the Neva, and the Dardanelles. Everywhere Howard had friends. Cherson went into deep mourning for the stranger ; and there was hardly a person in the province who was not affected to tears on learning that he had chosen to fix his final resting-place on the Russian soil. In defiance of his own wishes on the subject, the enthusiasm of the people provided a public funeral. The Prince of Moldavia, Admirals Priestman and Mordvinoff, all the generals and staff officers of the garrison, the magistrates and merchants of the province, and a large party of cavalry, accompanied by an immense cavalcade of private persons, formed the magnificent funeral procession. But the show of grief was not confined to the higher orders. In the wake of the more stately band of mourners, followed on foot, a concourse of at least three thousand persons—slaves, prisoners, sailors, soldiers, peasants—men whose best and truest friend the dead hero of all these martial honours had ever been ; and from this after, humbler train of followers, arose the deepest, tenderest expression of respect and sorrow for the dead. When the funeral pomp was over, and the remains of their benefactor had been lowered into the earth, and the proud procession of the great had moved away—then would these children of the soil steal noiselessly to the edge of the deep grave, and, with hearts full of bursting, whisper to each other of all that they had seen and known of the good stranger. Little used to acts or words of love from their own masters, they had felt the power of his mild manner, of his kind speech, of his tender care, only the more deeply from its novelty. The higher ranks had lost a friend from their social circles, but they—the poor serf, the ill-used sol-

dier, the friendless prisoner—had lost in him a father. As they thought of their hard life, they felt of how much the grave had robbed them. Not a dry eye was seen among them; and creeping up humbly and reverently in twos and threes, and looking sadly down into the pit where all that now remained of him who had been their doctor, patron, and intercessor lay, they marvelled much why he, a stranger to them, had left his home, and friends, and country, to come to them, and be the unpaid servant of the poor in a land so far away; and not knowing how, in their simple hearts, to account for this, they silently dropped their tears into his grave, and slowly moved away—wondering at all they had seen and known of him who was now dead, and thinking sadly of the long, long time ere they might find another friend like him!

The pit was then filled up—and what had once been Howard was seen of man no more. A small pyramid was raised above the spot, instead of the sun-dial, which he had himself suggested; and the casual traveller in Russian Tartary is still attracted to the place as to one of the shrines which men have reason to remember in the earth.

The arrival of this mournful news produced in England a deep sensation of regret and love. All at once the nation woke to a consciousness of his merits. Every mark of honour—public and private—was paid to the memory of Howard. The court, the press, parliament, the bar, the pulpit, and the stage—each in its different fashion, paid a tribute to his memory. His death was announced in the official Gazette—a distinction never before accorded to a private individual. The muses sang his virtues; the church, the senate, and the judgment-seat echoed with his praise; and even at the theatres, his character was exhibited in imaginary scenes, and a monody on his death was delivered from the foot-lights.

Nor was a more enduring memorial wanting. The Committee of the Howard Fund met once more, and the sculptor Bacon was employed to make a full-length marble statue. When completed, it was placed in St. Paul's Cathedral. It

stands immediately on the right hand of the choir-screen ;
it is a handsome figure, tolerably faithful, and is illustrated by
emblems of his deeds, and by the following inscription :—

THIS EXTRAORDINARY MAN HAD THE FORTUNE TO BE HONOURED,
WHILST LIVING,
IN THE MANNER WHICH HIS VIRTUES DESERVED ;
HE RECEIVED THE THANKS
OF BOTH HOUSES OF THE BRITISH AND IRISH PARLIAMENTS,
FOR HIS EMINENT SERVICES RENDERED TO HIS COUNTRY AND TO
MANKIND.

OUR NATIONAL PRISONS AND HOSPITALS,
IMPROVED UPON THE SUGGESTION OF HIS WISDOM,
BEAR TESTIMONY TO THE SOLIDITY OF HIS JUDGMENT,
AND TO THE ESTIMATION IN WHICH HE WAS HELD.
IN EVERY PART OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD,
WHICH HE TRAVERSED TO REDUCE THE SUM OF HUMAN MISERY ;
FROM THE THRONE TO THE DUNGEON HIS NAME WAS MENTIONED
WITH RESPECT, GRATITUDE, AND ADMIRATION.

HIS MODESTY ALONE
DEFEATED VARIOUS EFFORTS THAT WERE MADE DURING HIS LIFE,
TO ERECT THIS STATUE,
WHICH THE PUBLIC HAS NOW CONSECRATED TO HIS MEMORY.
HE WAS BORN AT HACKNEY, IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX,
SEPT. II^d, MDCCLXXVI.

THE EARLY PART OF HIS LIFE HE SPENT IN RETIREMENT,
RESIDING PRINCIPALLY UPON HIS PATERNAL ESTATE
AT CARDINGTON, IN BEDFORDSHIRE ;
FOR WHICH COUNTY HE SERVED THE OFFICE OF SHERIFF IN THE
YEAR MDCCLXXIII.

HE EXPIRED AT CHERSON, IN RUSSIAN TARTARY, ON THE
XXth OF JAN. MDCCLXXC.

A VICTIM TO THE PERILOUS AND BENEVOLENT ATTEMPT
TO ASCERTAIN THE CAUSE OF, AND FIND AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY
FOR THE PLAGUE.

HE TROD AN OPEN BUT UNFREQUENTED PATH TO IMMORTALITY
IN THE ARDENT BUT UNINTERMITTED EXERCISE OF
CHRISTIAN CHARITY :

MAY THIS TRIBUTE TO HIS FAME
EXCITE AN EMULATION OF HIS TRULY GLORIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS.

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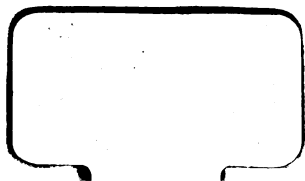
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